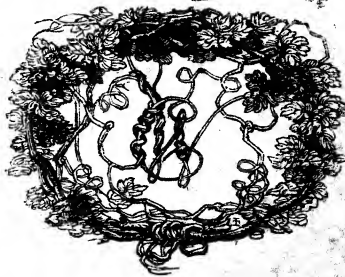


THE
LONDON THEATRE.

A COLLECTION OF THE
Most celebrated Dramatic Pieces.

CORRECTLY GIVEN, FROM COPIES USED IN THE THEATRES,

BY
THOMAS DIBDIN,
OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.



VOLUME XIV.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR WHITTINGHAM AND ARLISS,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1816.

20
18.9.58

A
Trip to Scarborough.

A COMEDY.

BY THE RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN.

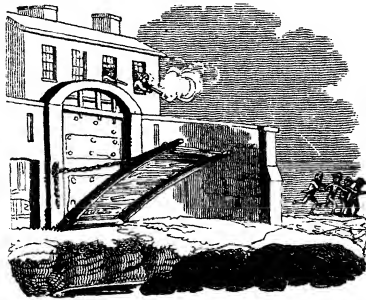
CORRECTLY GIVEN, FROM COPIES USED IN THE THEATRES,

BY

THOMAS DIBDIN,

OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Author of several Dramatic Pieces, &c.



Printed at the Chiswick Press,

BY C. WHITTINGHAM;

FOR WHITTINGHAM AND ARLISS, PATERNOSTER
TOW, LONDON.

1815.

N.S.S.

Acc. No. 12656

Date 24.3.99

Item No D/E-5432

D. by

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH,

FIRST acted in 1777, is an alteration from Sir John Vanbrugh's play of the RELAPSE; or, VIRTUE IN DANGER, performed in 1697, as a sequel to Cibber's comedy of LOVE'S LAST SHIFT; or, THE FOOL IN FASHION.

The TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH, although an amusing comedy, has stood much less on its own merits than those of the several celebrated actresses who have successively performed the part of *Miss Hoyden*, and from Mrs. Abington to Mrs. Jordan the lady has been the chief attraction of the play.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. KING.

WHAT various transformations we remark,
From east Whitechapel, to the west Hyde-park !
Men, women, children, houses, signs, and fashions,
State, stage, trade, taste, the humours, and the passions ;
Th' Exchange, 'Change-alley, wheresoe'er you're rang-

ing,

Court, city, country, all are chang'd or changing :
The streets, sometime ago, were pav'd with stones,
Which, aided by a hackney-coach, halt broke your bones.
The purest lovers then indulg'd no bliss ;
They run great hazard, if they stole a kiss.

One chaste salute—the damsel cried—*O fie !*

As they approach'd—slap went the coach awry—

Poor Sylvia got a bump, and Damon a black eye.

But now weak nerves in hackney-coaches roam,

And the cramm'd glutton snores, unjolted, home ;

Of former times, that polish'd thing, a bean,

Is metamorphos'd now, from top to toe ;

Then the full flaxen wig, spread o'er the shoulders,

Conceal'd the shallow head from the beholders !

But now the whole's revers'd—each fop appears,

Cropp'd, and trimm'd up, exposing head and ears :

The buckle then its modest limits knew,

Now, like the ocean, dreadful to the view,

Hath broke its bounds, and swallows up the shoe ;

The wearers foot, like his once fine estate,

Is almost lost, th' encumbrance is so great.

Ladies may smile—are they not in the plot ?

The bounds of nature have not they forgot ?

Were they design'd to be, when put together,

Made up, like shuttle-cocks, of cork and feather ?

Their pale-fac'd grand-mamas appear'd with grace,

When dawning blushes rose upon the face ;

Now blushes now their once-lov'd station seek ;

The foe is in possession of the cheek !

PROLOGUE.

No heads, of old, too high in feather'd state,
Hinder'd the fair to pass the lowest gate;
A church to enter now, they must be bent,
If ever they should try th' experiment.

As change thus circulates throughout the nation,
Some plays may justly call for alteration;
At least to draw some slender cov'ring o'er
That graceless wit * which was too bare before:
Those writers well and wisely use their pens,
Who turn our wantons into Magdalens;
And howsoever wicked wits revile 'em,
We hope to find in you their stage asylum.

* And *Vas* wants grace, who never wanted wit. POPE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

As originally acted.

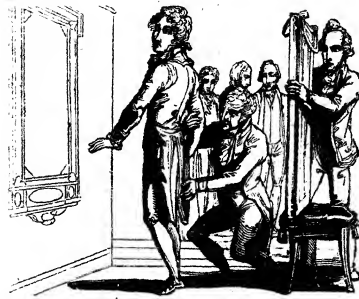
<i>Lord Foppington</i>	Mr. Dodd.
<i>Sir Tunbelly Clumsey</i>	Mr. Moody.
<i>Colonel Townly</i>	Mr. Bereton.
<i>Loveless</i>	Mr. Smith.
<i>Young Fashion</i>	Mr. J. Palmer.
<i>Probe</i>	Mr. Parsons.
<i>Jeweller</i>	Mr. Lamash.
<i>Shoemaker</i>	Mr. Carpenter.
<i>La Varole</i>	Mr. Burton.
<i>Tailor</i>	Mr. Parker.
<i>Mendlegs</i>	Mr. Norris.
<i>Lory</i>	Mr. Baddeley.
<i>Amanda</i>	Mrs. Robinson.
<i>Berinthia</i>	Miss Farren.
<i>Miss Hoyden</i>	Mrs. Abington.
<i>Mrs. Coupler</i>	Mrs. Booth.
<i>Nurse</i>	Mrs. Bradshaw.

Drury Lane, 1811. Covent Garden, 1814.

<i>Lord Foppington</i> . . .	Mr. Palmer.	Mr. Jones.
<i>Sir Tunbelly Clumsey</i> .	Mr. Penson.	Mr. Emery.
<i>Colonel Townly</i> . . .	Mr. Holland.	Mr. Barrymore.
<i>Loveless</i>	Mr. Wrench.	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Young Fashion</i> . . .	Mr. De Camp.	Mr. Conway.
<i>Probe</i>	Mr. Wewitzer.	Mr. Simmions.
<i>Jeweller</i>	Mr. Fisher.	Mr. Brook.
<i>Shoemaker</i>	Mr. Penley.	Mr. King.
<i>La Varole</i>	Mr. Maddocks.	Mr. Mevage.
<i>Tailor</i>	Mr. Sparks.	Mr. Treby.
<i>Mendlegs</i>	Mr. Webb.	Mr. Lee.
<i>Lory</i>	Mr. Russell.	Mr. Blanchard.
<i>Countryman</i>	Mr. Oxberry.	Mr. Crumpton.
<i>Postillion</i>	Mr. Chatterley.	Mr. Sarjaunt.
<i>Servants</i>	{ Messrs. Evans and Hope.	
<i>Amanda</i>	Mrs. Orger.	Mrs. Egerton.
<i>Berinthia</i>	Miss Duncan.	Mrs. H. Johnstone.
<i>Miss Hoyden</i>	Mrs. Edwin.	Mrs. Jordan.
<i>Mrs. Coupler</i>	Miss Tidswell.	Mrs. Coates.
<i>Nurse</i>	Mrs. Sparks.	Mrs. Davenport.
<i>Sempstress</i>	Mrs. Chattley.	Miss Standon.
<i>Maid</i>	Miss Jones.	Miss Cox.

Scene—SCARBOROUGH.

ACT THE FIRST.



SCENE I. *The Hall of an Inn.*

Enter Young FASHION and LORY, Postillion following with a Portmanteau.

Young F. LORY, pay the post-boy, and take the portmanteau.

Lory. Faith, sir, we had better let the post-boy take the portmanteau and pay himself.

Young F. Why sure there's something left in it.

Lory. Not a rag, upon my honour, sir—we eat the last of your wardrobe at Newmalton—and if we had ad twenty miles further to go, our next meal must ave been of the cloak-bag.

Young F. Why, 'sdeath, it appears full.

Lory. Yes, sir—I made bold to stuff it with hay, to ve appearances, and look like baggage.

Young F. What the devil shall I do?—harkee, boy, hat's the chaise?

Post. Thirteen shillings, please your honour.

Young F. Can you give me change for a guinea?

Post. O yes, sir.

Lory. Soh, what will he do now?—Lord, sir, you had better let the boy be paid below.

Young F. Why, as you say, *Lory*, I believe it will be as well.

Lory. Yes, yes; I'll tell them to discharge you below, honest friend.

Post. Please your honour, there are the turnpikes too.

Young F. Ay, ay, the turnpikes by all means.

Post. And I hope your honour will order me something for myself.

Young F. To be sure; bid them give you a crown.

Lory. Yes, yes—my master doesn't care what you charge them—so get along you—

Post. And there's the hostler, your honour.

Lory. Pshaw! damn the hostler—would you impose upon the gentleman's generosity.—[Pushes him out]—A rascal, to be so curst ready with his change!

Young F. Why, faith, *Lory*, he had nearly pos'd me.

Lory. Well, sir, we are arrived at Scarborough, not worth a guinea! I hope you'll own yourself a happy man—you have outliv'd all your cares.

Young F. How so, sir?

Lory. Why you have nothing left to take care of.

Young F. Yes, sirrah, I have myself and you to take care of still.

Lory. Sir, if you could prevail with somebody else to do that for you, I fancy we might both fare the better for it. But now, sir, for my lord Foppington, your elder brother.

Young F. Damn my eldest brother.

Lory. With all my heart; but get him to redeem your annuity, however. Look you, sir, you must wheedle him, or you must starve.

Young F. Look you, sir, I will neither wheedle him nor starve.

Lory. Why what will you do, then?

Young F. Cut his throat, or get some one to do it for me.

Lory. 'Gad so, sir, I'm gtd to find I was not so well

acquainted with the strength of your conscience as with the weakness of your purse.

Young F. Why, art thou so impenetrable a block-head as to believe he'll help me with a farthing?

Lory. Not if you treat him de haut en bas, as you used to do.

Young F. Why, how wouldst have me treat him?

Lory. Like a trout—tickle him.

Young F. I can't flatter.

Lory. Can you starve?

Young F. Yes.

Lory. I can't—good-by t'ye, sir.

Young F. Stay—thou'lt distract me. But who comes here—my old friend, colonel Townly.

Enter COLONEL TOWNLY.

My dear colonel, I am rejoiced to meet you here.

Col. T. Dear Tom, this is an unexpected pleasure—what, are you come to Scarborough to be present at your brother's wedding?

Lory. Ah, sir, if it had been his funeral, we should have come with pleasure.

Col. T. What, honest Lory, are you with your master still?

Lory. Yes, sir, I have been starving with him ever since I saw your honour last.

Young F. Why, Lory is an attach'd rogue—there's no getting rid of him.

Lory. True, sir, as my master says, there's no seducing me from his service, till he's able to pay me my wages. *[Aside.]*

Young F. Go, go, sir—and take care of the baggage.

Lory. Yes, sir—the baggage!—O Lord! I suppose, sir, I must charge the landlord to be very particular where he stows this?

Young F. Get along, you rascal. *[Exit Lory, with the Portmanteau.]* But, colonel, are you acquainted with my proposed sister-in-law?

Col. T. Only by character—her father, sir Tunbelly Blunsey, lives within a quarter of a mile of this place.

in a lonely old house, which nobody comes near. She never goes abroad, nor sees company at home; to prevent all misfortunes, she has her breeding within doors; the parson of the parish teaches her to play upon the dulcimer, the clerk to sing, her nurse to dress, and her father to dance;—in short, nobody has free admission there but our old acquaintance, mother Coupler, who has procured your brother this match, and is, I believe, a distant relation of sir Tunbelly's.

Young F. But is her fortune so considerable?

Col. T. Three thousand a year, and a good sum of money, independent of her father, beside.

Young F. 'Sdeath! that my old acquaintance, dame Coupler, could not have thought of me, as well as my brother, for such a prize.

Col. T. 'Egad, I wouldn't swear that you are too late—his lordship, I know, hasn't yet seen the lady—and, I believe, has quarrelled with his patroness.

Young F. My dear colonel, what an idea have you started!

Col. T. Pursue it if you can, and I promise you you shall have my assistance; for besides my natural contempt for his lordship, I have at present the enmity of a rival towards him.

Young F. What, has he been addressing your old flame, the widow Berinthia?

Col. T. Faith, Tom, I am at present most whimsically circumstanced. I came here a month ago to meet the lady you mention; but she failing in her promise, I, partly from pique and partly from idleness, have been diverting my chagrin by offering up incense to the beauties of Amanda, our friend Loveless's wife.

Young F. I never have seen her, but have heard her spoken of as a youthful wonder of beauty and prudence.

Col. T. She is so indeed; and Loveless being too careless and insensible of the treasure he possesses—my lodging in the same house has given me a thousand opportunities of making my assiduities acceptable: so that in less than a fortnight, I began to bear my disa-

SCENE 2. SCARBOROUGH.

11

pointment from the widow with the most Christian resignation.

Young F. And Berinthia has never appear'd?

Col. T. Oh, there's the perplexity; for just as I began not to care whether I ever saw her again or not, last night she arrived.

Young F. And instantly reassumed her empire?

Col. T. No, faith—we met—but the lady not condescending to give me any serious reasons for hawing fool'd me for a month, I left her in a buff.

Young F. Well, well, I'll answer for it she'll soon resume her power, especially as friendship will prevent your pursuing the other too far—but my coxcomb of a brother is an admirer of Amanda's too, is he?

Col. T. Yes, and I believe is most heartily despised by her—but come with me, and you shall see her and your old friend Loveless.

Young F. I must pay my respects to his lordship—perhaps you can direct me to his lodgings?

Col. T. Come with me; I shall pass by it.

Young F. I wish you could pay this visit for me, or could tell me what I should say to him.

Col. T. Say nothing to him—apply yourself to his bag, his sword, his feather, his snuff-box; and when you are well with them, desire him to lend you a thousand pounds, and I'll engage you prosper.

Young F. 'Sdeath and furies! why was that coxcomb thrust into the world before me? O fortune, fortune, thou art a jilt, by Gad.

[*Ereunt.*]

SCENE II. A Dressing-room.

Enter LORD FOPPINGTON, in his Nightgown, and LA

VAROLE.

Lord F. Well, 'tis an unspeakable pleasure to be a man of quality—strike me dumb—even the boors of this northern spa have learn'd the respect due to a title.

[*Aside*] *La Varole!*

La Var. Mi lor—

Lord F. You han't yet been at 'Muddymool-hall, to announce my arrival, have you?

La Var. Not yet, mi lor.

Lord F. Then you need not go till Saturday, [*Exit La Varole*] as I am in no particular haste to view my intended sposa—I shall sacrifice a day or two more to the pursuit of my friend Loveless's wife—Amanda is a charming creature—strike me ugly; and if I have any discernment in the world, she thinks no less of my lord Foppington.

Re-enter LA VAROLE.

La Var. Mi lor, de shoemaker, de tailor, de hosier, de sempstress, de peru, be all ready, if your lordship please to dress.

Lord F. 'Tis well; admit them.

La Var. Hey, messieurs, entrez.

Enter Tailor, Shoemaker, &c.

Lord F. So, gentlemen, I hope you have all taken pains to show yourselves masters in your professions?

Tai. I think I may presume to say, sir——

La Var. My lor, you clown you!

Tai. My lord, I ask your lordship's pardon; my lord. I hope, my lord, your lordship will be pleased to own I have brought your lordship as accomplished a suit of clothes as ever peer of England wore, my lord—will your lordship please to view 'em now?

Lord F. Ay; but let my people dispose the glasses so that I may see myself before and behind; for I love to see myself all round.

Whilst he puts on his Clothes, enter Young FASHION and LORY.

Young F. Hey-day! What the devil have we here?—Sure my gentleman's grown a favourite at court, he has got so many people at his levee. [*Apart.*

Lory. Sir, these people come in order to make him a favourite at court—they are to establish him with the ladies. [*Apart.*

Young F. Good heaven! to what an ebb of taste are women fallen, that it should be in the power of a laced coat to recommend a gallant to them! [Apart.]

Lory. Sir, tailors and hair-dressers debauch all the women. [Apart.]

Young F. Thou say'st true.—But now for my reception. [Apart.]

Lord F. Death, and eternal tortures! Sir—I say the coat is too wide here by a foot.

Tai. My lord, if it had been tighter, 'twould neither have hook'd nor button'd.

Lord F. Rat the hooks and buttons, sir! Can any thing be worse than this?—As Gad shall jedge me, it hangs on my shoulders like a chairman's surtout.

Tai. 'Tis not for me to dispute your lordship's fancy.

Lory. There, sir, observe what respect does. [Apart.]

Young F. Respect!—D—n him for a coxcomb—but let's accost him. [Apart] Brother, I'm your humble servant.

Lord F. O Lard, Tam, I did not expect you in England—Brother, I'm glad to see you—but what has brought you to Scarborough, Tam?—Look you, sir, [To the Tailor] I shall never be reconciled to this nauseous wrapping gown, therefore pray get me another suit with all possible expedition; for this is my eternal aversion. [Exit Tailor] Well but, Tam, you don't tell me what has driven you to Scarborough.—Mrs. Calico, are not you of my mind?

Semp. Directly, my lord.—I hope your lordship is pleased with your ruffles?

Lord F. In love with them, stab my vitals!—Bring my bill, you shall be paid to-morrow.

Semp. I humbly thank your lordship. [Exit.]

Lord F. Hark thee, shoemaker, these shoes an't ugly, but they don't fit me.

Shoe. My lord, I think they fit you very well.

Lord F. They hurt me just below the instep.

Shoe. [Feels his Foot] No, my lord, they don't hurt you there.

Lord F. I tell thee they pinch me execrably.

Shoe. Why then, my lord, if those shoes pinch you, I'll be d—n'd.

Lord F. Why, wilt thou undertake to persuade me I cannot feel?

Shoe. Your lordship may please to feel what you think fit, but that shoe does not hurt you—I think I understand my trade.

Lord F. Now, by all that's good and powerful, thou art an incomprehensive coxcomb—but thou makest good shoes, and so I'll bear with thee.

Shoe. My lord, I have work'd for half the people of quality in this town these twenty years, and 'tis very hard I shouldn't know when a shoe hurts, and when it don't.

Lord F. Well, pr'ythee be gone about thy business. [*Exit Shoemaker*] Mr. Mendlegs, a word with you.—The calves of these stockings are thicken'd a little too much; they make my legs look like a porter's.

Mend. My lord, methinks they look mighty well.

Lord F. Ay, but you are not so good a judge of those things as I am—I have studied them all my life—therefore pray let the next be the thickness of a crown-piece less.

Mend. Indeed, my lord, they are the same kind I had the honour to furnish your lordship with in town.

Lord F. Very possibly, Mr. Mendlegs; but that was in the beginning of the winter, and you should always remember, Mr. Hosier, that if you make a nobleman's spring legs as robust as his autumnal calves, you commit a manstrous impropriety, and make no allowance for the fatigues of the winter.

[*Exit Hosier.*]
Jewel. I hope, my lord, those buckles have had the unspeakable satisfaction of being honoured with your lordship's approbation?

Lord F. Why, they are of a pretty fancy; but don't you think them rather of the smallest?

Jewel. My lord, they could not well be larger, to keep on your lordship's shoe.

Lord F. My good sir, you forget that these matters are not as they used to be: formerly, indeed, the buckle

was a sort of machine, intended to keep on the shoe; but the case is now quite reversed, and the shoe is of no earthly use, but to keep on the buckle.—Now give me my watches, and the business of the morning will be pretty well over. *[Exit Jeweller.]*

Young F. Well, Lory, what dost think on't?—a very friendly reception from a brother, after three years absence! *[Apart.]*

Lory. Why, sir, 'tis your own fault—here you have stood ever since you came in, and have not commended any one thing that belongs to him. *[Apart.]*

Young F. Nor ever shall, while they belong to a coxcomb. *[Apart.]* Now your people of business are gone, brother, I hope I may obtain a quarter of an hour's audience of you.

Lord F. Faith, Tam, I must beg you'll excuse me at this time, for I have an engagement which I would not break for the salvation of mankind. Hey!—there!—is my carriage at the door?—You'll excuse me, brother. *[Going.]*

Young F. Shall you be back to dinner?

Lord F. As Gad shall judge me, I can't tell; for it is possible I may dine with some friends at Donner's.

Young F. Shall I meet you there? for I must needs talk with you.

Lord F. That I'm afraid mayn't be quite so proper; for those I commonly eat with are a people of nice conversation; and you know, Tam, your education has been a little at large—but there are other ordinaries in town—very good beef ordinaries—I suppose, Tam, you can eat beef?—However, dear Tam, I'm glad to see thee in England, slap my vitals! *[Exit.]*

Young F. Hell and furies! Is this to be borne?

Lory. Faith, sir, I could almost have given him a knock o'the pate myself.

Young F. 'Tis enough; I will now show you the excess of my passion, by being very calm.—Come, Lory, lay your loggerhead to mine, and, in cold blood, let us contrive his destruction.

Lory. Here comes a head, sir, would contrive it bet-

ter than both our loggerheads, if she would but join in the confederacy.

Young F. By this light, madam Coupler; she seems dissatisfied at something: let us observe her. •

Enter Mrs. COUPLER.

Mrs. C. Soh! I am likely to be well rewarded for my services truly; my suspicions, I find, were but too just. —What! refuse to advance me a petty sum, when I am upon the point of making him master of a galleon! But let him look to the consequences, an ungrateful, narrow-minded coxcomb.

Young F. So he is, upon my soul, old lady; it must be my brother you speak of.

Mrs. C. Ha!—stripling, how came you here? What, hast spent all, eh? And art thou come to dun his lordship for assistance?

Young F. No, I want somebody's assistance to cut his lordship's throat, without the risk of being hang'd for him.

Mrs. C. 'Egad, sirrah, I could help thee to do him almost as good a turn, without the danger of being burn'd in the hand for't.

Young F. How—how, old Mischief?

Mrs. C. Why, you must know I have done you the kindness to make up a match for your brother.

Young F. I'm very much beholden to you, truly!

Mrs. C. You may before the wedding-day yet: the lady is a great heiress, the match is concluded, the writings are drawn, and his lordship is come hither to put the finishing hand to the business.

Young F. I understand as much.

Mrs. C. Now you must know, stripling, your brother's a knave.

Young F. Good.

Mrs. C. He has given me a bond of a thousand pounds for helping him to this fortune, and has promised me as much more, in ready money, upon the day of the marriage; which, I understand by a friend, he never desigus to pay me; and his just now refusing to pay

me a part, is a proof of it.* If therefore you will be a generous young rogue, and secure me five thousand pounds, I'll help you to the lady.

Young F. And how the devil wilt thou do that?

Mrs. C. Without the devil's aid, I warrant thee. Thy brother's face not one of the family ever saw; the whole business has been managed by me, and all his letters go through my hands. Sir Tunbelly Clumsy, my relation—for that's the old gentleman's name—is apprised of his lordship's being down here, and expects him tomorrow to receive his daughter's hand; but the peer, I find, means to bait here a few days longer, to recover the fatigue of his journey, I suppose. Now you shall go to Muddymoat-hall in his place.—I'll give you a letter of introduction: and if you don't marry the girl before sun-set, you deserve to be hang'd before morning.

Young F. Agreed, agreed; and for thy reward——

Mrs. C. Well, well;—though I warrant thou hast not a farthing of money in thy pocket now—no—one may see it in thy face.

Young F. Not a souse, by Jupiter.

Mrs. C. Must I advance then? Well, be at my lodgings, next door, this evening, and I'll see what may be done—we'll sign and seal, and when I have given thee some further instructions, thou shalt hoist sail and be gone.

[Exit.

Young F. So, Lory, fortune, thou seest, at last takes care of merit: we are in a fair way to be great people.

Lory. Ay, sir, if the devil don't step between the cup and the lip, as he used to do.

Young F. Why, faith, he has play'd me many a dam'd trick to spoil my fortune; and, 'egad, I am almost afraid he's at work about it again now; but if I should tell thee how, thou'dst wonder at me.

Lory. Indeed, sir, I should not.

Young F. How dost know?

Lory. Because, sir, I have wondered at you so often, I can wonder at you no more.

Young F. No!—What wouldst thou say, if a qualm of conscience should spoil my design?

Lory. I would eat my words, and wonder more than ever.

Young F. Why faith, *Lory*, though I have play'd many a roguish trick, this is so full-grown a cheat, I find I must take pains to come up to't—I have scruples.

Lory. They are strong symptoms of death. If you find they increase, sir, pray make your will.

Young F. No, my conscience shan't starve me neither; but thus far I'll listen to it. Before I execute this project, I'll try my brother to the bottom. If he has yet so much humanity about him as to assist me—though with a moderate aid—I'll drop my project at his feet, and show him how I can do for him much more than what I'd ask he'd do for me. This one conclusive trial of him I resolve to make.—

Succeed or fail, still vict'ry is my lot;

If I subdue his heart, 'tis well—if not,

I will subdue my conscience to my plot. [Exeunt.

ACT THE SECOND.



• SCENE I.

Enter LOVELESS and AMANDA.

Love. How do you like these lodgings, my dear? For my part, I am so pleas'd with them, I shall hardly remove whilst we stay here, if you are satisfied.

Aman. I am satisfied with every thing that pleases you, else I had not come to Scarborough at all.

Love. O! a little of the noise and folly of this place will sweeten the pleasures of our retreat; we shall find the charms of our retirement doubled when we return to it.

Aman. That pleasing prospect will be my chiefest entertainment, whilst, much against my will, I engage in those empty pleasures which 'tis so much the fashion to be fond of.

Love. I own most of them are, indeed, but empty; yet there are delights of which a private life is destitute, which may divert an honest man, and be a harmless entertainment to a virtuous woman: good music is

one; and truly (with some small allowance) the play, I think, may be esteemed another.

Aman. Plays, I must confess, have some small char. What do you think of that you saw last night?

Love. To say truth, I did not mind it much—n. attention was for some time taken off to admire the workmanship of nature, in the face of a young lady who sat some distance from me, she was so exquisitely handsome.

Aman. So exquisitely handsome!

Love. Why do you repeat my words, my dear?

Aman. Because you seem'd to speak them with such pleasure, I thought I might oblige you with their echo.

Love. Then you are alarmed, Amanda?

Aman. It is my duty to be so when you are in danger.

Love. You are too quick in apprehending for me. I view'd her with a world of admiration, but not one glance of love.

Aman. Take heed of trusting to such nice distinctions. But were your eyes the only things that were inquisitive? Had I been in your place, my tongue, I fancy, had been curious too. I should have ask'd her where she liv'd—yet still without design—who was she, pray?

Love. Indeed I cannot tell.

Aman. You will not tell.

Love. Upon my honour then, I did not ask.

Aman. Nor do you know what company was with her?

Love. I do not. But why are you so earnest?

Aman. I thought I had cause.

Love. But you thought wrong, Amanda; for turn the case, and let it be your story: should you come home and tell me you had seen a handsome man, should I grow jealous because you had eyes?

Aman. But should I tell you he was exquisitely so, and that I had gazed on him with admiration, should

you not think 'twere possible I might go one step further, and inquire his name?

Love. She has reason on her side; I have talk'd too much; but I must turn off another way. [*Aside*] Will you then make no difference, Amanda, between the language of our sex and yours? There is a modesty restrains your tongues, which makes you speak by halves when you commend; but roving flattery gives a loose to ours, which makes us still speak double what we think.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, there is a lady at the door in a chair desires to know whether your ladyship sees company? her name is Berinthia.

Aman. Oh dear! 'tis a relation I have not seen these five years, pray her to walk in. [*Exit Servant*] Here's another beauty for you; she was, when I saw her last, reckoned extremely handsome.

Love. Don't be jealous now; for I shall gaze upon her too.

Enter BERINTHIA.

Ha! by heavens, the very woman!

[*Aside.*

Ber. [*Salutes Amanda*] Dear Amanda, I did not expect to meet you in Scarborough.

Aman. Sweet cousin, I'm overjoyed to see you.—Mr. Loveless, here's a relation and a friend of mine, I desire you'll be better acquainted with.

Love. [*Salutes Berinthia*] If my wife never desires a harder thing, madam, her request will be easily granted.

Re-enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my lord Poppington presents his humble service to you, and desires to know how you do. He's at the next door; and if it be not inconvenient to you, he'll come and wait upon you.

Love. Give my compliments to his lordship, and I shall be glad to see him. [*Exit Servant*] If you are not acquainted with his lordship, madam, you will be entertained with his character.

Aman. Now it moves my pity more than my mirth to see a man, whom nature has made no fool, be so very industrious to pass for an ass.

Love. No, there you are wrong, Amanda; you should never bestow your pity upon those who take pains for your contempt: pity those whom nature abuses, never those who abuse nature.

Enter LORD FOPPINGTON.

Lord F. Dear Loveless, I am your most humble servant.

Love. My lord, I'm yours.

Lord F. Madam, your ladyship's very obedient slave.

Love. My lord, this lady is a relation of my wife's.

Lord F. [*Salutes her*] The beautifullest race of people upon earth, rat me. Dear Loveless, I am overjoyed that you think of continuing here. I am, stap my vitals.—For Gad's sake, madam, how has your ladyship been able to subsist thus long, under the fatigue of a country life? [*To Amanda.*]

Aman. My life has been very far from that, my lord, it has been a very quiet one.

Lord F. Why that's the fatigue I speak of, madam; for 'tis impossible to be quiet, without thinking: now thinking is to me the greatest fatigue in the world.

Aman. Does not your lordship love reading then?

Lord F. Oh, passionately, madam; but I never think of what I read. For example, madam, my life is a perpetual stream of pleasure, that glides through with such a variety of entertainments, I believe the wisest of our ancestors never had the least conception of any of 'em. I rise, madam, when in tawn, about twelve o'clock. I don't rise sooner, because it is the worst thing in the world for the complexion: nat that I pretend to be a beau; but a man must endeavour to look decent, lest he makes so odious a figure in the side-bax, the ladies should be compelled to turn their eyes upon the play. So at twelve o'clock, I say, I rise. Naw, if I find it is a good day, I resolve to

take the exercise of riding; so drink my chocolate, and draw on my boots, by two. On my return, I dress; and after dinner, lounge perhaps to the opera.

Ber. Your lordship, I suppose, is fond of music?

Lord F. Oh, passionately, on Tuesdays and Saturdays; for then there is always the best company, and one is not expected to undergo the fatigue of listening.

Aman. Does your lordship think that the case at the opera?

Lord F. Most certainly, madam. There is my lady Tattle, my lady Prate, my lady Titter, my lady Sneer, my lady Giggle, and my lady Grin—these have boxes in the front, and while any favourite air is singing, are the prettiest company in the waurld, stap my vitals! Mayn't we hope for the honour to see you added to our society, madam?

Aman. Alas, my lord, I am the worst company in the world at a concert, I'm so apt to attend to the music.

Lord F. Why, madam, that is very pardonable in the country or at church, but a monstrous inattention in a polite assembly. But I am afraid I tire the company?

Love. Not at all. Pray go on.

Lord F. Why then, ladies, there only remains to add, that I generally conclude the evening at one or other of the clubs; nat that I ever play deep; indeed I have been for some time tied up from losing above five thousand pounds at a sitting.

Love. But isn't your lordship sometimes obliged to attend the weighty affairs of the nation?

Lord F. Sir, as to weighty affairs, I leave them to weighty heads; I never intend mine shall be a burden to my body.

Ber. Nay, my lord, but you are a pillar of the state.

Lord F. An ornamental pillar, madam; for sooner than undergo any part of the fatigue, rat me, but the whole building should fall plump to the ground.

Aman. But, my lord, a fine gentleman spends a great deal of his time in his intrigues; you have given us no account of them yet.

Lord F. Soh! She would inquire into my amours—that's jealousy, poor soul!—I see she's in love with me. [*Aside*] O Lord, madam, I had like to have forgot a secret I must needs tell your ladyship.—Ned, you must not be so jealous now as to listen.

Love. Not I, my lord, I am too fashionable a husband to pry into the secrets of my wife.

Lord F. [*Squeezing Amanda's Hand*] I am in love with you to desperation, strike me speechless! [*Apart.*

Aman. [*Strikes him on the Ear*] Then thus I return your passion, an impudent fool!

Lord F. Gad's curse, madam, I am a peer of the realm.

Love. Hey! what the devil, do you affront my wife, sir? Nay then—— [*Draws. They fight.*

Aman. What has my folly done?—Help! murder! help! Part them, for heaven's sake.

Lord F. [*Falls back and leans on his Sword*] Ah! quite through the body, stap my vitals!

Enter Servants.

Love. [*Runs to Lord Foppington*] I hope I han't killed the fool, however.—Bear him up—Call a surgeon there.

Lord F. Ay, pray make haste.

Love. This mischief you may thank yourself for.

Lord F. I may so; love's the devil indeed, Ned.

Enter PROBE and Servant.

Serv. Here's Mr. Probe, sir, was just going by the door.

Lord F. He's the welcomest man alive.

Probe. Stand by, stand by, stand by; pray, gentlemen, stand by. Lord have mercy upon us, did you never see a man run through the body before?—Pray stand by.

Lord F. Ah, Mr. Probe, I'm a dead man.

Probe. A dead man, and I by! I should laugh to see that, 'egad.

Love. Br'ythee, don't stand prating, but look upon his wound.

Probe. Why, what if I won't look upon his wound this hour, sir?

Love. Why then he'll bleed to death, sir.

Probe. Why then I'll fetch him to life again, sir.

Love. 'Slife! he's run through the body, I tell thee.

Probe. I wish he was run through the heart, and I should get the more credit by his cure. Now I hope you are satisfied? Come, now let me come at him—now let me come at him [*Viewing his Wound*].—Oons! what a gash is here! Why, sir, a man may drive a coach and six horses into your body.

Lord F. Oh!

Probe. Why, what the devil have you run the gentleman through with a scythe?—A little scratch between the skin and the ribs, that's all. [*Aside.*

Love. Let me see his wound.

Probe. Then you shall dress it, sir; for if any body looks upon it I wont.

Love. Why thou art the veriest coxcomb I ever saw.

Probe. Sir, I am not master of my trade for nothing.

Lord F. Surgeon!

Probe. Sir.

Lord F. Are there any hopes?

Probe. Hopes! I can't tell. What are you willing to give for a cure?

Lord F. Five hundred pounds with pleasure.

Probe. Why then perhaps there may be hopes; but we must avoid a further delay—Here, help the gentleman into a chair, and carry him to my house presently—that's the properest place—to bubble him out of his money.—[*Aside*].—Come, a chair—a chair quickly—there, in with him. [*They put him into a Chair.*

Lord F. Dear Loveless, adieu: if I die, I forgive thee; and, if I live, I hope thou wilt do as much by

me. I am sorry you and I should quarrel, but I hope here's an end on't; for if you are satisfied, I am.

Love. I shall hardly think it worth my prosecuting any further, so you may be at rest, sir.

Lord F. Thou art a generous fellow, strike me dumb—but thou hast an impertinent wife, stap my vitals!—

[*Aside.*

Probe. So—carry him off—carry him off—we shall have him prate himself into a fever by-and-by—carry him off.
[*Exit, with Lord Foppington.*

Enter COLONEL TOWNLY.

Col. T. So, so, I am glad to find you all alive—I met a wounded peer carrying off. For heaven's sake what was the matter?

Love. O, a trifle—he would have made love to my wife before my face, so she obliged him with a box o'the ear, and I run him through the body, that was all.

Col. T. Bagatelle on all sides. But pray, madam, how long has this noble lord been an humble servant of yours?

Aman. This is the first I have heard on't—so I suppose 'tis his quality more than his love has brought him into this adventure. He thinks his title an authentic passport to every woman's heart below the degree of a peeress.

Col. T. He's coxcomb enough to think any thing; but I would not have you brought into trouble for him—I hope there's no danger of his life?

Love. None at all—he's fallen into the hands of a roguish surgeon, who, I perceive, designs to frighten a little money out of him—but I saw his wound—'tis nothing—he may go to the ball to-night if he pleases.

Col. T. I am glad you have corrected him without further mischief, or you might have deprived me of the pleasure of executing a plot against his lordship, which I have been contriving with an old acquaintance of yours.

Love. Explain—

Col. T. His brother, Tom Rashion, is come down here, and we have it in contemplation to save him the trouble of his intended wedding; but we want your assistance. Tom would have called, but he is preparing for his enterprize, so I promised to bring you to him—so, sir, if these ladies can spare you—

Love. I'll go with you with all my heart [*Aside*—though I could wish, methinks, to stay and gaze a little longer on that creature—Good gods! how engaging she is—but what have I to do with beauty? I have already had my portion, and must not covet more.

Aman. Mr. Lo! cless, pray one word with you before you go. [*Exit Colonel Townly,*

Love. What would my dear?

Aman. Only a woman's foolish question, how do you like my cousin here?

Love. Jealous already, Amanda?

Aman. Not at all—I ask you for another reason.

Love. Whate'er her reason be, I must not tell her true. [*Aside*—Why, I confess she's handsome: but you must not think I slight your kinswoman, if I own to you, of all the women who may claim that character, she is the last that would triumph in my heart.

Aman. I'm satisfied.

Love. Now tell me why you ask'd?

Aman. At night I will—adieu.

Love. I'm yours.

[*Kissing her. Exit.*

Aman. I'm glad to find he does not like her, for I have a great mind to persuade her to come and live with me. [*Aside.*

Ber. So! I find my colonel continues in his airs; there must be something more at the bottom of this than the provocation he pretends from me. [*Aside.*

Aman. For heaven's sake, Berinthia, tell me what way I shall take to persuade you to come and live with me?

Ber. Why one way in the world there is—and but one.

Aman. And pray what is that?

Ber. It is to assure me—I shall be very welcome.

Aman. If that be all, you shall e'en sleep here to-night.

Ber. To-night!

Aman. Yes, to-night.

Ber. Why the people where I lodge will think me mad.

Aman. Let 'em think what they please.

Ber. Say you so, Amanda?—Why then they shall think what they please—for I'm a young widow, and I care not what any body thinks.—Ah, Amanda, it's a delicious thing to be a young widow.

Aman. You'll hardly make me think so.

Ber. Poh! because you are in love with your husband.

Aman. Pray, 'tis with a world of innocence I would inquire whether you think those we call women of reputation, do really escape all other men as they do those shadows of beaux?

Ber. Oh no, Amanda; there are a sort of men make dreadful work amongst 'em—men that may be called the beau's antipathy—for they agree in nothing but walking upon two legs. These have brains—the beau has none. These are in love with their mistress—the beau with himself. They take care of their reputation, the beau is industrious to destroy it. They are decent—he's a fop; in short, they are men—he's an ass.

Aman. If this be their character, I fancy we had here, e'en now, a pattern of 'em both.

Ber. His lordship and colonel Townly?

Aman. The same.

Ber. As for the lord, he is eminently so; and for the other, I can assure you there's not a man in town who has a better interest with the women, that are worth having an interest with.

Aman. He answers the opinion I had ever of him—
[Takes her Hand]—I must acquaint you with a secret—'tis not that fool alone he's talked to me of love, Townly has been tampering too.

Ber. So, so! here the mystery comes out! [*Aside*] Colonel Townly!—impossible, my dear!

Aman. 'Tis true, indeed; though he has done it in vain; nor do I think that all the merit of mankind combined, could shake the tender love I bear my husband; yet I will own to you, Berinthia, I did not start at his addresses, as when they came from one whom I contemned.

Ber. O this is better and better—[*Aside*].—Well said, innocence! and you really think, my dear, that nothing could abate your constancy and attachment to your husband?

Aman. Nothing, I am convinced.

Ber. What if you found he lov'd another woman better?

Aman. Well!

Ber. Well!—why were I that thing they call a slighted wife, somebody should run the risk of being that thing they call—a husband.—Don't I talk madly?

Aman. Madly indeed!

Ber. Yet I'm very innocent.

Aman. That I dare swear you are. I know how to make allowances for your humour—but you resolve then never to marry again?

Ber. Oh no!—I resolve I will.

Aman. How so?

Ber. That I never may.

Aman. You banter me.

Ber. Indeed I don't—but I consider I'm a woman, and form my resolutions accordingly.

Aman. Well, my opinion is, form what resolution you will, matrimony will be the end on't.

Ber. I doubt it—but a—Heavens! I have business at home, and am half an hour too late.

Aman. As you are to return with me, I'll just give some orders, and walk with you.

Ber. Well, make haste, and we'll finish this subject as we go.—[*Exit Amanda*].—Ah, poor Amanda, you have led a country life! Well, this discovery is lucky!

Base Townly!—at once false to me and treacherous to his friend! and my innocent and demure cousin too! I have it in my power to be revenged on her however. Her husband, if I have any skill in countenance, would be as happy in my smiles, as Townly can hope to be in hers. I'll make the experiment, come what will on't. The woman who can forgive the being robb'd of a favoured lover, must be either an idiot or a wanton.

[Exit.]

ACT THE THIRD.



SCENE I.

Enter LORD FOPPINGTON and LA VAROLE.

Lord F. Hey, fellow, let my vis-a-vis come to the door.

La Var. Will your lordship venture so soon to expose yourself to the weather?

Lord F. Sir, I will venture as soon as I can to expose myself to the ladies.

La Var. I wish your lordship would please to keep house a little longer; I'm afraid your honour does not well consider your wound.

Lord F. My wound!—I would not be in eclipse another day, though I had as many wounds in my body as I have had in my heart. So mind, Varole, let these cards be left as directed; for this evening I shall wait on my father-in-law, sir Tunbelly, and I mean to commence my devoirs to the lady, by giving an entertainment at her father's expense; and hark thee, tell Mr. Loveless I request he and his company will honour

me with their presence, or I shall think we are not friends.

La Var. I will be sure, mi lor.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Young FASHION.

Young F. Brother, your servant; how do you find yourself to-day?

Lord F. So well that I have ordered my coach to the door—so there's no danger of death this bout, Tam.

Young F. I'm very glad of it.

Lord F. That I believe's a lie. [*Aside*]*—Pr'ythee, Tam, tell me one thing, did not your heart cut a caper up to your mawth, when you heard I was run through the body?*

Young F. Why do you think it should?

Lord F. Because I remember mine did so, when I heard my uncle was shot through the head.

Young F. It then did very ill.

Lord F. Pr'ythee, why so?

Young F. Because he used you very well.

Lord F. Well!—Naw, strike me dumb, he starv'd me; he has let me want a thousand women, for want of a thousand pound.

Young F. Then he hinder'd you from making a great many til bargains; for I think no woman worth money that will take money.

Lord F. If I was a younger brother I should think so too.

Young F. Then you are seldom much in love?

Lord F. Never, stap my vitals.

Young F. Why then did you make all this bustle about Amanda?

Lord F. Because she's a woman of an insolent virtue, and I thought myself piqu'd, in honour, to debase her.

Young F. Very well.—Here's a rare fellow for you, to have the spending of ten thousand pounds a year. But now for my business with him. [*Aside*]*—Brother, though I know to talk of business (especially of money) is a theme not quite so enter/aining to you as that of*

the ladies, my necessities are such, I hope you'll have patience to hear me.

Lord F. The greatness of your necessities, Tam, is the worst argument in the waurld for your being patiently heard. I do believe you are going to make a very good speech, but strike me dumb, it has the worst beginning of any speech I have heard this twelvemonth.

Young F. I'm sorry you think so.

Lord F. I do believe thou art—but come, let's know the affair quickly.

Young F. Why then, my case in a word is this—The necessary expenses of my travels have so much exceeded the wretched income of my annuity, that I have been forced to mortgage it for five hundred pounds, which is spent. So, unless you are so kind as to assist me in redeeming it, I know no remedy but to take a purse.

Lord F. Why faith, Tam, to give you my sense of the thing, I do think taking a purse the best remedy in the waurld—for if you succeed you are relieved that way, if you are taken—you are relieved t'other.

Young F. I'm glad to see you are in so pleasant a humour; I hope I shall find the effects on't.

Lord F. Why, do you then really think it a reasonable thing, that I should give you five hundred pawnds?

Young F. I do not ask it as a due, brother; I am willing to receive it as a favour.

Lord F. Then thou art willing to receive it any how, strike me speechless.—But these are d——n'd times to give money in; taxes are so great, repairs so exorbitant, tenants such rogues, and boquets so dear, that the devil take me, I am reduced to that extremity in my cash, I have been forced to retrench in that one article of sweet powder, till I have brought it down to five guineas a maunth—now judge, Tam, whether I can spare you five hundred pawnds?

Young F. If you can't I must starve, that's all.—
Damn him. { *Aside.*

Lord F. All I can say is, you should have been a better husband.

Young F. Ouns!—If you can't live upon ten thousand a-year, how do you think I should do't upon two hundred?

Lord F. Don't be in a passion, Tam, for passion is the most unbecoming thing in the waurld—to the face. Look you, I don't love to say any thing to you to make you melancholy, but upon this occasion I must take leave to put you in mind, that a running horse does require more attendance than a coach-horse.—Nature has made some difference 'twixt you and me.

Young F. Yes—She has made you older.—Plague take her. [*Aside.*

Lord F. That is not all, Tam.

Young F. Why, what is there else?

Lord F. [*Looks first on himself and then on his Brother*] Ask the ladies.

Young F. Why, thou essence-bottle, thou musk-cat!—dost thou then think thou hast any advantage over me but what fortune has given thee?

Lord F. I do, stap my vitals.

Young F. Now, by all that's great and powerful, thou art the prince of coxcombs.

Lord F. Sir, I am proud at being at the head of so prevailing a party.

Young F. Will nothing provoke thee?—Draw, coward.

Lord F. Look you, Tam, you know I have always taken you for a mighty dull fellow, and here is one of the foolishest plats broke out that I have seen a lang time. Your poverty makes life so burdensome to you, you would provoke me to a quarrel, in hopes either to slip through my lungs into my estate, or to get yourself run through the guts, to put an end to your pain, but I will disappoint you in both your designs; far with the temper of a philasopher, and the discretion of a statesman—I shall leave the room with my sword in the scabbard.

Young F. So! farewell, brother; and now, conscience, I defy thee.—*Lory!*

Enter Lory.

Lory. Sir.

Young F. Here's rare news, Lory; his lordship has given me a pill has purged off all my scruples.

Lory. Then my heart's at ease again. For I have been in a lamentable fright, sir, ever since your conscience had the impudence to intrude into your company.

Young F. Be at peace; it will come there no more, my brother has given it a wring by the nose, and I have kick'd it down stairs. So run away to the inn, get the chaise ready quickly, and bring it to dame Coupler's without a moment's delay.

Lory. Then, sir, you are going straight about the fortune?

Young F. I am.—Away—fly, Lory.

Lory. The happiest day I ever saw. I'm upon the wing already; now then I shall get my wages. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Garden.

Enter LOVELESS and Servant.

Love. Is my wife within?

Serv. No, sir, she has gone out this half hour.

Love. Well, leave me. [*Exit Servant*] How strangely does my mind run on this widow—never was my heart so suddenly seiz'd on before—that my wife should pick out her, of all womankind, to be her playfellow.—But what fate does, let fate answer for—I sought it not—soh!—by heav'ns!—here she comes.

Enter BERINTHIA.

Ber. What makes you look so thoughtful, sir? I hope you are not ill?

Love. I was debating, madam, whether I was so or not, and that was it which made me look so thoughtful.

Ber. Is it then so hard a matter to decide?—I thought

all people were acquainted with their own bodies, though few people know their own minds.

Love. What if the distemper I suspect he in the mind?

Ber. Why then I'll undertake to prescribe you a cure.

Love. Alas! you undertake you know not what.

Ber. So far at least then you allow me to be a physician.

Love. Nay, I'll allow you to be so yet further; for I have reason to believe, should I put myself into your hands, you would increase my distemper.

Ber. How?

Love. Oh, you might betray me to my wife.

Ber. And so lose all my practice.

Love. Will you then keep my secret?

Ber. I will.

Love. Well—but swear it.

Ber. I swear by woman.

Love. Nay, that's swearing by my deity; swear by your own, and I shall believe you.

Ber. Well then, I swear by man!

Love. I'm satisfied. Now hear my symptoms, and give me your advice. The first were these, when I saw you at the play, a random glance you threw at first alarm'd me. I could not turn my eyes from whence the danger came—I gaz'd upon you till my heart began to pant—nay, even now on your approaching me, my illness is so increas'd, that if you do not help me I shall, whilst you look on, consume to ashes.

[Takes her Hand.]

Ber. O Lord, let me go; 'tis the plague, and we shall be infected.

[Breaking from him.]

Love. Then we'll die together, my charming angel.

Ber. O 'gad! the devil's in you. Lord, let me go—here's somebody coming.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my lady's come home, and desires to speak with you.

Love. Tell her I'm coming. [*Exit Servant*].—But before I go, one glass of nectar to drink her health.

[*To Berinthia.*]

Ber. Stand off, or I shall hate you, by heavens.

Love. [*Kissing her*] In matters of love, a woman's oath is no more to be minded than a man's. [*Exit.*]

Ber. Um!

• *Enter COLONEL TOWNLY.*

Col. T. Soh! what's here—Berinthia and Loveless—and in such close conversation!—I cannot now wonder at her indifference in excusing herself to me!—O rare woman—well then, let Loveless look to his wife, 'twill be but the retort courteous on both sides. Your servant, madam, I need not ask you how you do, you have got so good a colour.

Ber. No better than I used to have, I suppose.

Col. T. A little more blood in your cheeks.

Ber. I have been walking!

Col. T. Is that all? Pray was it Mr. Loveless went from here just now?

Ber. O yes—he has been walking with me.

Col. T. He has!

Ber. Upon my word I think he is a very agreeable man!—and there is certainly something particularly insinuating in his address!

Col. T. So, so! she has'n't even the modesty to dissemble! [*Aside*] Pray, madam, may I, without impertinence, trouble you with a few serious questions?

Ber. As many as you please; but pray let them be as little serious as possible.

Col. T. Is it not near two years since I have presumed to address you?

Ber. I don't know exactly—but it has been a tedious long time.

Col. T. Have I not, during that period, had every reason to believe that my assiduities were far from being unacceptable?

Ber. Why, to do you justice, you have been ex-

remely troublesome—and I confess I have been more civil to you than you deserved.

Col. T. Did I not come to this place at your express desire, and for no purpose but the honour of meeting you?—and after waiting a month in disappointment, have you condescended to explain, or in the slightest way apologize, for your conduct?

Ber. O heavens! apologize for my conduct!—apologize to you!—O you barbarian!—But pray now, my good serious colonel, have you any thing more to add?

Col. T. Nothing, madam, but that after such behaviour I am less surprised at what I saw just now; it is not very wonderful that the woman who can trifle with the delicate addresses of an honourable lover, should be found coquetting with the husband of her friend.

Ber. Very true—no more wonderful than it was for this honourable lover to divert himself in the absence of this coquette, with endeavouring to seduce his friend's wife! O colonel, colonel, don't talk of honour or your friend, for heaven's sake.

Col. T. 'Sdeath! how came she to suspect this!—*[Aside]* Really, madam, I don't understand you.

Ber. Nay—nay—you saw I did not pretend to misunderstand you.—But here comes the lady—perhaps you would be glad to be left with her for an explanation.

Col. T. O madam, this recrimination is a poor resource; and to convince you how much you are mistaken, I beg leave to decline the happiness you propose me.—Madam, your servant.

Enter AMANDA. COLONEL TOWNLY whispers

AMANDA and exit.

Ber. He carries it off well, however—upon my word—very well!—how tenderly they part!—*[Aside]*—So, cousin—I hope you have not been chiding your admirer for being with me—I assure you we have been talking of you.

Aman. Fie, Berinthia!—my admirer—will you never learn to talk in earnest of any thing?

Ber. Why this shall be in earnest, if you please; for my part I only tell you matter of fact.

Aman. I'm sure there's so much jest and earnest in what you say to me on this subject, I scarce know how to take it.—I have just parted with Mr. Loveless—perhaps it is fancy, but I think there is an alteration in his manner which alarms me.

Ber. And so you are jealous? is that all?

Aman. That all!—is jealousy, then, nothing?

Ber. It should be nothing, if I were in your case.

Aman. Why, what would you do?

Ber. I'd cure myself.

Aman. How?

Ber. Care as little for my husband as he did for me. Look you, Amanda, you may build castles in the air, and fume, and fret, and grow thin, and lean, and pale, and ugly, if you please; but I tell you, no man worth having, is true to his wife, or ever was, or ever will be so.

Aman. Do you then really think he's false to me? for I did not suspect him.

Ber. Think so!—I am sure of it.

Aman. You are sure on't?

Ber. Positively—he fell in love at the play.

Aman. Right—the very same—but who could have told you this?

Ber. Um—O—Townly!—I suppose your husband has made him his confidant.

Aman. O base Loveless!—and what did Townly say on't?

Ber. So, so—why should she ask that? [*Aside*]—Say!—why he abused Loveless extremely, and said all the tender things of you in the world.

Aman. Did he?—Oh! my heart!—I'm very ill—dear Berinthia, don't leave me a moment. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *Outside of* SIR TUNBELLY'S *House.**Enter* Young FASHION *and* LORY.

Young F. So—here's our inheritance, Lory, if we can but get into possession—but methinks the seat of our family looks like Noah's ark, as if the chief part on't were designed for the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field.

Lory. Pray, sir, don't let your head run upon the orders of building here—get but the heiress, let the devil take the house.

Young F. Get but the house! let the devil take the heiress, I say—but come, we have no time to squander, knock at the door—[*Lory knocks two or three Times*]—What the devil have they got no ears in this house?—Knock harder.

Lory. 'Egad, sir, this will prove some enchanted castle—we shall have the giant come out, by-and-by, with his club, and beat our brains out. [*Knocks again.*]

Young F. Hush, they come.

Serv. [Within] Who is there?

Lory. Open the door and see—is that your country breeding?

Serv. Ay, but two words to that bargain—Tummas, is the blunderbuss prim'd?

Young F. Ouns! give 'em good words, Lory—or we shall be shot here a fortune catching.

Lory. 'Egad, sir, I think you're in the right on't—ho!—Mr. What-d'ye-call-'um—will you please to let us in? or are we to be left to grow like willows by your moat side?

Servant appears at the Window with a Blunderbuss.

Serv. Well naw, what's ya're business?

Young F. Nothing, sir, but to wait upon sir Tunbilly, with your leave.

Serv. To weat upon sir Tunbilly?—why you'll find that's just as sir Tunbilly pleases.

Young F. But will you do me the favour, sir, to know whether sir Tunbilly pleases or not?

Serv. Why, look you, d'ye see, with good words much may be done.—Ralph, go thy ways, and ask sir Tunbelly if he pleases to be waited upon—and, dost hear, call to nurse, that she may lock up miss Hoyden before the gates open.

Young F. D'ye hear that, Lory?

Enter SIR TUNBELLY CLUMSY, with Servants, armed with Guns, Clubs, Pitchforks, &c.

Lory. O! [*Runs behind his Master*] O Lord, O Lord, Lord, we are both dead men!

Young F. Fool! thy fear will ruin us.

[*Apart to Lory.*

Lory. My fear, sir? 'Sdeath, sir, I fear nothing.—
[*Apart*] Would I were well up to the chin in a horse-pond!

[*Aside.*

Sir T. Who is it here hath any business with me?

Young F. Sir, 'tis I, if your name be sir Tunbelly Clumsy.

Sir T. Sir, my name is sir Tunbelly Clumsy, whether you have any business with me or not.—So you see I am not ashamed of my name, nor my face either.

Young F. Sir, you have no cause, that I know of.

Sir T. Sir, if you have no cause either, I desire to know who you are; for, till I know your name, I shan't ask you to come into my house; and when I do know your name, 'tis six to four I don't ask you then.

Young F. Sir, I hope you'll find this letter an authentic passport.

[*Gives him a Letter.*

Sir T. Cod's my life, from Mrs. Coupler!—I ask your lordship's pardon ten thousand times—[*To his Servant*] Here, run in a-doors quickly; get a Scotch coal fire in the parlour, set all the Turkey-work chairs in their places, get the brass candlesticks out, and be sure stick the socket full of laurel—run—[*Turns to Young Fashion*] My lord, I ask your lordship's pardon.—[*To the Servant*] And, do you hear, run away to nurse, bid her let miss Hoyden loose again. [*Exit Servant*] I hope your honour will excuse the disorder of my family—We are not used to receive men of your lordship's.

great quality every day. Pray where are your coaches and servants, my lord?

Young F. Sir, that I might give you and your daughter a proof how impatient I am to be nearer akin to you, I left my equipage to follow me, and came away post with only one servant.

Sir T. Your lordship does me too much honour—it was exposing your person to too much fatigue and danger, I protest it was; but my daughter shall endeavour to make you what amends she can; and though I say it, that should not say it, Hoyden has charms.

Young F. Sir, I am not a stranger to them, though I am to her: common fame has done her justice.

Sir T. My lord, I am common fame's very grateful, humble servant. My lord, my girl's young—Hoyden is young, my lord; but this I must say for her, what she wants in art, she has in breeding; and what's wanting in her age, is made good in her constitution—So pray, my lord, walk in; pray, my lord, walk in.

Young F. Sir, I wait upon you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in Sir Tunbely Clumsy's House.

MISS HOYDEN discovered.

Miss H. Sure nobody was ever used as I am. I know well enough what other girls do, for all they think to make a fool o'me. It's well I have a husband a coming, or i'cod I'd marry the baker, I would so.—Nobody can knock at the gate, but presently I must be locked up; and here's the young greyhound can run loose about the house all the day long, so she can—'Tis very well—

Nurse. [Without, opening the Door] Miss Hoyden, miss, miss, miss! Miss Hoyden!

Enter Nurse.

Miss H. Well, what do you make such a noise for, ha?—What do you din a body's ears for? Can't one be at quiet for you?

Nurse. What do I din your ears for? Here's one come will din your ears for you.

Miss H. What care I who's come? I care not a fig who comes, or who goes, as long as I must be lock'd up like the ale-cellar.

Nurse. That, miss, is for fear you should be drank before you are ripe.

Miss H. Oh, don't trouble your head about that; I'm as ripe as you, though not so mellow.

Nurse. Very well. Now I have a good mind to lock you up again, and not let you see my lord to-night.

Miss H. My lord! Why, is my husband come?

Nurse. Yes, marry, is he; and a goodly person too.

Miss H. [*Hugs Nurse*] Oh, my dear nurse, forgive me this once, and I'll never misuse you again; no, if I do, you shall give me three thumps on the back, and a great pinch by the cheek.

Nurse. Ah, the poor thing! see now it melts; it's as full of good nature as an egg's full of meat.

Miss H. But, my dear nurse, don't lie now—is he come, by your troth?

Nurse. Yes, by my truly, is he.

Miss H. O Lord! I'll go and put on my laced tucker, though I'm lock'd up for a month for't. [*Exeunt.*]

your interest and mine. Your father, I suppose you know, has resolved to make me happy in being your husband; and I hope I may obtain your consent to perform what he desires.

Miss H. Sir, I never disobey my father in any thing but eating green gooseberries.

Young F. So good a daughter must needs be an admirable wife. I am therefore impatient till you are mine, and hope you will so far consider the violence of my love, that you won't have the cruelty to defer my happiness so long as your father designs it.

Miss H. Pray, my lord, how long is that?

Young F. Madam, a thousand years—a whole week.

Miss H. Why I thought it was to be to-morrow morning, as soon as I was up. I'm sure nurse told me so.

Young F. And it shall be to-morrow morning, if you'll consent.

Miss H. If I'll consent? Why I thought I was to obey you as my husband?

Young F. That's when we are married. Till then, I'm to obey you.

Miss H. Why then, if we are to take it by turns, it's the same thing. I'll obey you now, and when we are married, you shall obey me.

Young F. With all my heart. But I doubt we must get nurse on our side, or we shall hardly prevail with the chaplain.

Miss H. No more we shan't, indeed; for he loves her better than he loves his pulpit, and would always be a preaching to her by his good will.

Young F. Why then, my dear, if you'll call her hither, we'll persuade her presently.

Miss H. O lud, I'll tell you a way how to persuade her to any thing.

Young F. How's that?

Miss H. Why tell her she's a handsome, comely woman, and give her half-a-crown.

Young F. Nay, if that will do, she shall have half a score of them.

Miss H. O gemon! for dalf that she'd marry you herself.—I'll run and call her. *[Exit.]*

Young F. Soh! matters go on swimmingly. This is a rare gwl, i'faith. I shall have a fine time on't with her at London.

Enter Lory.

So, Lory, what's the matter?

Lory. Here, sir—an intercepted packet from the enemy; your brother's postillion brought it. I knew the livery, pretended to be a servant of sir Tunbelly's, and so got possession of the letter.

Young F. *[Looks at the Letter]* Ouns! he tells sir Tunbelly here that he will be with him this evening, with a large party to supper.—Egad, I must marry the girl directly.

Lory. Oh, zounds, sir, directly to be sure. Here she comes. *[Exit.]*

Young F. And the old Jesabel with her.

Re-enter Miss HOYDEN and Nurse.

How do you do, good Mrs. Nurse? I desired your young lady would give me leave to see you, that I might thank you for your extraordinary care and kind conduct in her education: pray accept of this small acknowledgment for it at present, and depend upon my further kindness when I shall be that happy thing, her husband. *[Gives her Money.]*

Nurse. Gold, by the maakins! *[Aside]* Your honour's goodness is too great. Alas! all I can boast of is, I gave her pure good milk, and so your honour would have said, an you had seen how the poor thing thrived—and how it would look up in my face—and crow and laugh, it would.

Miss H. *[To Nurse, taking her angrily aside]* Pray one word with you. Pr'ythee, nurse, don't stand ripping up old stories, to make one ashamed before one's love. Do you think such a fine proper gentleman as he is, cares for a fiddle-come tale of a child? If you have a mind to make him have a good opinion of a woman, don't tell him what one did then, tell him what

one can do now.—I hope your honour will excuse my mis-manners to whisper before you; it was only to give some orders about the family.

Young F. Oh, every thing, madam, is to give way to business; besides, good housewifery is a very commendable quality in a young lady.

Miss H. Pray, sir, are young ladies good housewives at London-town? Do they darn their own linen?

Young F. Oh, no, they study how to spend money, not to save.

Miss H. 'Ecod, I don't know but that may be better sport, ha, nurse?

Young F. Well, you shall have your choice when you come there.

Miss H. Shall I?—then, by my troth, I'll get there as fast as I can.—His honour desires you'll be so kind as to let us be married to-morrow. [*To Nurse.*]

Nurse. To morrow, my dear madam?

Young F. Ay, faith, nurse, you may well be surprised at miss's wanting to put it off so long. To-morrow! no, no; 'tis now, this very hour, I would have the ceremony performed.

Miss H. 'Ecod, with all my heart.

Nurse. Oh, mercy! worse and worse!

Young F. Yes, sweet nurse, now and privately; for all things being signed and sealed, why should sir Tunbelly make us stay a week for a wedding-dinner?

Nurse. But if you should be married now, what will you do when sir Tunbelly calls for you to be married?

Miss H. Why then we will be married again.

Nurse. What twice, my child?

Miss H. 'Ecod, I don't care how often I'm married, not I.

Nurse. Well, I'm such a tender-hearted fool, I find I can refuse you nothing. So you shall e'en follow your own inventions.

Miss H. Shall I?—O Lord, I could leap over the moon.

Young F. Dear nurse, this goodness of yours shall be still more rewarded. But now you must employ

your power with the chaplain, that he may do his friendly office too, and then we shall be all happy. . Do you think you can prevail with him?

Nurse. Prevail with him; or he shall never prevail with me, I can tell him that.

Young F. I'm glad to hear it; however, to strengthen your interest with him, you may let him know I have several fat livings in my gift, and that the first that falls shall be in your disposal.

Nurse. Nay, then I'll make him marry more folks than one. I'll promise him.

Miss H. Faith, do, nurse, make him marry you too; I'm sure he'll do't for a fat living.

Young F. Well, nurse, while you go and settle matters with him, your lady and I will go and take a walk in the garden. [*Exit Nurse*] Come, madam, dare you venture yourself alone with me?

[*Takes Miss Hoyden by the Hand.*

Miss H. Oh dear yes, sir; I don't think you'll do any thing to me I need be afraid on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. AMANDA'S Dressing-room.

Enter AMANDA, followed by her Maid.

Maid. If you please, madam, only to say whether you'll have me buy them or not?

Aman. Yes—no—Go, teaser; I care not what you do. Pr'ythee leave me. [*Exit Maid.*

Enter BERINTHIA.

Ber. What, in the name of Jove, is the matter with you?

Aman. The matter, Berinthia? I'm almost mad; I'm plagu'd to death.

Ber. Who is it that plagues you?

Aman. Who do you think should plague a wife, but her husband?

Ber. O, ho! is it come to that?—We shall have you wish yourself a widow, by-and-by.

Aman. Would I were any thing but what I am! A base, ungrateful man, to use me thus!

Ber. What, has he given you fresh reason to suspect his wandering?

Aman. Every hour gives me reason.

Ber. And yet, Amanda, you perhaps at this moment cause in another's breast the same tormenting doubts and jealousies which you feel so sensibly yourself.

Aman. Heaven knows I would not.

Ber. Why, you can't tell but there may be some one as tenderly attach'd to Townly, whom you boast of as your conquest, as you can be to your husband.

Aman. I'm sure I never encouraged his pretensions.

Ber. Pshaw! pshaw! No sensible man ever perseveres to love without encouragement. Why have you not treated him as you have lord Foppington?

Aman. Because he presum'd not so far. But let us drop the subject. Men, not women, are riddles. Mr. Loveless now follows some flirt for variety, whom I'm sure he does not like so well as he does me.

Ber. That's more than you know, madam.

Aman. Why, do you know the ugly thing?

Ber. I think I can guess at the person; but she's no such ugly thing neither.

Aman. Is she very handsome?

Ber. Truly I think so.

Aman. Whate'er she be, I'm sure he does not like her well enough to bestow any thing more than a little outward gallantry upon her.

Ber. Outward gallantry! I can't bear this. [*Aside*] Come, come, don't you be too secure, Amanda; while you suffer Townly to imagine that you do not detest him for his designs on you, you have no right to complain that your husband is engaged elsewhere. But here comes the person we were speaking of.

Enter COLONEL TOWNLY.

Col. T. Ladies, as I come uninvited, I beg, if I intrude, you will use the same freedom in turning me out again.

Aman. I believe it is near the time Loveless said he would be at home. He talked of accepting of lord Foppington's invitation to sup at sir Tunbelly Clumsy's.

Col. T. His lordship has done me the honour to invite me also. If you'll let me escort you, I'll let you into a mystery as we go, in which you must play a part when we arrive.

Aman. But we have two hours yet to spare; the carriages are not ordered till eight, and it is not a five minute's drive. So, cousin, let us keep the colonel to play at piquet with us, till Mr. Loveless comes home.

Ber. As you please, madam; but you know I have a letter to write.

Col. T. Madam, you know you may command me, though I am a very wretched gamester.

Aman. Oh, you play well enough to lose your money, and that's all the ladies require; and so, without any more ceremony, let us go into the next room, and call for cards and candles. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. BERINTHIA'S Dressing-room.

Enter LOVELESS.

Love. So—thus far all's well—I have got into her dressing-room, and it being dusk, I think nobody has perceived me steal into the house. I heard Berinthia tell my wife she had some particular letters to write this evening, before she went to sir Tunbelly's, and here are the implements of correspondence.—How shall I muster up assurance to show myself when she comes?—I think she has given me encouragement; and to do my impudence justice, I have made the most of it.—I hear a door open, and some one coming. If it should be my wife, what the devil should I say?—I believe she mistrusts me, and by my life, I don't deserve her tenderness; however, I am determined to reform, though not yet. Ha! Berinthia! So I'll step in here, till I see what sort of humour she is in.

[Goes into the Closet.]

Enter **BERINFHIA**.

Ber. Was ever so provoking a situation! To think I should sit and hear him compliment Amánda to my face! I have lost all patience with them both. I would not for something have Loveless know what temper of mind they have piqued me into; yet I can't bear to leave them together. No—I'll put my papers away, and return to disappoint them. [*Goes to the Closet*] O Lord! a ghost! a ghost! a ghost!

Re-enter LOVELESS.

Love. Peace, my angel, it's no ghost, but one worth a hundred spirits.

Ber. How, sir, have you had the insolence to presume to—run in again—here's somebody coming.

[*Loveless goes into the Closet.*]

Enter Maid.

Maid. O Lord, ma'am, what's the matter?

Ber. O heavens! I'm almost frightened out of my wits! I thought verily I had seen a ghost, and 'twas nothing but a black hood, pin'd against the wall.—You may go again—I am the fearfulest fool.

[*Exit Maid.*]

Re-enter LOVELESS.

Love. Is the coast clear?

Ber. The coast clear? Upon my word, I wonder at your assurance!

Love. Why then you wonder before I have given you a proof of it. But where's my wife?

Ber. At cards.

Love. With whom?

Ber. With Townty.

Love. Then we are safe enough.

Ber. You are so? Some husbands would be of another mind, were he at cards with their wives.

Love. And they'd be in the right on't too; but I dare trust mine.

Ber. Indeed! and she, I doubt not, has the same

confidence in you. Yet do you think she'd be content to come and find you h're?

Love. 'Egad, as you say, that's true—then, for fear she should come, hadn't we better go into the next room, out of her way?

Ber. What, in the dark?

Love. Ay, or with a light, which you please.

Ber. You are certainly very impudent.

Love. Nay then—let me conduct you, my angel.

Ber. Hold, hold, you are mistaken in your angel, I assure you.

Love. I hope not; for by this hand I swear.

Ber. Come, come, let go my hand, or I shall hate you—I'll cry out, as I live.

Love. Impossible! you cannot be so cruel.

Ber. Ha! here's some one coming. Be gone instantly.

Love. Will you promise to return, if I remain here?

Ber. Never trust myself in a room again with you while I live.

Love. But I have something particular to communicate to you.

Ber. Well, well, before we go to sir Tunbelly's, I'll walk upon the lawn. If you are fond of a moonlight evening, you'll find me there.

Love. I'faith, they're coming here now. I take you at your word. *[Exit Loveless into the Closet.]*

Ber. 'Tis Amanda, as I live. I hope she has not heard his voice; though I mean she should have her share of jealousy in her turn.

Enter AMANDA.

Aman. Berinthia, why did you leave me?

Ber. I thought I only spoil'd your party.

Aman. Since you have been gone, Townly has attempted to renew his importunities. I must break with him—for I cannot venture to acquaint Mr. Loveless with his conduct.

Ber. Oh, no! Mr. Loveless mustn't know of it by any means.

Aman. Oh, not for the world—I wish, Berinthia, you would undertake to speak to Townly on the subject.

Ber. Upon my word—it would be a very pleasant subject for me to talk upon. But come, let us go back; and you may depend on't I'll not leave you together again, if I can help it. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter LOVELESS.

Love. Soh—so! a pretty piece of business I have overheard! Townly makes love to my wife, and I am not to know it for all the world. I must inquire into this—and, by heav'n, if I find that Amanda has, in the smallest degree—Yet what have I been at here!—O, 'sdeath! that's no rule.

That wife alone unsullied credit wins,
Whose virtues can atone her husband's sins.
Thus, while the man has other nymphs in view,
It suits the woman to be doubly true. [*Exit.*]

ACT THE FIFTH.



SCENE I. A Garden. Moonlight.

Enter LOVELESS.

Love. Now, does she mean to make a fool of me, or not? I shan't wait much longer, for my wife will soon be inquiring for me to set out on our supping-party. Suspense is at all times the devil—but of all modes of suspense, the watching for a loitering mistress is the worst.—But let me accuse her no longer; she approaches with one smile, to o'erpay the anxieties of a year.

Enter BERINTHIA.

O, Berinthia, what a world of kindness are you in my debt! had you staid five minutes longer——

Ber. You would have gone, I suppose?

Love. 'Egad, she's right enough.

[Aside.

Ber. And I assure you 'twas ten to one that I came at all. In short, I begin to think you are too dangerous a being to trifle with; and as I shall probably only make a fool of you at last, I believe we had better let matters rest as they are.

Love. You cannot mean it, sure?

Ber. What more would you have me give to a married man?

Love. How doubly cruel to remind me of my misfortunes!

Ber. A misfortune to be married to so charming a woman as Amanda?

Love. I grant all her merit, but—'Sdeath! now see what you have done by talking of her—she's here, by all that's unlucky, and Townly with her—I'll observe them.

Ber. O God, we had better get out of the way; for I should feel as awkward to meet her as you.

Love. Ay, if I mistake not, I see Townly coming this way also. I must see a little into this matter.

[*Steps aside.*

Ber. Oh, if that's your intention, I am no woman, if I suffer myself to be outdone in curiosity.

[*Goes on the other Side.*

Enter AMANDA.

Aman. Mr. Loveless come home, and walking on the lawn! I will not suffer him to walk so late, though perhaps it is to show his neglect of me. Mr. Loveless, I must speak with you. Ha! Townly again! How I am persecuted!

Enter COLONEL TOWNLY.

Col. T. Madam, you seem disturbed.

Aman. Sir, I have reason.

Col. T. Whatever be the cause, I would to heaven it were in my power to bear the pain, or to remove the malady.

Aman. Your interference can only add to my distress.

Col. T. Ah, madam, if it be the sting of unrequited love you suffer from, seek for your remedy in revenge; weigh well the strength and beauty of your charms, and rouse up that spirit a woman ought to bear. disdain the false embraces of a husband. See at your feet

a real lover; his zeal may give him title to your pity, although his merit cannot claim your love.

Love. So, so, very fine, i'faith.

[*Aside.*

Aman. Why do you presume to talk to me thus?—Is this your friendship to Mr. Loveless? I perceive you will compel me at last to acquaint him with your treachery.

Col. T. He could not upbraid me if you were—he deserves it from me; for he has not been more false to you, than faithless to me.

Aman. To you?

Col. T. Yes, madam; the lady for whom he now deserts those charms which he was never worthy of, was mine by right; and I imagined too, by inclination.—Yes, madam Berinthia, who now——

Aman. Berinthia! Impossible!

Col. T. 'Tis true, or may I never merit your attention. She is the deceitful sorceress who now holds your husband's heart in bondage.

Aman. I will not believe it.

Col. T. By the faith of a truelover, I speak from conviction. This very day I saw them together, and overheard——

Aman. Peace, sir, I will not even listen to such slander—this is a poor device to work on my resentment, to listen to your insidious addresses. No, sir, though Mr. Loveless may be capable of error, I am convinced I cannot be deceived so grossly in him, as to believe what you now report; and for Berinthia, you should have fixed on some more probable person for my rival, than she who is my relation and my friend: for while I am myself free from guilt, I will never believe that love can beget injury, or confidence create ingratitude.

Col. T. If I do not prove to you——

Aman. You never shall have an opportunity. From the artful manner in which you first showed yourself to me, I might have been led, as far as virtue permitted, to have thought you less criminal than unhappy; but

this last unmanly artifice perils at once my resentment and contempt. [Exit.

Col. T. Sure there's divinity about her; and she has dispensed some portion of honour's light to me: yet can I bear to lose Berinthia without revenge or compensation? Perhaps she is not so culpable as I thought her. I was mistaken when I began to think lightly of Amanda's virtue, and may be in my censure of my Berinthia. Surely I love her still, for I feel I should be happy to find myself in the wrong. [Exit.

Re-enter LOVELESS and BERINTHIA.

Ber. Your servant, Mr. Loveless.

Love. Your servant, madam.

Ber. Pray what do you think of this?

Love. Truly, I don't know what to say.

Ber. Don't you think we steal forth two contemptible creatures?

Love. Why tolerably so, I must confess.

Ber. And do you conceive it possible for you ever to give Amanda the least uneasiness again?

Love. No, I think we never should, indeed.

Ber. We!—why, monster, you don't pretend that I ever entertain'd a thought?

Love. Why then, sincerely and honestly, Berinthia, there is something in my wife's conduct which strikes me so forcibly, that if it were not for shame, and the fear of hurting you in her opinion, I swear I would follow her, confess my error, and trust to her generosity for forgiveness—

Ber. Nay, pray thee, don't let your respect for me prevent you; for as my object in trifling with you was nothing more than to pique Townly, and as I perceive he has been actuated by a similar motive, you may depend on't I shall make no mystery of the matter to him.

Love. By no means inform him; for though I may choose to pass by his conduct without resentment, how will he presume to look me in the face again?

Ber. How will you presume to look him in the face again?

Love. He who has dared to attempt the honour of my wife!

Ber. You, who have dared to attempt the honour his mistress! Come, come, be ruled by me, who fleet more levity than I have, and don't think of anger in this cause. A readiness to resent injuries, is a virtue only in those who are slow to injure.

Love. Then I will be ruled by you; and when you shall think proper to undeceive Townly, may your good qualities make as sincere a convert of him, as Amanda's have of me.—When truth's extorted from us, then we own the robe of virtue is a sacred habit.

Could women but our secret counsels scan—

Could they but reach the deep reserve of man—

To keep our love they'd rate their virtue high,

They live together, and together die. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. SIR TUNBELLY CLUMSY'S House.

Enter MISS HOYDEN, Nurse, and Young FASHION.

Young F. This quick dispatch of the chaplain's I take so kindly, it shall give him claim to my favour as long as I live, I assure you.

Miss H. And to mine, too, I promise you.

Nurse. I most humbly thank your honours; and may our children swarm about you like bees about a honeycomb.

Miss H. I'cod, with all my heart—the more the merrier, I say—ha, nurse?

Enter LORY.

Lory. One word with you, for heaven's sake.

[*Taking Young Fashion hastily aside.*]

Young F. What the devil's the matter?

Lory. Sir, your fortune's ruin'd if you are not married. Yonder's your brother arriv'd, with two coaches and six horses, twenty footmen, and a coat worth four-

score pounds—so judge what will become of your lady's heart.

Young F. Is he in the house yet?

Lory. No, they are capitulating with him at the gate. Sir Tunbelly luckily takes him for an impostor; and I have told him that we had heard of this plot before.

Young F. That's right.—[Turning to Miss Hoyden] My dear, here's a troublesome business my man tells me of, but don't be frighten'd, we shall be too hard for the rogue.—Here's an impudent fellow at the gate (not knowing I was come hither incognito) has taken my name upon him, in hopes to run away with you.

Miss H. Oh, the brazen-faced varlet; it's well we are married, or may be we might never have been so.

Young F. 'Egad, like enough. [Aside]—Pr'ythee, nurse, run to sir Tunbelly, and stop him from going to the gate before I speak with him.

Nurse. An't please your honour, my lady and I had best lock ourselves up till the danger be over.

Young F. Do so, if you please.

Miss H. Not so fast; I won't be lock'd up any more, now I'm married.

Young F. Yes, pray, my dear, do, till we have seiz'd this rascal.

Miss H. Nay, if you'll pray me, I'll do any thing.

[Exit Miss Hoyden and Nurse.]

Young F. [To *Lory*] Hark you, sirrah, things are better than you imagine. The wedding's over.

Lory. The devil it is, sir!

Young F. Not a word—all's safe—but sir Tunbelly don't know it, nor must not yet. So I am resolved to brazen the brunt of the business out, and have the pleasure of turning the impostor upon his lordship which I believe may easily be done.

Enter SIR TUNBELLY CLUMSY.

Did you ever hear, sir, of so impudent an undertaking?

Sir T. Never, by the mass; but we'll tickle him, I'll warrant you.

Young F. They tell me, sir, he has a great many people with him, disguised like servants.

Sir T. Ay, ay, rogues enow, but we have master'd them. We only fired a few shot over their heads, and the regiment scower'd in an instant. Here, Tummas, bring in your prisoner.

Young F. If you please, sir Tunbelly, it will be best or me not to confront the fellow yet, till you have heard how far his impudence will carry him.

Sir T. 'Egad, your lordship is an ingenious person. Your lordship then will please to step aside.

Lory. 'Fore heaven, I applaud my master's modesty.
[Exit with *Young Fashion*.]

Enter Servants, with LORD FOPPINGTON disarmed.

Sir T. Come, bring him along, bring him along.

Lord F. What the plague do you mean, gentlemen? is it fair time, that you are all drunk before supper?

Sir T. Drunk, sirrah! here's an impudent rogue for you now. Drunk or sober, bully, I'm a justice o'the peace, and know how to deal with strollers.

Lord F. Strollers!

Sir T. Ay, strollers. Come, give an account of yourself. What's your name? where do you live? do you pay scot and lot? Come, are you a freeholder or a copyholder?

Lord F. And why dost thou ask me so many impudent questions?

Sir T. Because I'll make you answer 'em, before I have done with you, you rascal you.

Lord F. Before Gad, all the answers I can make to 'em is, that you are a very extraordinary old fellow, tap my vitals!

Sir T. Nay, if thou art joking deputy lieutenants, we now how to deal with you. Here, draw a warrant for him immediately.

Lord F. A warrant! What the devil is't thou wouldst at, old gentleman?

Sir T. I would be at you, sirrah (if my hands were

not tied as a magistrate, and with these two double fists beat your teeth down your throat, you dog you.

Lord F. And why wouldst thou spoil my face at that rate?

Sir T. For your design to rob me of my daughter, villain.

Lord F. Rob thee of thy daughter! Now do I begin to believe I am in bed and asleep, and that all this is but a dream. Pr'ythee, old father, wilt thou give me leave to ask thee one question?

Sir T. I can't tell whether I will or not, till I know what it is.

Lord F. Why then, it is, whether thou didst not write to my lord Foppington, to come down and marry thy daughter?

Sir T. Yes, marry, did I, and my lord Foppington is come down, and shall marry my daughter before she's a day older.

Lord F. Now give me thy hand, old dad; I thought we should understand one another at last.

Sir T. The fellow's mad—here, bind him hand and foot. *[They bind him.]*

Lord F. Nay, pr'ythee, knight, leave fooling; thy jest begins to grow dull.

Sir T. Bind him, I say—he's mad: bread and water, a dark room, and a whip, may bring him to his senses again.

Lord F. Pr'ythee, sir Tunbelly, why should you take such an aversion to the freedom of my address, as to suffer the rascals thus to skewer down my arms like a rabbit? 'Egad, if I don't awake, by all that I can see, this is like to prove one of the most impertinent dreams that ever I dreamt in my life. *[Aside.]*

Re-enter Miss HOYDEN and Nurse.

Miss H. *[Going up to him]* Is this he that would have run—Fough, how he stinks of sweets!—Pray, father, let him be dragged through the horse-pond.

Lord F. This must be my wife, by her natural inclination to her husband. *[Aside.]*

Miss H. Pray, father, what do you intend to do with him—hang him?

Sir T. That at least, child.

Nurse. Ay, and it's e'en too good for him too.

Lord F. Madame la gouvernante, I presume; hitherto this appears to me to be one of the most extraordinary families that ever man of quality march'd into. [*Aside.*]

Sir T. What's become of my lord, daughter?

Miss H. He's just coming, sir.

Lord F. My lord, what does he mean by that, now? [*Aside.*]

Re-enter Young FASHION and LORY.

Stap my vitals, Tam, now the dream's out.

Young F. Is this the fellow, sir, that design'd to trick me of your daughter?

Sir T. This is he, my lord; how do you like him? Is not he a pretty fellow to get a fortune?

Young F. I find by his dress, he thought your daughter might be taken with a beau.

Miss H. Oh, gemini! Is this a beau? Let me see him again. Ha! I find a beau is no such ugly thing, neither.

Young F. 'Egad, she'll be in love with him presently—I'll e'en have him sent away to jail. [*Aside.*]—Sir, though your undertaking shows you a person of no extraordinary modesty, I suppose you han't confidence enough to expect much favour from me?

[*To Lord Foppington.*]

Lord F. Strike me dumb, Tam, thou art a very impudent fellow.

Nurse. Look, if the varlet has not the effrontery to call his lordship, plain Thomas.

Lord F. My lord Foppington, shall I beg one word with your lordship?

Nurse. Ho, ho, it's my lord with him now. See how afflictions will humble folks.

Miss H. Pray, my lord, don't let him whisper too close, lest he bite your ear off.

Lord F. I am not altogether so hungry as your lady-

ship is pleased to imagine.—Look you, Tam, I am sensible I have not been so kind to you as I ought, but I hope you'll forgive what's past, and accept of the five thousand pounds I offer—thou mayst live in extreme splendour with it, stap my vitals!

[*Apart to Young Fashion.*

Young F. It's a much easier matter to prevent a disease than to cure it. A quarter of that sum would have secured your mistress, twice as much cannot redeem her.

[*Apart. Leaving him.*

Sir T. Well, what says he?

Young F. Only the rascal offered me a bribe to let him go.

Sir T. Ay, he shall go, with a plague to him—lead on, constable.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here is muster Loveless, and muster colonel Townly, and some ladies, to wait on you. [*To Young F.*

Lory. So, sir, what will you do now? [*Aside.*

Young F. Be quiet; they are in the plot. [*Aside to Lory*—Only a few friends, sir Tunbelly, whom I wish'd to introduce to you.

Lord F. Thou art the most impudent fellow, Tam, that ever nature yet brought into the world. Sir Tunbelly, strike me speechless, but these are my friends and acquaintance, and my guests, and they will soon inform thee whether I am the true lord Foppington or not.

Enter LOVELESS, COLONEL TOWNLY, AMANDA, and BERINTHIA.

Young F. So, gentlemen, this is friendly; I rejoice to see you.

Col. T. My lord, we are fortunate to be the witnesses of your lordship's happiness.

Love. But your lordship will do us the honour to introduce us to sir Tunbelly Clumsy?

Aman. And us to your lady.

Lord F. Ged take me, but they are all in a story.

Sir T. Gentlemen, you do me much honour; my lord Foppington's friends will ever be welcome to me and mine.

Young F. My love, let me introduce you to these ladies.

Miss H. By goles, they look so fine and so stiff, I almost asham'd to come nigh 'em.

Aman. A most engaging lady, indeed!

Miss H. Thank ye, ma'am.

Ber. And I doubt not will soon distinguish herself the beau monde.

Miss H. Where is that?

Young F. You'll soon learn, my dear.

Love. But, lord Foppington——

Lord F. Sir!

Love. Sir! I was not addressing myself to you, sir! —Pray who is this gentleman? He seems rather in a singular predicament——

Col. T. For so well-dress'd a person, a little oddly circumstanced, indeed.

Sir T. Ha, ha, ha!—So, these are your friends and our guests, ha, my adventurer?

Lord F. I am struck dumb with their impudence, and cannot positively say whether I shall ever speak again or not.

Sir T. Why, sir, this modest gentleman wanted to ass himself upon me as lord Foppington, and carry off my daughter.

Love. A likely plot to succeed, truly, ha, ha!

Lord F. As Gad shall judge me, Loveless, I did not expect this from thee. Come, pry'three confess the ke; tell sir Tunbelly that I am the real lord Foppington, who yesterday made love to thy wife; was honour'd by her with a slap on the face, and afterwards pink'd through the body by thee.

Sir T. A likely story, truly, that a peer would behave us!

Love. A pretty fellow, indeed, that would scandalize the character he wants to assume; but what will you with him, sir Tunbelly?

Sir T. Commit him, certainly, unless the bride and bridegroom choose to pardon him.

Lord F. Bride and bridegroom! For Gad's sake, sir Tunbelly, 'tis torture to me to hear you call 'em so.

Miss H. Why, you ugly thing, what would you have him call us dog and cat?

Lord F. By no means, miss; for that sounds ten times more like man and wife than t'other.

Sir T. A precious rogue this to come a wooing!

Re-enter a Servant.

Serv. There are some gentlefolks below to wait upon lord Poppington.

Col. T. 'Sdeath, Tom, what will you do now?

[Apart to Young Fashion.]

Lord F. Now, sir Tunbelly, here are witnesses, who I believe are not corrupted.

Sir T. Peace, fellow! Would your lordship choose to have your guests shown here, or shall they wait till we come to 'em?

Young F. I believe, sir Tunbelly, we had better not have these visitors here yet.—'Egad, all must out. *[Aside]*

Love. Confess, confess, we'll stand by you.

[Apart to Young Fashion]

Lord F. Nay, sir Tunbelly, I insist on your calling evidence on both sides—and if I do not prove that fellow an impostor—

Young F. Brother, I will save you the trouble, by now confessing that I am not what I have passed myself for. Sir Tunbelly, I am a gentleman, and I flatter myself a man of character; but 'tis with great pride I assure you I am not lord Poppington.

Sir T. Ours!—what's this?—an impostor?—a cheat—fire and faggots, sir, if you are not lord Poppington who the devil are you?

Young F. Sir, the best of my condition is, I am your son-in-law; and the worst of it is, I am brother to that noble peer.

Lord F. Impudent to the last, Gad dem me.

Sir T. My son-in-law! Not yet I hope.

Young F. Pardon me, sir; thanks to the goodness of your chaplain, and the kind offices of this old gentleman.

Lory. 'Tis true, indeed, sir; I gave your daughter away, and Mrs. Nurse, here, was clerk.

Sir T. Knock that rascal down!—But speak, Jesabel, now's this?

Nurse. Alas! your honour, forgive me! I have been overreach'd in this business as well as you. Your worship knows, if the wedding-dinner had been ready, you would have given her away with your own hands.

Sir T. But how durst you do this, without acquainting me?

Nurse. Alas, if your worship had seen how the poor thing begg'd and pray'd, and clung and twin'd about me like ivy round an old wall, you would say, I, who had nurs'd it, and rear'd it, must have had a heart like stone to refuse it.

Sir T. Ouns! I shall go mad! Unloose my lord there, you scoundrels.

Lord F. Why, when these gentlemen are at leisure, I should be glad to congratulate you on your son-in-law, with a little more freedom of address.

Miss H. 'Egad, though, I don't see which is to be my husband after all.

Love. Come, come, sir Tunbelly, a man of your understanding must perceive, that an affair of this kind is not to be mended by anger and reproaches.

Col. T. Take my word for it, sir Tunbelly, you are only tricked into a son-in-law you may be proud of; my friend, Tom Fashion, is as honest a fellow as ever breath'd.

Love. That he is, depend on't; and will hunt or drink with you most affectionately; be generous, old boy, and forgive them——

Sir T. Never. The hussy!—when I had set my heart on getting her a title.

Lord F. Now, sir Tunbelly, that I am untruss'd—give me leave to thank thee for the very extraordinary reception I have met with in thy damn'd, execrable

mansion; and at the same time to assure you, that of all the bumpkins and block heads I have had the misfortune to meet with, thou art the most obstinate and egregious strike me ugly!

Sir T. What's this? I believe you are both rogues alike.

Lord F. No, sir Tunbelly, thou wilt find, to thy unspeakable mortification, that I am the real lord Poppington, who was to have disgraced myself by an alliance with a clod; and that thou hast match'd thy girl to a beggarly younger brother of mine, whose title-deeds might be contain'd in thy tobacco-box.

Sir T. Puppy! puppy!—I might prevent their being beggars, if I chose it; for I could give 'em as good a rent-roll as your lordship.

Lord F. Ay, old fellow, but you will not do that—for that would be acting like a Christian, and thou art a barbarian, stave my vitals.

Sir T. Udzookers! Now six such words more, and I'll forgive them directly.

Love. 'Slife, sir Tunbelly, you should do it, and bless yourself. Ladies, what say you?

Aman. Good sir Tunbelly, you must consent.

Ber. Come, you have been young yourself, sir Tunbelly.

Sir T. Well then, if I must, I must; but turn—turn that sneering lord out however, and let me be revenged on somebody. But first look whether I am a barbarian or not; there, children, I join your hands; and when I'm in a better humour, I'll give you my blessing.

Love. Nobly done, sir Tunbelly; and we shall see you dance at a grandson's christening yet.

Miss H. By goles though, I don't understand this. What, an't I to be a lady after all? only plain Mrs.—What's my husband's name, nurse?

Nurse. Squire Fashion.

Miss H. Squire, is he?—Well, that's better than nothing.

Lord F. Now I will put on a philosophic air, and show these people, that it is not possible to put a man

[my quality out of countenance. *[Aside]* Dear Tam, since things are fallen out, pr'ythee give me leave to wish thee joy; I do it de bon cœur, strike me dumb! 'ou have married into a family of great politeness and uncommon elegance of manners, and your bride appears to be a lady beautiful in person, modest in her deportment, refined in her sentiments, and of nice morality, split my windpipe!

Miss H. By goles, husband, break his bones, if he calls me names.

Young F. Your lordship may keep up your spirits with your grimace, if you please; I shall support mine by sir Tunbelly's favour, with this lady and three thousand pounds a year.

Lord F. Well, adieu, Tam—ladies, I kiss your hands. sir Tunbelly, I shall now quit this thy den; but while I retain the use of my arms, I shall ever remember thou art a demn'd, horrid savage; Ged demn me.

[Exit.]

Sir T. By the mass, 'tis well he's gone—for I should a' been provoked, by-and-by, to ha' dun un a mischief. Well, if this is a lord, I think Hoyden has luck o'her side, in troth.

Col. T. She has indeed, sir Tunbelly—but I hear he fiddles; his lordship, I know, had provided 'em.

Love. O, a dance and a bottle, sir Tunbelly, by all means.

Sir T. I had forgot the company below; well—what we must be merry then, ha? and dance and drink, ha? Well, fore George, you shan't say I do these things by halves. Son-in-law there looks like a hearty rogue, so we'll have a night on't: and which of these ladies will be the old man's partner, ha?—'Ecod, I don't know how I came to be in so good a humour.

Ber. Well, sir Tunbelly, my friend and I both will endeavour to keep you so: you have done a generous action, and are entitled to our attention. If you should be at a loss to divert your new guests, we will assist you to relate to them the plot of your daughter's mar-

riage, and his lordship's deserved mortification; a subject which perhaps may afford no bad evening's entertainment.

Sir T. 'Ecod, with all my heart; though I am a main bungler at a long story.

Ber. Never fear, we will assist you, if the tale is judged worth being repeated; but of this you may be assured, that while the intention is evidently to please, British auditors will ever be indulgent to the errors of the performance. *[Exeunt.]*

THE
Suspicious Husband.

A COMEDY.

BY DR. HOADLY.

CORRECTLY GIVEN, FROM COPIES USED IN THE THEATRES,

BY

THOMAS DIBDIN,

OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Author of several Dramatic Pieces, &c.



Printed at the Chiswick Press,

BY C. WHITTINGHAM;

FOR WHITTINGHAM AND ARLISS, PATERNOSTER
ROW, LONDON.

1815.

THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND

WAS first acted at Covent Garden in 1747, and was one of the first novelties produced by Mr. Garrick after the commencement of his management. This great actor gave his advice and assistance during its preparation for the stage, which was accepted with respect by Dr. Hoadly; who, "admirable as he was in his various writings on grave subjects, found great judgment and knowledge in the alterations made by his friend *."

It is unnecessary to add, that Mr. Garrick, who modelled Ranger to his own manner, was of great aid to this excellent comedy; which, in common with many other excellent dramatic productions, was on the first night exhibited to an audience who promised themselves excellent sport in damning a new play. This malignant predisposition, which manifested itself at the rising of the curtain, gradually subsided as the author's work developed itself, and every act increasing in effect and success, the comedy became at once a favourite, and continues as much in request as any play upon the established list.

* History of the Stage, by C. Dibdin, sen.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

WHILE other culprits brave it to the last,
Nor beg for mercy till the judgment's past;
Poets alone, as conscious of their crimes,
Open their trials with imploring rhymes.
Thus cramm'd with flattery and low submission,
Each trite dull prologue is the bard's petition.
A stale device to calm the critic's fury,
And bribe at once the judges and the jury.
But what avail such poor repeated arts?
The whimp'ring scribbler ne'er can touch your hearts;
Nor ought an ill-tim'd pity to take place——
Fast as they rise, destroy th' increasing race:
The vermin else will run the nation o'er——
By saving one you breed a million more.
Though disappointed authors rail and rage
At fancy'd parties, and a senseless age,
Yet still has justice triumph'd on the stage.
Thus speaks and thinks the author of to-day;
And saying this, has little more to say.
He asks no friend his partial zeal to show,
Nor fears t'ie groundless censures of a foe:
He knows no friendship can protect the fool,
Nor will an audience be a party's tool.
'Tis inconsistent with a free-born spirit,
To side with folly, or to injure merit.
By your decision he must fall or stand,
Nor, though he feels the lash, will blame the hand.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	<i>Drury Lane, 1813.</i>	<i>Covent Garden, 1805.</i>
<i>Strickland</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Ranger</i>	Mr. Elliston.	Mr. Jones.
<i>Frankly</i>	Mr. Decamp.	Mr. Brunton.
<i>Bellamy</i>	Mr. Holland.	Mr. Claremont.
<i>Jack Meggot</i>	Mr. R. Palmer.	Mr. Farley.
<i>Tester</i>	Mr. Penley.	Mr. Simmons.
<i>John</i>	Mr. West.	Mr. Holland.
<i>Thomas</i>	Mr. Buxton.	Mr. Trueman.
<i>George</i>	Mr. Ebsworth.	Mr. Louis.
<i>Simon</i>	Mr. Chatterley.	Mr. Jeffries.
<i>Buckle</i>	Mr. Fisher.	Mr. Menage.
<i>William</i>	Mr. Miller.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>James</i>	Mr. Jameson.	Mr. Sarjant.
<i>Chairmen</i>	{ Mr. Maddocks.	Messrs. Wilde and
	{ Mr. Appleby.	Powers.
<i>Mrs. Strickland</i>	Mrs. Moore.	Miss Logan.
<i>Clarinda</i>	Mrs. Davison.	Mrs. H. Johnstone.
<i>Jacintha</i>	Mrs. Orger.	Miss Norton.
<i>Landlady</i>	Mrs. Maddocks.	Mrs. Emery.
<i>Milliner</i>	Mrs. Scott.	Mrs. Ridgway.
<i>Lucetta</i>	Miss Mellon.	Mrs. Gibbs.
<i>Jenny</i>	Mrs. Chatterley.	Miss Cox.
<i>Fanny</i>	Miss Cooke.	Mrs. Bologna.

ACT THE FIRST.



SCENE I. RANGER's Chambers in the TEMPLE.

A knocking is heard at the Door for some Time; when RANGER enters, having let himself in.

Ran. ONCE more I am got safe to the Temple. Let me reflect a little. I have sat up all night; I have my head full of bad wine, and the noise of oaths, dice, and the damn'd tingling of tavern bells; my spirits jaded, and my eyes sunk in my head; and all this for the conversation of a company of fellows I despise. Their wit lies only in obscenity, their mirth in noise, and their delight in a box and dice. Honest Ranger, take my word for it, thou art a mighty silly fellow.

Enter a Servant.

Where have you been, rascal? If I had not had the key in my pocket, I must have waited at the door in this dainty dress.

Serv. I was only below, brushing your honour's coat.

Ran. Well, get breakfast.—Why, how like a raking dog do you look, compared to that spruce sober

gentleman! [*Aside*] Go, you batter'd devil, and be made fit to be seen. [*Throwing his Hat to the Servant.*]

Serv. 'Egad, my master's very merry this morning. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Ran. And now for the law. [*Sits down and reads.*]
*Tell me no more, I am deceiv'd,
 That Cloe's false and common;
 By heav'n I all along believ'd,
 She was a very woman.
 As such I lik'd, as such caress'd;
 She still was constant when possess'd:
 She could do more for no man.*

Honest Congreve was a man after my own heart.

Enter Servant.

Have you been for the money this morning, as I ordered you?

Serv. No, sir; you bade me go before you was up; I did not know your honour meant before you went to bed.

Ran. None of your jokes, I pray; but to business. Go to the coffee-house, and inquire if there has been any letter or message left for me.

Serv. I shall, sir.

Ran. [*Reads*] *You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind,
 I take her body, you her mind;
 Which has the better bargain?*

Oh that I had such a soft deceitful fair to lull my senses to their desired sleep. [*Knocking at the Door*] Come in.

Enter SIMON.

Oh, master Simon, is it you? How long have you been in town?

Sim. Just come, sir, and but for a little time neither; and yet I have as many messages as if we were to stay the whole year round. Here they are, all of them. [*Pulls out a number of Cards*] And among them one for your honour.

Ran. [*Reads*] *Clarinda's compliments to her cousin Ranger, and should be glad to see him for ever so little*

me that he can be spared from the more weighty
business of the law.—Ha, ha, ha! the same merry girl
who knew her.

Sim. My lady is never sad, sir.

[Knocking at the Door.

Sim. Pr'ythee, Simon, open the door.

Enter Milliner.

Mil. child—and who are you?

Sim. Sir, my mistress gives her service to you, and
I sent you home the linen you bespoke.

Ran. Well, Simon, my service to your lady, and let
me know I will most certainly wait upon her. I am a
little busy, Simon—and so—

Sim. Ah, you're a wag, master Ranger, you're a wag
—but mum for that. [Exit.

Ran. I swear, my dear, you have the prettiest pair
of eyes—the loveliest pouting lips—I never saw
any before.

Mil. No, sir! I was always in the shop.

Ran. Were you so? Well, and what does your mis-
tress say?—The devil fetch me, child, you look'd so
coquishly that I could not mind one word you said.

Mil. Lard, sir, you are such another gentleman!
Why she says, she is sorry she could not send them
any more. Shall I lay them down?

Ran. No, child; give 'em to me—Dear, little,
my darling angel— [Catches and kisses her.

Mil. I beg, sir, you would be civil.

Ran. Civil! 'Egad, I think I am very civil.

[Kisses her again.

• Re-enter a Servant, with BELLAMY.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Bellamy.

[Exit.

Ran. Damn your impertinence. [Aside]—Oh, Mr.
Bellamy, your servant.

Mil. What shall I say to my mistress?

Ran. Bid her make half a dozen more; but be sure
to bring them home yourself. [Exit Milliner] Pshaw!

Ex! Mr. Bellamy, how should you like to be serv'd so
yourself?

Bell. How can you, Ranger, for a minute's pleasure,

give an innocent girl the pain of heart I am confident she felt?—There was a modest blush upon her cheek convinces me she is honest.

Ran. May be so. I was resolv'd to try, however had not you interrupted the experiment.

Bel. Fie, Ranger! will you never think?

Ran. Yes, but I can't be always a thinking. The law is a damnable dry study, Mr. Bellamy, and without something now and then to amuse and relax, it would be too much for my brain, I promise ye—But I am a mighty sober fellow grown. Here have I been at it these three hours, but the wenches will never let me alone.

Bel. Three hours! Why do you usually study in such shoes and stockings?

Ran. Rat your inquisitive eyes. *Ex pede Herculem* 'Egad, you have me. The truth is, I am but this moment return'd from the tavern. What, Frankly here too!

Enter FRANKLY.

Frank. My boy, Ranger, I am heartily glad to see you; Bellamy, let me embrace you; you are the person I want; I have been at your lodgings, and was directed hither.

Ran. It is to him then I am oblig'd for this visit; but with all my heart. He is the only man to whom I don't care how much I am oblig'd.

Bel. Your humble servant, sir.

Frank. You know, Ranger, I want no inducement to be with you. But—you look sadly—What—no merciless jade has—has she?

Ran. No, no; sound as a roach, my lad. I only got a little too much liquor last night, which I have not slept off yet.

Bel. Thus, Frankly, it is every day. All the moraine his head aches; at noon he begins to clear up; towards evening he is good company; and all night he is carefully providing for the same course the next day.

Ran. Why, I must own, my ghostly father, I do relapse a little last night, just to furnish out a day's confession for the day.

Frank. And he is now doing penance for it. Were his confessor indeed, you could not well desire

Bel. Charles, he sets up for a confessor with the best grace in the world. Here has he been reproving me for being but decently civil to my milliner. Plague! because the coldness of his constitution makes him insensible of a fine woman's charms, every body else must be so too.

Bel. I am no less sensible of their charms than you are, though I cannot kiss every woman I meet, or fall in love, as you call it, with every face which has the bloom of youth upon it. I would only have you a little more frugal of your pleasures.

Frank. My dear friend, this is very pretty talking! but let me tell you, it is in the power of the very first glance from a fine woman utterly to disconcert all your philosophy.

Bel. It must be from a fine woman then, and not such as are generally reputed so. And it must be a thorough acquaintance with her too, that will ever make an impression on my heart.

Ran. Would I could see it once! for when a man has been all his life hoarding up a stock, without allowing himself common necessities, it tickles me to the soul to see him lay it all out upon a wrong bottom, and become bankrupt at last.

Bel. Well, I don't care how soon you see it. For the minute I find a woman capable of friendship, love, and tenderness, with good sense enough to be always easy, and good nature enough to like me, I will immediately put it to the trial, which of us shall have the greatest share of happiness from the sex, you or I.

Ran. By marrying her, I suppose? capable of friendship, love, and tenderness! ha, ha, ha! that a man of your sense should talk so. If she be capable of love, 'tis all I require of my mistress; and as every woman, who is young, is capable of love, I am very reasonably in love with every young woman I meet. My lord Coke, in a case I read this morning, speaks my sense.

Bel. *Frank.* My lord Coke?

Ran. Yes, my lord Coke. What he says, of one woman, I say of the whole sex:

I take their bodies, you their minds;
Which has the better bargain?

Frank. There is no arguing with so great a lawyer. Suppose therefore we adjourn the debate to some other time. I have some serious business with Mr. Bellamy, and you wait sleep, I am sure.

Ran. Sleep! mere loss of time and hindrance of business—We men of spirit, sir, are above it.

Bcl. Whither shall we go?

Frank. Into the Park. My chariot is at the door.

Bcl. Then if my servant calls, you'll send him after us?

[*Exeunt Bellamy and Frankly.*]

Ran. I will. [*Looks on the Card*]—Clarinda's compliments—A pox of this head of mine! never once to ask where she was to be found. It's plain she is not one of us, or I should not have been so remiss in my inquiries. No matter; I shall meet her in my walks.

Re-enter a Servant.

Serv. There is no letter nor message, sir.

Ran. Then my things, to dress. [*Exit Servant.*]

I take her body, you her mind;

Which has the better bargain? [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. A Chamber.

Enter Mrs. STRICTLAND and JACINTHA, meeting.

Mrs. S. Good morrow, my dear Jacintha.

Jac. Good morrow to you, madam. I have brought my work, and intend to sit with you this morning. I hope you have got the better of your fatigue. Where is Clarinda? I should be glad if she would come and work with us.

Mrs. S. She work! she is too fine a lady to do any thing. She is not stirring yet—we must let her have her rest. People of her waste of spirits require more time to recruit again.

Jac. It is pity she should be ever tired with what is so agreeable to every body else. I am prodigiously pleas'd with her company.

Mrs. S. And when you are better acquainted, you'll be still more pleas'd with her. You must rally upon her partner at Bath; for I fancy part of her rest has been disturbed on his account.

Jac. Was he really a pretty fellow?

Mrs. S. That I can't tell; I did not dance myself, and so did not much mind him. You must have the whole story from herself.

Jac. Oh, I warrant ye, I get it all out. None are so proper to make discoveries in love, as those who are in the secret themselves.

Enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam, Mr. Strickland is inquiring for you. Here has been Mr. Buckle with a letter from his master, which has made him very angry.

Jac. Mr. Bellamy said indeed he would try him once more, but I fear it will prove in vain. Tell your master I am here. [*Exit Lucetta*] What signifies fortune, when it only makes us slaves to other people?

Mrs. S. Do not be uneasy, my Jacintha. You shall always find a friend in me; but as for Mr. Strickland, I know not what ill temper hangs about him lately—nothing satisfies him. You saw how he received us when we came off our journey. Though Clarinda was so good company, he was barely civil to her, and downright rude to me.

Jac. I cannot help saying I did observe it.

Mrs. S. I saw you did. Hush! he's here.

Enter STRICTLAND.

Strict. Oh, your servant, madam! Here, I have received a letter from Mr. Bellamy, wherein he desires I would once more hear what he has to say. You know my sentiment; nay, so does he.

Jac. For heaven's sake consider, sir, this is no new affair, no sudden start of passion: we have known each other long. My father valued and loved him, and I am sure, were he alive, I should have his consent.

Strict. Don't tell me. Your father would not have you marry against his will, neither will I against mine. I am your father now.

Jac. And you take a fatherly care of me.

Strict. I wish I had never had any thing to do with you.

Jac. You may easily get rid of the trouble.

Strict. By listening, I suppose, to the young gentleman's proposals?

Jac. Which are very reasonable, in my opinion.

Strict. Oh, very modest ones truly; and a very modest gentleman he is that proposes them! A fool, to expect a lady of thirty thousand pounds fortune should, by the care and prudence of her guardian, be thrown away upon a young fellow not worth three hundred a year. He thinks being in love is an excuse for this; but I am not in love: what does he think will excuse me?

Mrs. S. Well but, Mr. Strickland, I think the gentleman should be heard.

Strict. Well, well, seven o'clock's the time; and if the man has had the good fortune, since I saw him last, to persuade somebody or other to give him a better estate, I give him my consent, not else. His servant waits below: you may tell him I shall be at home. *[Exit Jacintha]* But where is your friend, your other half, all this while? I thought you could not have breath'd a minute without your Clarinda.

Mrs. S. Why the truth is, I was going to see what makes her keep her chamber so long.

Strict. Lookye, Mrs. Strickland, you have been asking for money this morning. In plain terms, not one shilling shall pass through these fingers, till you have cleared my house of this Clarinda.

Mrs. S. How can her innocent gaiety have offended you? she is a woman of honour, and has as many good qualities—

Strict. As women of honour generally have. I know it, and therefore am uneasy.

Mrs. S. But, sir—

Strict. But, madam—Clarinda, nor e'er a rake of fashion in England, shall live in my family to debauch it.

Mrs. S. Sir, she treated me with so much civility in the country, that I thought I could not do less than

invite her to spend as much time with me in town as my engagements would permit. I little imagined you could have been displeased at my having so agreeable a companion.

Strict. There was a time when I was company enough for leisure hours.

Mrs. S. There was a time when every word of mine was sure of meeting with a smile; but those happy days, I know not why, have long been over.

Strict. I cannot bear a rival even of your own sex. I hate the very name of female friends. No two of you can ever be an hour by yourselves, but one or both are the worse for it.

Mrs. S. Dear Mr. Strickland—

Strict. This I know, and will not suffer.

Mrs. S. It grieves me, sir, to see you so much in earnest: but to convince you how willing I am to make you easy in every thing, it shall be my request to her to remove immediately.

Strict. Do it—harkye—your request?—Why yours?—'Tis mine—my command—tell her so. I will be master of my own family, and I care not who knows it.

Mrs. S. You fright me, sir—But it shall be as you please.

[*Exit, in Tears.*]

Strict. Ha! have I gone too far? I am not master of myself. *Mrs. Strickland!*

Re-enter MRS. STRICTLAND.

Understand me right. I do not mean, by what I have said, that I suspect your innocence; but by crushing this growing friendship all at once, I may prevent a train of mischief which you do not foresee. I was perhaps too harsh, therefore do it in your own way; but let me see the house fairly rid of her. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. S. His earnestness in this affair amazes me; I am sorry I made this visit to Clarinda; and yet I'll answer for her honour. What can I say to her? Necessity must plead in my excuse—for at all events Mr. Strickland must be obeyed. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. ST. JAMES'S PARK.

Enter BELLAMY and FRANKLY.

Bel. Is love the secret Ranger is not fit to hear? In my mind, he would prove the more able counsellor. And is all the gay indifference of my friend at last reduced to love?

Frank. Even so——Never was prude more resolute in chastity and ill nature, than I was fixed in indifference; but love has rais'd me from that inactive state above the being of a man.

Bel. Faith, Charles, I begin to think it has; but pray bring this rupture into order a little, and tell me regularly, how, where, and when.

Frank. If I was not most unreasonably in love, those horrid questions would stop my mouth at once; but as I am armed against reason—I answer—at Bath, on Tuesday, she danced and caught me.

Bel. Danced!——and was that all? But who is she? what is her name? her fortune? where does she live?

Frank. Hold! hold! not so many hard questions; have a little mercy. I know but little of her, that's certain; but all I do know you shall have. That evening was the first of her appearing at Bath; the moment I saw her, I resolved to ask the favour of her hand; but the easy freedom with which she gave it, and her unaffected good humour during the whole night, gained such a power over my heart, as none of her sex could ever boast before. I waited on her home, and the next morning, when I went to pay the usual compliments, the bird was flown; she had set out for London two hours before, and in a chariot and six, you rogue.

Bel. But was it her own, Charles?

Frank. That I don't know; but it looks better than being dragg'd to town in the stage. That day and the next I spent in inquiries. I waited on the ladies who came with her; they knew nothing of her. So, without learning either her name or fortune, I e'en call'd for my boots, and rode post after her.

Bel. And how do you find yourself after your journey?

Frank. Why, as yet, I own I am but upon a cold cent: but a woman of her sprightliness and gentility cannot but frequent all public places; and when once she is found, the pleasure of the chase will over-pay the pains of rousing her. Oh, Bellamy! there was something peculiarly charming in her, that seem'd to claim my further acquaintance; and if in the other more familiar parts of life she shines with that superior lustre, and at last I win her to my arms, how shall I bless my resolution in pursuing her.

Bel. But if at last she should prove unworthy—

Frank. I would endeavour to forget her.

Bel. Promise me that, Charles, [*Takes his Hand*] and I allow—But we are interrupted.

Enter JACK MEGGOT.

J. Meg. Whom have we here? My old friend, Frankly! thou art grown a mere antique since I saw thee. How hast thou done these five hundred years?

Frank. Even as you see me; well, and at your service ever.

J. Meg. Ha! who's that? [*Apart to Frankly.*

Frank. A friend of mine. [*Apart*] Mr. Bellamy, this is Jack Meggot, sir, as honest a fellow as any in life.

J. Meg. Pho! pr'ythee! pox! Charles—Don't be silly—Sir, I am your humble: any one who is a friend of my Frankly's, I am proud of embracing.

Bel. Sir, I shall endeavour to deserve your civility.

J. Meg. Oh, sir!—Well, Charles; what, dumb?—Come, come, you may talk, though you have nothing to say, as I do. Let us hear; where have you been?

Frank. Why, for this last week, Jack, I have been at Bath.

J. Meg. Bath! the most ridiculous place in life! amongst tradesmen's wives who hate their husbands, and people of quality that had rather go to the devil than stay at home—people of no taste, no gout; and for divertimenti, if it were not for the puppet-show, la vertu would be dead amongst them. But the news,

Charles; the ladies—I fear your time hung heavy on your hands, by the small stay you made there.

Frank. Faith, and so it did, Jack; the ladies are grown such idiots in love. The cards have so debauched their five senses, that love, almighty love himself, is utterly neglected.

J. Meg. It is the strangest thing in life, but it is just so with us abroad. Faith, Charles, to tell you a secret which I don't care if all the world knows, I am almost surfeited with the services of the ladies; the modest ones I mean. The vast variety of duties they expect as dressing up to the fashion, losing fashionably, keeping fashionable hours, drinking fashionable liquors, and fifty other such irregular niceties, so ruin a man's pocket and constitution, that, fore gad, he must have the estate of a duke, and the strength of a gondolier, who would list himself into their service.

Frank. A free confession truly, Jack, for one of your coat.

Bel. The ladies are obliged to you.

Enter BUCKLE, with a Letter to BELLAMY.

J. Meg. Oh lard, Charles! I have had the greatest misfortune in life since I saw you; poor Otho, that I brought from Rome with me, is dead.

Frank. Well, well, get you another, and all will be well again.

J. Meg. No; the rogue broke me so much china, and gnaw'd my Spanish-leather shoes so filthily, that when he was dead, I began not to endure him.

Bel. Exactly at seven! Run back and assure him I will not fail. [*Exit Buckle*] Dead! pray who was the gentleman?

J. Meg. This gentleman was my monkey, sir, an odd sort of a fellow, that used to divert me, and pleased every body so at Rome, that he always made one in our conversation. But, Mr. Bellamy, I saw a servant; I hope no engagement, for you two positively shall dine with me; I have the finest macaroni in life. Oblige me so far.

Bel. Sir, your servant; what say you, Frankly?

J. Meg. Pho! pox! Charles, you shall go. My aunts think you begin to neglect them; and old maids, you know, are the most jealous creatures in life.

Frank. Ranger swears they can't be maids, they are good-natured. Well, I agree, on condition I may do what I please, and go away just when I will.

J. Meg. Ay, ay, you shall do just what you will. But how shall we do? my post-chaise won't carry us all.

Frank. My chariot is here, and I will conduct Mr. Bellamy.

Bel. Mr. Meggot, I beg pardon, I can't possibly dine out of town; I have an engagement early in the evening.

J. Meg. Out of town! No, my dear, I live just by. I see one of the dilettanti I would not miss speaking to for the universe. And so I expect you at three. [*Exit.*]

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! and so you thought you had at least fifty miles to go post for a spoonful of macaroni?

Bel. A special acquaintance I have made to-day!

Frank. For all this, Bellamy, he has a heart worthy your friendship. He spends his estate freely; and you cannot oblige him more than by showing him how he can be of service to you.

Bel. Now you say something. It is the heart, Frankly, I value in a man.

Frank. Right—and there is a heart even in a woman's breast that is worth the purchase, or my judgment has deceived me. Dear Bellamy, I know your concerns for me; see her first, and then blame me if you can.

Bel. So far from blaming you, Charles, that if my endeavours can be serviceable, I will beat the bushes with you.

Frank. That I am afraid will not do; for you know less of her than I: but if, in your walks, you meet a finer woman than ordinary, let her not escape till I have seen her. Wheresoever she is, she cannot long be hid. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE SECOND.



SCENE I. ST. JAMES'S PARK.

Enter CLARINDA, JACINTHA, and MRS. STRICTLAND.

Jac. Ay, ay, we both stand condemned out of our own mouths.

Cla. Why, I cannot but own I never had thought of any man that troubled me but him.

Mrs. S. Then I dare swear, by this time, you heartily repent your leaving Bath so soon.

Cla. Indeed you are mistaken. I have not had one scruple since.

Jac. Why, what one inducement can he have ever to think of you again?

Cla. Oh, the greatest of all inducements, curiosity: let me assure you a woman's surest hold over a man is to keep him in uncertainty. As soon as ever you put him out of doubt, you put him out of your power: but when once a woman has awaked his curiosity, she may lead him a dance of many a troublesome mile, without the least fear of losing him at last.

Jac. Now do I heartily wish he may have spirit

ough to follow, and use you as you deserve. Such spirit, with but a little knowledge of our sex, might at that heart of yours into a strange flutter.

Cla. I care not how soon. I long to meet with such a fellow. Our modern beaux are such joint-babies in love, they have no feeling; they are entirely insensible either of pain or pleasure but from their own dear persons; and according as we flatter or affront their beauty, they admire or forsake ours; they are not worthy even of our displeasure; and, in short, abusing them is but so much ill nature merely thrown away. But the man of sense, who values himself upon his high abilities, or the man of wit, who thinks a woman beneath his conversation—to see such the subjects of our power, the slaves of our frowns and smiles, is glorious indeed!

Mrs. S. No man of sense, or wit either, if he be truly so, ever did, or ever can think a woman of merit beneath his wisdom to converse with.

Jac. Nor will such a woman value herself upon making such a lover uneasy.

Cla. Amazing! Why, every woman can give ease. You cannot be in earnest.

Mrs. S. I can assure you she is, and has put in practice the doctrine she has been teaching.

Cla. Impossible! Who ever heard the name of love mentioned without an idea of torment? But pray let us hear.

Jac. Nay, there is nothing to hear, that I know of.

Cla. So I suspected indeed. The novel is not likely to be long, when the lady is so well prepared for the dénouement.

Jac. The novel, as you call it, is not so short as you may imagine. I and my spark have been long acquainted: as he was continually with my father, I soon perceived he loved me; and the manner of his expressing that love was what pleased and won me most.

Cla. Well, and how was it? the old bait, flattery; dear flattery, I warrant ye.

Jac. No indeed; I had not the pleasure of hearing my person wit, and beauty, painted out with forced

praises; but I had a more sensible delight, in perceiving the drift of his whole behaviour was to make every hour of my time pass away agreeably.

Cla. The rustic! what, did he never say a handsome thing of your person?

Mrs. S. He did, it seems, what pleas'd her better; he flatter'd her good sense, as much as a less cunning lover would have done her beauty.

Cla. On my conscience you are well match'd.

Jac. So well, that if my guardian denies me happiness (and this evening he is to pass his final sentence), nothing is left but to break my prison, and fly into my lover's arms for safety.

Cla. Hey-day! o my conscience thou art a brave girl. Thou art the very first prude that ever had honesty enough to avow her passion for a man.

Jac. And thou art the first finish'd coquette who ever had any honesty at all.

Mrs. S. Come, come; you are both too good for either of those characters.

Cla. And my dear Mrs. Strickland here, is the first young married woman of spirit who has an ill-natured fellow for a husband, and never once thinks of using him as he deserves—Good heaven! If I had such a husband—

Mrs. S. You would be just as unhappy as I am!

Cla. But come now, confess—do not you long to be a widow?

Mrs. S. Would I were any thing but what I am!

Cla. Then go the nearest way about it. I'd break that stout heart of his in less than a fortnight. I'd make him know—

Mrs. S. Pray be silent. You know my resolution.

Cla. I know you have no resolution.

Mrs. S. You are a mad creature, but I forgive you.

Cla. It is all meant kindly, I assure you. But since you won't be persuaded to your good, I will think of making you easy in your submission, as soon as ever I can. I dare say I may have the same lodging I had last year: I can know immediately—I see my chair: and so, ladies both, adieu. [Exit.

Jac. Come, Mrs. Strickland, we shall but just have time to get home before Mr. Bellamy comes.

Mrs. S. Let us return then to our common prison. You must forgive my ill nature, Jacintha, if I almost wish Mr. Strickland may refuse to join your hand where your heart is given.

Jac. Lord, madam, what do you mean?

Mrs. S. Self-interest only, child. Methinks your company in the country would soften all my sorrows, and could bear them patiently.

Re-enter CLARINDA.

Cla. Dear Mrs. Strickland—I am so confused, and so out of breath—

Mrs. S. Why, what's the matter?

Jac. I protest you fright me.

Cla. Oh! I have no time to recover myself, I am so frighten'd and so pleas'd. In short then the dear man is here.

Mrs. S. Here—Lord—Where?

Cla. I met him this instant; I saw him at a distance, turn'd short, and ran hither directly. Let us go home. —I tell you he follows me.

Mrs. S. Why, had you not better stay, and let him speak to you?

Cla. Ay!—But then—he won't know where I live, without my telling him.

Mrs. S. Come then. Ha, ha, ha!

Jac. Ay, poor Clarinda!—Allons done. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter FRANKLY.

Frank. Sure that must be she! her shape and easy air cannot be so exactly copied by another. Now, you young rogue, Cupid, guide me directly to her, as you would the surest arrow in your quiver. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Street before STRICTLAND'S Door.*

Enter CLARINDA, JACINTHA, and MRS. STRICTLAND.

Cla. Lord!—Dear Jacintha—for heaven's sake make haste: he'll overtake us before we get in.

Jac. Overtake us! why, he is not in sight.

Cla. Is not he? *Ha!* Sure I have not dropped my fan—I would not have him lose sight of me neither.

[Aside.

Mrs. S. Here he is—

Cla. In—In—In then.

Jac. *[Laughing]* What, without your fan?

Cla. Pshaw! I have lost nothing—In, in, I'll follow you.

[Exeunt into the House, Clarinda last.

Enter FRANKLY.

Frank. It is impossible I should be deceiv'd. My eyes, and the quick pulses at the heart assure me it is she. *Ha!* 'tis she, by heav'n! and the door left open too—A fair invitation, by all the rules of love. *[Exit.*

SCENE III. *An Apartment in STRICTLAND'S House.*

Enter CLARINDA, FRANKLY following her.

Frank. I hope, madam, you will excuse the boldness of this intrusion, since it is owing to your own behaviour that I am forc'd to it.

Cla. To my behaviour, sir.

Frank. You cannot but remember me at Bath, madam, where I so lately had the favour of your hand—

Cla. I do remember, sir; but I little expected any wrong interpretation of my behaviour from one who had so much the appearance of a gentleman.

Frank. What I saw of your behaviour was so just, it would admit of no misrepresentation. I only feared, whatever reason you had to conceal your name from me at Bath, you might have the same to do it now; and though my happiness was so nearly concerned, I rather chose to venture thus abruptly after you, than be impertinently inquisitive.

Cla. Sir, there seems to be so much civility in your rudeness, than I can easily forgive it; though I don't see how your happiness is at all concerned.

Frank. No, madam! I believe you are the only fac-

Who could, with the qualifications you are mistress of, be insensible of the power they give you over the happiness of our sex.

Cla. How vain should we women be, if you gentlemen were but wise! If you did not all of you say the same things to every woman, we should certainly be foolish enough to believe some of you were in earnest.

Frank. Could you have the least sense of what I feel whilst I am speaking, you would know me to be in earnest, and what I say to be the dictates of a heart that admires you; may I not say that——

Cla. Sir, this is carrying the——

Frank. When I danced with you at Bath, I was charmed with your whole behaviour, and felt the same tender admiration: but my hope of seeing you afterwards kept in my passion till a more proper time should offer. You cannot therefore blame me now, if, after having lost you once, I do not suffer an inexcusable modesty to prevent my making use of this second opportunity.

Cla. This behaviour, sir, is so different from the gaiety of your conversation then, that I am at a loss how to answer you.

Frank. There is nothing, madam, which could take off from the gaiety with which your presence inspires every heart, but the fear of losing you. How can I be otherwise than as I am, when I know not, but you may leave London as abruptly as you did Bath.

Enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam, the tea is ready, and my mistress waits for you.

Cla. Very well, I come—[*Exit Lucetta*] You see, sir, I am called away: but I hope you will excuse it, when I leave you with an assurance, that the business which brings me to town will keep me here some time.

Frank. How generous it is in you thus to ease the heart, that knew not how to ask for such a favour—— I fear to offend——But this house I suppose is yours?

Cla. You will hear of me, if not find me here.

Frank. I then take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Cla. I'm undone!—He has me!

Enter MRS. STRICTLAND.

Mrs. S. Well; how do you find yourself?

Cla. I do find—that if he goes on as he has begun, I shall certainly have him without giving him the least uneasiness.

Mrs. S. A very terrible prospect, indeed!

Cla. But I must tease him a little—Where is Jacintha? how will she laugh at me, if I become a pupil of her's, and learn to give ease! No; positively I shall never do it.

Mrs. S. Poor Jacintha has met with what I feared from Mr. Strictland's temper, an utter denial. I know not why, but he really grows more and more ill-natur'd.

Cla. Well; now do I heartily wish my affairs were in his power a little, that I might have a few difficulties to surmount: I love difficulties; and yet, I don't know—it is as well as it is.

Mrs. S. Ha, ha, ha! Come, the tea waits. [*Exeunt.*

Enter STRICTLAND.

Strict. These doings in my house distract me. I met a fine gentleman; when I inquired who he was—why, he came to Clarinda. I met a footman too, and he came to Clarinda. I shall not be easy till she is decamped. My wife had the character of a virtuous woman—and they have not been long acquainted: but then they were by themselves at Bath—that hurts—that hurts—they must be watch'd, they must; I know them, I know all their wives, and the best of them are but hypocrites—Ha!—

Re-enter LUCETTA, who passes over the Stage.

Suppose I bribe the maid: she is of their council, the manager of their secrets: it shall be so; money will do it, and I shall know all that passes. Lucetta!

Luc. Sir.

Strict. Lucetta!

Luc. Sir.—If he should suspect, and search me now, I'm undone. [*Aside.*]

Strict. She is a sly girl, and may be serviceable.

Aside—Lucetta, you are a good girl, and have an honest face. I like it. It looks as if it carried no deceit in it—Yet, if she should be false, she can do me most harm. [*Aside.*]

Luc. Pray, sir, speak out.

Strict. No; she is a woman, and it is the highest imprudence to trust her. [*Aside.*]

Luc. I am not able to understand you.

Strict. I am glad of it. I would not have you understand me.

Luc. Then what did you call me for?—If he should be in love with my face, it would be rare sport. [*Aside.*]

Strict. Tester, ay, Tester is the proper person.

[*Aside*] Lucetta, tell Tester I want him.

Luc. Yes, sir.—Mighty odd, this! It gives me time, however, to send Buckle with this letter to his master. [*Aside. Exit.*]

Strict. Could I but be once well satisfied that my wife had really finished me, I believe I should be as quiet as if I were sure to the contrary; but whilst I am in doubt, I am miserable.

Enter TESTER.

Tes. Does your honour please to want me?

Strict. Ay, Tester—I need not fear. The honesty of his service, and the goodness of his look, make me secure. I will trust him. [*Aside*—Tester, I think I have been a tolerable good master to you.

Tes. Yes, sir—very tolerable.

Strict. I like his simplicity well. It promises honesty.

[*Aside*] I have a secret, Tester, to impart to you; a thing of the greatest importance. Look upon me, and don't stand picking your fingers.

Tes. Yes, sir.—No, sir.

Strict. But will not his simplicity expose him the more to Lucetta's cunning? Yes, yes; she will worm

the secret out of him. I had better trust her with it at once.—So—I will. [*Aside*] Tester, go send Lucetta hither.

Tes. Yes, sir—Here she is.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Lucetta, my master wants you.

Strict. Get you down, Tester.

Tes. Yes, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Luc. If you want me, sir, I beg you would make haste, for I have a thousand things to do.

Strict. Well, well; what I have to say will not take up much time, could I but persuade you to be honest.

Luc. Why, sir, I hope you don't suspect my honesty

Strict. Well, well: I believe you honest.

[*Shuts the Door.*]

Luc. What can be at the bottom of all this? [*Aside.*]

Strict. So; we cannot be too private. Come hither, hussy; nearer yet.

Luc. Lord, sir! you are not going to be rude. I vow I will call out.

Strict. Hold your tongue—Does the baggage laugh at me? She does; she mocks me, and will reveal it to my wife; and her insolence upon it will be more insupportable to me than cuckoldom itself. [*Aside*] I have not leisure now, Lucetta—Some other time—Hush! Did not the bell ring? Yes, yes; my wife wants you. Go, go, go to her. [*Pushes her out*] There is no hell on earth like being a slave to suspicion. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The Piazza, COVENT GARDEN.*

Enter BELLAMY and JACK MEGGOT.

Bel. Nay, nay; I would not put your family into any confusion.

J. Meg. None in life, my dear, I assure you. I will go and order every thing this instant for her reception.

Bel. You are too obliging, sir; but you need not be in this hurry, for I am in no certainty when I shall trouble you; I only know that my Jacintha has taken such a resolution.

J. Meg. Therefore we should be prepared; for when once a lady has such a resolution in her head, she is upon the rack till she executes it. 'Foregad, Mr. Bellamy, this must be a girl of fire.

Enter FRANKLY.

Frank. Buxom and lively as the bounding doe—
Fair as painting can express, or youthful poets fancy
when they love. Tol de rol lol!

[Singing and dancing.]

Bel. Who is this you talk thus rapturously of?

Frank. Who should it be, but—I shall know her name to-morrow. *[Sings and dances.]*

J. Meg. What is the matter, ho! Is the man mad?

Frank. Even so, gentlemen; as mad as love and joy can make me.

Bel. But inform us whence this joy proceeds.

Frank. Joy! joy! my lads! she's found! my Perdita! my charmer!

J. Meg. 'Egad! her charms have bewitch'd the man, I think—But who is she?

Bel. Come, come, tell us who is this wonder!

Frank. But will you say nothing?

Bel. Nothing, as I live.

Frank. Nor you?

J. Meg. I'll be as silent as the grave—

Frank. With a tombstone upon it, to tell every one whose dust it carries.

J. Meg. I'll be as secret as a debauched prude—

Frank. Whose sanctity every one suspects. Jack, Jack, 'tis not in thy nature; keeping a secret is worse to thee than keeping thy accounts. But to leave fooling, listen to me both, that I may whisper it into your ears, that echo may not catch the sinking sound—I cannot tell who she is, faith—Tol de rol rol—

J. Meg. Mad! mad! very mad!

Frank. All I know of her is, that she is a charming woman, and has given me liberty to visit her again—

Bellamy. 'Tis she, the lovely she. *[Apart to Bellamy.]*

Bel. So I did suppose. *[Apart.]*

Meg. Poor Charles! for heaven's sake, Mr. Bel-

lany, persuade him to go to his chamber, whilst I prepare every thing for you at home. Adieu. [*Aside to Bellamy*] Bye, Charles. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*]

Frank. Oh, love! thou art a gift worthy of a god indeed! Dear Bellamy, nothing now could add to my pleasure, but to see my friend as deep in love as I am.

Bel. I show my heart is capable of love by the friendship it bears to you.

Frank. The light of friendship looks but dim before the brighter flame of love; love is the spring of cheerfulness and joy. Why how dull and phlegmatic do you show to me now; whilst I am all life; light as feather'd Mercury—You, dull and cold as earth and water; I, light and warm as air and fire.—These are the only elements in love's world! Why, Bellamy, for shame! get thee a mistress, and be sociable.

Bel. Frankly, I am now going to—

Frank. Why that face now? Your humble servant, sir. My flood of joy shall not be stopp'd by your melancholy fits, I assure you. [*Going.*]

Bel. Stay, Frankly, I beg you stay. What would you say now if I were really in love?

Frank. Why faith, thou hast such romantic notions of sense and honour, that I know not what to say.

Bel. To confess the truth then, I am in love.

Frank. And do you confess it as if it were a sin? Proclaim it aloud; glory in it; boast of it as your greatest virtue. Swear it with a lover's oath, and I will believe you.

Bel. Why then, by the bright eyes of her I love—

Frank. Well said!

Bel. By all that's tender, amiable, and soft in woman—

Frank. Bravo!

Bel. I swear I am as true an enamorado as ever tagg'd rhyme.

Frank. And art thou then thoroughly in love? Come to my arms, thou dear companion of my joys.

[*They embrace.*]

Enter RANGER.

Ran. Why—Hey!—Is there never a wench to be got for love or money?

Bel. Pshaw! Ranger here?

Ran. Yes, Ranger is here, and perhaps does not come so impertinently as you may imagine. Faith! I think I have the knack of finding out secrets. Nay, never look so queer—Here is a letter, Mr. Bellamy, that seems to promise you better diversion than your hugging one another.

Bel. What do you mean?

Ran. Do you deal much in these paper tokens?

Bel. Oh the dear kind creature! it is from herself.

[Apart to Frankly.]

Ran. What, is it a pair of laced shoes she wants? or have the boys broke her windows?

Bel. Hold your profane tongue!

Frank. Nay, pr'ythee, Bellamy, don't keep it to yourself, as if her whole affections were contain'd in those few lines.

Ran. Pr'ythee let him alone to his silent raptures. But it is as I always said—your grave men ever are the greatest whoremasters.

Bel. I cannot be disoblig'd now, say what you will: but how came this into your hands?

Ran. Your servant Buckle and I changed commissions; he went on my errand, and I came on his.

Bel. 'Sdeath! I want him this very instant.

Ran. He will be here presently; but I demand to know what I have brought you.

Frank. Ay, ay! out with it! you know we never blab, and may be of service.

Bel. Twelve o'clock! oh, the dear hour!

Ran. Why it is a pretty convenient time indeed.

Bel. By all that's happy, she promises in this letter here—to leave her guardian this very night—and run away with me.

Ran. How is this?

Bel. Nay, I know not how myself—she says at the bottom—*Your servant has full instructions from Lucetta how to equip me for my expedition. I will not trust myself home with you to-night, because I know it is inconvenient; therefore I beg you would procure me*

a lodging; it is no matter how far off my guardian's.—
Yours, JACINTHA.

Ran. Carry her to a bagnio, and there you may lodge with her.

Frank. Why this must be a girl of spirit, faith!

Bel. And beauty equal to her sprightliness. I love her, and she loves me. She has thirty thousand pounds to her fortune.

Ran. The devil she has!

Bel. And never plays at cards.

Ran. Nor does any one thing like any other woman, I suppose.

Frank. Not so, I hope, neither.

Bel. Oh, Frankly, Ranger, I never felt such ease before! the secret's out, and you don't laugh at me.

Frank. Laugh at thee for loving a woman with thirty thousand pounds? thou art a most unaccountable fellow.

Ran. How the devil could he work her up to this! I never could have had the face to have done it. But—I know not how—there is a degree of assurance in you modest gentlemen, which we impudent fellows never can come up to.

Bel. Oh! your servant, good sir. You should not abuse me now, Ranger, but do all you can to assist me.

Ran. Why, look ye, Bellamy, I am a damnable unlucky fellow, and so will have nothing to do in this affair: I'll take care to be out of the way, so as to do you no harm; that's all I can answer for; and so—success attend you. [*Going*] I cannot leave you quite to yourself neither; for if this should prove a round-house affair, as I make no doubt it will, I believe I may have more interest there than you; and so, sir, you may hear of me at—

[*Whispers.*]

Bel. For shame, Ranger! the most noted gaming-house in town.

Ran. Forgive me this once, my boy. I must go, faith, to pay a debt of honour to some of the greatest rascals in town.

[*Exit.*]

Frank. But where do you design to lodge her?

Bel. At Mr. Meggot's—He is already gone to prepare for her reception.

Frank. The properest place in the world: his aunts will entertain her with honour.

Bel. And the newness of her acquaintance will prevent its being suspected.—Frankly, give me your hand: this is a very critical time.

Frank. Pho! none of your musty reflections now! When a man is in love, to the very brink of matrimony, what the devil has he to do with Plutarch and Seneca? Here is your servant, with a face full of business—I'll leave you together—I shall be at the King's Arms, where, if you want my assistance, you may find me.

[Exit.

Enter BUCKLE.

Bel. So, Buckle, you seem to have your hands full.

Buck. Not fuller than my head, sir, I promise you. You have had your letter, I hope?

Bel. Yes, and in it she refers me to you for my instructions.

Buck. Why, the affair stands thus.—As Mr. Strictland sees the door lock'd and barred every night himself, and takes the key up with him, it is impossible for us to escape any way but through the window; for which purpose I have a ladder of ropes.

Bel. Good—

Buck. And because a hoop, as the ladies wear them now, is not the most decent dress to come down a ladder in, I have in this other bundle a suit of boy's clothes, which I believe will fit her; at least, it will serve the time she wants it.—You will soon be for pulling it off, I suppose.

Bel. Why, you are in spirits, you rogue.

Buck. These I am now to convey to Lucetta—
Have you any thing to say, sir?

Bel. Nothing, but that I will not fail at the hour appointed. Bring me word to Mr. Meggot's how you go on. Succeed in this, and it shall make your fortune.
[Exit.

ACT THE THIRD.



SCENE I.

The Street before MR. STRICTLAND'S House.

Enter BELLAMY, in a Chairman's Coat.

Bell. How tediously have the minutes pass'd these last few hours! and the envious rogues will fly, no lightning quicker, when we would have them stay.—Hold! let me not mistake—this is the house. [*Pulls out his Watch*] By heaven it is not yet the hour!—I hear somebody coming. The moon's so bright—I had better not be here till the happy instant comes. [*Exit.*]

Enter FRANKLY.

Frank. Wine is no antidote to love, but rather feeds the flame; now am I such an amorous puppy, that I cannot walk straight home, but must come out of my way to take a view of my queen's palace by moonlight—Ay, here stands the temple where my goddess is adored—the door's open. [*Retires.*]

Enter LUCETTA.

Luc. [*Under the Window*] Madam, madam, hist! Madam—How shall I make her hear?

JACINTHA, in *Boy's Clothes*, appears at the Window.

Jac. Who is there? What's the matter?

Luc. It is I, madam; you must not pretend to stir till I give the word; you'll be discovered if you do.—

Frank. What do I see? A man! My heart misgives me. [Aside.]

Luc. My master is below, sitting up for Mrs. Clarinda. He raves as if he was mad about her being out so late.

Frank. Here is some intrigue or other. I must see more of this before I give further way to love. [Aside.]

Luc. One minute he is in the street: the next he is in the kitchen; now he will lock her out, and then he'll wait himself, and see what figure she makes when she vouchsafes to venture home.

Jac. I long to have it over. Get me but once out of his house.

Frank. Cowardly rascal! would I were in his place!

Luc. If I can but fix him any where, I can let you out myself—You have the ladder ready, in case of necessity? [Aside.]

Jac. Yes, yes.

[Exit Lucetta.]

Frank. The ladder! This must lead to some discovery; I shall watch you, my young gentleman, I shall.

[Aside.]

Enter CLARINDA and Servant.

Cla. This whist is a most enticing devil. I am afraid I am too late for Mr. Strictland's sober hours.

Jac. Ha! I hear a noise!

Cla. No; I see a light in Jacintha's window. You may go home. [Gives the Servant Money] I am safe.

[Exit Servant.]

Jac. Sure it must be he! Mr. Bellamy—Sir.

Frank. Does not he call me?

[Aside.]

Cla. Ha! who's that? I am frightened out of my wits—A man!

[Aside.]

Jac. Is it you?

Frank. Yes, yes; 'tis I, tis I.

Jac. Listen at the door.

Frank. I will; 'tis open—There is no noise: all's quiet.

Cla. Sure it is my spark—and talking to Jacintha.
[*Aside.*]

Frank. You may come down the ladder—quick.

Jac. Catch it then, and hold it.

Frank. I have it. Now I shall see what sort of mettle my young spark is made of. [*Aside.*]

Cla. With a ladder too! I'll assure you. But I must see the end of it. [*Aside.*]

Jac. Hark! did not somebody speak?

Frank. No, no; be not fearful—'Sdeath! we are discover'd.
[*Frankly and Clarinda retire.*]

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Hist! hist! are you ready?

Jac. Yes. May I venture?

Luc. Now is your time. He is in high conference with his privy counsellor, Mr. Tester. You may come down the back stairs, and I'll let you out. [*Exit.*]

Jac. I will, I will; and am heartily glad of it. [*Exit.*]

Frank. [*Advancing*] May be so; but you and I shall have a few words before you get off so cleanly.

Cla. [*Advancing*] How lucky it was I came home at this instant. I shall spoil his sport I believe. [*Aside*] Do you know me, sir?

Frank. I am amazed! You here! This was unexpected indeed!

Cla. Why, I believe I do come a little unexpectedly, but I shall amaze you more. I know the whole course of your amour: all the process of your mighty passion from its first rise—

Frank. What is all this?

Cla. To the very conclusion, which you vainly hope to effect this night.

Frank. By heaven, madam, I know not what you mean! I came hither purely to contemplate on your beauties.

Cla. Any beauties, sir, I find will serve your turn Did I not hear you talk to her at the window?

Frank. Her!

Cla. Blush, blush, for shame; but be assur'd you have seen the last both of Jacintha and me. [*Exit.*]

Frank. Jacintha! Hear me, madam—She is gone. This must certainly be Bellamy's mistress, and I have fairly ruin'd all his scheme. 'This it is to be in luck.

Re-enter BELLAMY, behind.

Bel. Ha! a man under the window! [*Aside.*]

Frank. No; here she comes, and I may convey her to him.

Re-enter JACINTHA, and runs to FRANKLY.

Jac. I have at last got to you. Let's haste away—Oh!

Frank. Be not frighten'd, lady.

Jac. Oh! I am abus'd, betray'd!

Bel. Betray'd!—Frankly!

Frank. Bellamy!

Bel. I can scarce believe it, though I see it. Draw—

Frank. Hear me, Bellamy—Lady—

Jac. Stay—do not fight!

Frank. I am innocent; it is all a mistake!

Jac. For my sake be quiet! We shall be discovered! the family is alarm'd!

Bel. You are obeyed. Mr. Frankly, there is but one way—

Frank. I understand you. Any time but now. You will certainly be discovered! To-morrow, at your chambers.

Bel. Till then farewell.

[*Exeunt Bellamy and Jacintha.*]

Frank. Then, when he is cool, I may be heard; and the real, though suspicious account of this matter may be believed. Yet, amidst all this perplexity, it pleases me to find my fair incognita is jealous of my love.

Strict. [*Within*] Where's Lucetta? Search every place.

Frank. Hark! the cry is up! I must be gone. [*Exit.*]

Enter STRICTLAND, TESTER, and Servants.

Strict. She's gone! she's lost! I am cheated! pursue her! seek her!

Tes. Sir, all her clothes are in her chamber.

Serv. Sir, Mrs. Clarinda said she was in boy's clothes.

Strict. Ay, ay, I know it—Bellamy has her.—Come along—pursue her. [Exit.]

Enter RANGER.

Ran. Hark!—Was not the noise this way?—No, there is no game stirring. This same goddess, Diana, shines so bright with her chastity, that, 'egad, I believe the wenches are ashamed to look her in the face. Now I am in an admirable mood for a frolic—have wine in my head, and money in my pocket, and so am furnished out for the cannonading of any countess in Christendom. Ha! what have we here? a ladder!—this cannot be placed here for nothing—and a window open! Is it love or mischief now that is going on within? I care not which—I am in a right cue for either. Up I go, neck or nothing.—Stay—do I not run a greater chance of spoiling sport than I do of making any? that I hate as much as I love the other. There can be no harm in seeing how the land lies—I'll up. [Goes up softly] All is hush—Ha! a light, and a woman! by all that's lucky, neither old nor crooked! I'll in—Ha! she is gone again! I will alter her. [Gets in at the Window] And for fear of the squalls of virtue, and the pursuit of the family, I will make sure of the ladder. Now fortune be my guide.

SCENE II. MRS. STRICTLAND'S Dressing-room.

Enter MRS. STRICTLAND, followed by LUCETTA.

Mrs. S. Well, I am in great hopes she will escape.

Luc. Never fear, madam; the lovers have the start of him, and I warrant they'll keep it.

Mrs. S. Were Mr. Strickland ever to suspect my being privy to her flight, I know not what might be the consequence.

Luc. Then you had better be undressing. He may return immediately.

As she is sitting down at the Toilet, enter RANGER behind.

Ran. Young and beautiful.

[Aside.]

Luc. I have watch'd him pretty narrowly of late, and never once suspected till this morning—

Mrs. S. And who gave you authority to watch his actions, or pry into his secrets?

Luc. I hope, madam, you are not angry. I thought it might have been of service to you to know my master was jealous.

Ran. And her husband jealous! If she does but send away the maid, I am happy.

Mrs. S. Leave me. [*Aside.*]

Luc. This it is to meddle with other people's affairs. [*Angrily.*]

Ran. What a lucky dog I am! I never made a gentleman a cuckold before. Now impudence assist me. [*Exit in Anger.*]

Mrs. S. [*Rises*] Provoking! I am sure I never have deserved it of him.

Ran. Oh, cuckold him by all means, madam; I am your man! [*She shrieks*] Oh, fie, madam! if you squall so cursedly, you will be discover'd.

Mrs. S. Discover'd! What mean you, sir? Do you come to abuse me?

Ran. I'll do my endeavour, madam; you can have no more.

Mrs. S. Whence came you? How got you here?

Ran. Dear madam, so long as I am here, what signifies how I got here, or whence I came? But that I may satisfy your curiosity, first, as to your "Whence came you?" I answer, out of the street; and to your "How got you here?" I say, in at the window; it stood so invitingly open, it was irresistible. But, madam—you were going to undress. I beg I may not incommode you.

Mrs. S. This is the most consummate piece of impudence!—

Ran. For heaven's sake have one drop of pity for a poor young fellow, who long has loved you.

Mrs. S. What would the fellow have?

Ran. Your husband's usage will excuse you to the world.

Mrs. S. I cannot bear this insolence! Help! help!

Ran. Oh, hold that clamorous tongue, madam!—
Speak one word more, and I am gone, positively gone.

Mrs. S. Gone! so I would have you.

Ran. Lord, madam, you are so hasty!

Mrs. S. Shall I not speak when a thief, a robber,
breaks into my house at midnight? Help! help!

Ran. Ha! no one hears. Now, Cupid, assist me!

[*Aside*] Lookye, madam, I never could make fine
speeches, and cringe, and bow, and fawn, and flatter,
and lie; I have said more to you already, than I ever
said to a woman in such circumstances in all my life.
But since I find you will yield to no persuasion to your
good, I will gently force you to be grateful. [*Throws
down his Hat and seizes her*] Come, come, unbend that
brow, and look more kindly on me!

Mrs. S. For shame, sir! thus on my knees let me
beg for mercy. [*Kneels.*]

Ran. And thus on mine, let me beg the same.

[*Kneels, catches, and kisses her.*]
Strict. [*Within*] Take away her sword! she'll hurt
herself!

Mrs. S. Oh, heavens! that is my husband's voice!

Ran. [*Rises*] The devil it is!

Strict. [*Within*] Take away her sword, I say, and
then I can close with her.

Mrs. S. He is upon the stairs, now coming up! I am
undone if he sees you.

Ran. Pox on him, I must decamp then. Which
way?

Mrs. S. Through this passage, into the next cham-
ber.

Ran. And so into the street. With all my heart.
You may be perfectly easy, madam: mum's the word;
I never blab.—I shall not leave off so, but wait till
the last moment. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Mrs. S. So, he's gone. What could I have said, if
he had been discovered!

*Enter MR. STRICTLAND, driving in JACINTHA,
LUCETTA following.*

Strict. Once more, my pretty masculine madam, you

are welcome home; and I hope to keep you somewhat closer than I have done; for eight o'clock to-morrow morning is the latest hour you shall stay in this lewd town.

Jac. Oh, sir, when once a girl is equipp'd with a hearty resolution, it is not your worship's sagacity, nor the great chain at your gale, can hinder her from doing what she has a mind.

Strict. Oh, Lord, Lord! how this love improves a young lady's modesty!

Jac. Am I to blame to seek for happiness any where, when you are resolved to make me miserable here?

Strict. I have this night prevented your making yourself so, and will endeavour to do it for the future. I have you safe now, and the devil shall not get you out of my clutches again. I have lock'd the doors and barred them, I warrant you. So here, [*Gives her a Candle*] troop to your chamber and to bed, whilst you are well. Go! [*Treads on Ranger's Hat*] What's here? a hat! a man's hat in my wife's dressing-room!

[*Looks at the Hat.*]

Mrs. S. What shall I do?

[*Aside.*]

Strict. [*Takes up the Hat and looks at Mrs. Strictland*] Ha! by hell, I see 'tis true!

Mrs. S. My fears confound me. I dare not tell the truth, and know not how to frame a lie!

[*Aside.*]

Strict. Mrs. Strictland, Mrs. Strictland, how came this hat into your chamber?

Luc. Are you that way disposed, my fine lady, and will not trust me?

[*Aside.*]

Strict. Speak, wretch, speak!

J&c. I could not have suspected this.

[*Aside.*]

Strict. Why dost thou not speak?

Mrs. S. Sir—

Strict. Guilt—'tis guilt that ties your tongue!

Luc. I must bring her off, however.

[*Aside.*]

Strict. My fears are just, and I am miserable—thou worst of women!

Mrs. S. I know my innocence, and can bear this no longer.

Strict. I know you are false, and 'tis I who will bear my injuries no longer. [*Both walk about in a Passion.*]

Luc. [*Apart to Jacintha*] Is not the hat yours? Own it, madam. [*Takes away Jacintha's Hat, and erit.*]

Mrs. S. What ground, what cause have you for jealousy, when you yourself can witness your leaving me was accidental, your return uncertain, and expected even sooner than it happened? The abuse is gross and palpable.

Strict. Why this is true!

Mrs. S. Indeed, Jacintha, I am innocent.

Strict. And yet this hat must belong to somebody.

Jac. Dear Mrs. Strietland, be not concerned; when he has diverted himself a little longer with it—

Strict. Ha!—

Jac. I suppose he will give me my hat again.

Strict. Your hat?

Jac. Yes, my hat. You brush'd it from my side yourself, and then trod upon it; whether on purpose to abuse this lady, or no, you best know yourself.

Strict. It cannot be—'tis all a lie.

Jac. Believe so still, with all my heart; but the hat is mine. Now, sir, who does it belong to?

[*Snatches it and puts it on.*]

Strict. Why did she look so?

Jac. Your violence of temper is too much for her. You use her ill, and then suspect her for that confusion which you yourself occasion.

Strict. Why did not you set me right at first?

Jac. Your hard usage of me, sir, is a sufficient reason why I should not be much concerned to undeceive you at all. 'Tis for your lady's sake I do it now; who deserves much better of you than to be thus exposed for every slight suspicion. See where she sits—go to her.

Mrs. S. [*Rises*] Indeed, Mr. Strietland, I have a soul as much above—

Strict. Whew! Now you have both found your tongues, and I must bear with their eternal rattle.

Jac. For shame, sir! go to her, and—

Strict. Well, well, what shall I say? I forgive—all over. I, I, I forgive.

Mrs. S. Forgive! What do you mean?

Jac. Forgive her! is that all? Consider, sir—

Strict. Hold, hold, your confounded tongues, and ll do any thing. I'll ask pardon—or forgive—or any bing. Good now, be quiet—I ask your pardon—there —[*Kisses her*] For you, madam, I am infinitely obliged o you, and I could find in my heart to make you a eturn in kind, by marrying you to a beggar, but I ave more conscience. Come, come to your chamber. here, take this candle.

Re-enter LUCETTA, pertly.

Luc. Sir, if you please, I will light my young lady o bed.

Strict. No, no! no such thing, good madam. She hall have nothing but her pillow to consult this night, assure you. So in, in. [*The Ladies take leave.* Exit *Jacintha*] Good night, kind madam.

Luc. Pox of the jealous fool! we might both have scap'd out of the window purely. [*Aside.*

Strict. Go, get you down; and, do you hear, order he coach to be ready in the morning at eight exactly. Exit *Lucetta*] So she is safe till to-morrow, and then for the country; and when she is there, I can manage as I think fit.

Mrs. S. Dear Mr. Strickland—

Strict. I am not in a humour, Mrs. Strickland, fit to talk with you. Go to bed. I will endeavour to get the better of my temper; if I can, I'll follow you.—

Exit *Mrs. Strickland*] How despicable have I made myself! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Another Chamber.

Enter RANGER.

Ran. All seems hush'd again, and I may venture out. I may as well sneak off whilst I am in a whole skin. And shall so much love and claret as I am in possession of only lull me to sleep, when it might so much better

keep me waking? Forbid it, fortune, and forbid it, love. This is a chamber, perhaps of some bewitching female, and I may yet be happy. Ha! a light! the door opens. A boy! pox on him! *[Retires]*

Enter JACINTHA, with a Candle.

Jac. I have been listening at the door, and from their silence, I conclude they are peaceably gone to bed together.

Ran. A pretty boy, faith; he seems uneasy. *[Aside.]*

Jac. *[Sitting down]* What an unlucky night has this proved to me! every circumstance has fallen out unhappily.

Ran. He talks aloud. I'll listen. *[Aside.]*

Jac. But what most amazes me is, that Clarinda should betray me!

Ran. Clarinda! she must be a woman. Well, what of her? *[Aside.]*

Jac. My guardian else would never have suspected my disguise.

Ran. Disguise! Ha, it must be so! What eyes she has! what a dull rogue was I not to suspect this sooner! *[Aside.]*

Jac. Ha, I had forgot; the ladder is at the window still, and I will boldly venture by myself. *[Rising briskly she sees Ranger]* Ha! a man, and well dressed! Ha, Mrs. Strietland, are you then at last dishonest!

Ran. By all my wishes she is a charming woman! luck's rascal! *[Aside.]*

Jac. But I will, if possible, conceal her shame, and stand the brunt of his impertinence.

Ran. What shall I say to her? No matter; anything soft will do the business. *[Aside.]*

Jac. Who are you?

Ran. A man, young gentleman.

Jac. And what would you have?

Ran. A woman.

Jac. You are very free, sir. Here are none for you.

Ran. Ay, but there is one, and a fair one too; the most charming creature nature ever set her hand to;

and you are the dear little pilot that must direct me to her heart.

Jac. What mean you, sir? It is an office I am not accustomed to.

Ran. You won't have far to go, however. I never make my errands tedious. It is to your own heart, dear madam, I would have you whisper in my behalf. Nay, never start. Think you such beauty could ever be concealed from eyes so well acquainted with its charms?

Jac. What will become of me? If I cry out, Mrs. Strictland is undone. This is my last resort. [*Aside.*]

Ran. Pardon, dear lady, the boldness of this visit, which your guardian's care has forced me to: but I long have loved you, long doated on that beauteous face, and followed you from place to place, though perhaps unknown and unregarded.

Jac. Here's a special fellow. [*Aside.*]

Ran. Turn then an eye of pity on my sufferings; and by heaven, one tender look from those piercing eyes, one touch of this soft hand—

[*Going to take her hand.*]

Jac. Hold, sir, no nearer.

Ran. Would more than repay whole years of pain.

Jac. Hear me; but keep your distance, or I raise the family.

Ran. Blessings on her tongue, only for prattling to me. [*Aside.*]

Jac. Oh, for a moment's courage, and I shall shame him from his purpose. [*Aside.*]—If I were certain so much gallantry had been shown on my account only—

Ran. You wrong your beauty to think that any other could have power to draw me hither. By all the little loves that play about your lips, I swear—

Jac. You came to me, and me alone.

Ran. By all the thousand graces that inhabit there, you, and only you, have drawn me hither.

Jac. Well said—Could I but believe you—

Ran. By heaven she comes! Ah, honest Ranger, I never knew thee fail. [*Aside.*]

Jac. Pray, sir, where did you leave this hat?

Ran. That hat! that hat—'tis my hat—I dropped it in the next chamber as I was looking for yours.

Jac. How mean and despicable do you look now!

Ran. So, so! I am in a pretty pickle! [*Aside.*]

Jac. You know by this, that I am acquainted with every thing that has passed within; and how ill it agrees with what you have professed to me. Let me advise you, sir, to be gone immediately: through that window you may easily get into the street. One scream of mine, the least noise at that door, will wake the house.

Ran. Say you so?

[*Aside.*]

Jac. Believe me, sir, an injured husband is not so easily appeas'd; and a suspected wife, that is jealous of her honour—

Ran. Is the devil, and so let's have no more of her. Look ye, madam, [*Getting between the Door and her*] I have but one argument left, and that is a strong one. Look on me well, I am as handsome, a strong, well-made fellow as any about town; and since we are alone, as I take it, we have no occasion to be more private.

[*Going to lay hold of her.*]

Jac. I have a reputation, sir, and will maintain it.

Ran. You have a bewitching pair of eyes.

Jac. Consider my virtue.

[*Struggling.*]

Ran. Consider your beauty and my desires.

Jac. If were a man, you dar'd not use me thus.

Ran. I should not have the same temptation.

Jac. Hear me, sir, I will be heard. [*Breaks from him*] There is a man who will make you repent this usage of me. Oh, Bellamy! where art thou now?

Ran. Bellamy!

Jac. Were he here, you durst not thus affront me.

[*Bursts into Tears.*]

Ran. His mistress, on my soul! [*Aside*—] You can love, madam; you can love, I find.—Her tears affect me strangely.

[*Aside.*]

Jac. I am not ashamed to own my passion for a man of virtue and honour. I love and glory in it.

Ran. Oh, brave! and you can write letters, you can.
"I will not trust myself home with you this evening,
because I know it is inconvenient."

Jac. Ha!

Ran. "Therefore I beg you would procure me a
lodging; 'tis no matter how far off my guardian's.
Yours, Jacintha."

Jac. The very words of my letter! I am amaz'd!

[*Aside*] Do you know Mr. Bellamy?

Ran. There is not a man on earth I have so great a
value for: and he must have some value for me too, or
he would never have shown me your pretty epistle;
think of that, fair lady. The ladder is at the window;
and so, madam, I hope delivering you safe into his
arms, will in some measure expiate the crime I have
been guilty of to you.

Jac. Good heaven! How fortunate is this!

Ran. I believe I make myself appear more wicked
than I really am. For damn me, if I do not feel more
satisfaction in the thoughts of restoring you to my
friend, than I could have pleasure in any favour your
bounty could have bestowed. Let any other rake lay
his hand upon his heart and say the same.

Jac. Your generosity transports me.

Ran. Let us lose no time then; the ladder's ready.
Where was you to lodge?

Jac. At Mr. Meggot's.

Ran. At my friend Jacky's! better and better still.

Jac. Are you acquainted with him too?

Ran. Ay, ay; why, did I not tell you at first that I
was one of your old acquaintance? I know all about
you, you see; though the devil fetch me if ever I saw
you before. Now, madam, give me your hand.

Jac. And now, sir, have with you.

Ran. Then thou art a girl of spirit. And though I
long to hug you for trusting yourself with me, I will
not beg a single kiss, till Bellamy himself shall give
me leave. He must fight well that takes you from me.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.



SCENE I. *The Piazza.*

Enter BELLAMY and FRANKLY.

Bel. Pshaw! what impertinent devil put it into your head to meddle with my affairs?

Frank. You know I went thither in pursuit of another.

Bel. I know nothing you had to do there at all.

Frank. I thought, Mr. Bellamy, you were a lover.

Bel. I am so; and therefore should be forgiven this sudden warmth.

Frank. And therefore should forgive the fond impertinence of a lover.

Bel. Jealousy, you know, is as natural an incident to love—

Frank. As curiosity. By one piece of silly curiosity I have gone nigh to ruin both myself and you; let not then your jealousy complete our misfortunes. I fear I have lost a mistress as well as you; then let us not quarrel. All may come right again.

Bel. It is impossible. She is gone, removed for ever from my sight: she is in the country by this time.

Frank. How did you lose her after we parted?

Bel. By too great confidence. When I got her to my chair, the chairmen were not to be found. And, safe as I thought in our disguise, I actually put her into the chair, when Mr. Strickland and his servants were in sight; which I had no sooner done, than they surrounded us, overpowered me, and carried her away.

Frank. Unfortunate indeed! Could you not make a second attempt?

Bel. I had designed it; but when I came to the door, I found the ladders removed; and hearing no noise, seeing no lights, nor being able to make any body answer, I concluded all attempts as impracticable as I now find them.—Ha! I see Lucetta coming. Then they may be still in town.

Enter LUCETTA.

Lucetta, welcome! what news of Jacintha?

Luc. News, sir! you fright me out of my senses! Why, is she not with you?

Bel. What do you mean? With me! I have not seen her since I lost her last night.

Luc. Good heav'n! then she is undone for ever.

Frank. Why, what's the matter?

Bel. Speak out—I'm all amazement.

Luc. She is escap'd, without any of us knowing how. Nobody miss'd her till morning. We all thought she went away with you. But heaven knows now what may have happened.

Bel. Somebody must have accompanied her in her flight.

Luc. We know of nobody: we are all in confusion at home. My master swears revenge on you. My mistress says a stranger has her.

Bel. A stranger!

Luc. But Mrs. Clarinda—

Bel. Clarinda! who is she?

Luc. The lady, sir, who you saw at our house last night.

Frank. Ha! what of her?

[*To Frankly.*]

Luc. She says, she is sure one Frankly is the man; she saw them together, and knows it to be true.

Frank. Damn'd fortune! *[Aside.]*

Luc. Sure this is not Mr. Frankly.

Frank. Nothing will convince him now. *[Aside.]*

Bel. *[Looking at Frankly]* Ha! 'tis true!—*[I see it is true. [Aside] Lucetta, run up to Buckle, and take him with you to search wherever you can. [Puts her out]* Now, Mr. Frankly, I have found you.—You have used me so ill, that you force me to forget you are my friend.

Frank. What do you mean?

Bel. Draw.

Frank. Are you mad? By heavens, I am innocent.

Bel. I have heard you, and will no longer be imposed on—Defend yourself.

Frank. Nay, if you are so hot, I draw to defend myself, as I would against a madman.

•

Enter RANGER.

Ran. What the devil, swords at noon-day! Have among you, faith! *[Parts them]* What's here, Bellamy—Yes, gad, you are Bellamy, and you are Frankly; put up, put up both of you—or else—I am a devilish fellow when once my sword is out.

Bel. We shall have a time—

Ran. *[Pushing Bellamy one way]* A time for what?

Frank. I shall be always as ready to defend my innocence as now.

Ran. *[Pushing Frankly the other way]* Innocence! ay, to be sure—at your age—a mighty innocent fellow, no doubt. But what, in the name of common sense, is it that ails you both? are you mad? The last time I saw you, you were hugging and kissing; and now you are cutting one another's throats—I never knew any good come of one fellow's beslaving another—But I shall put you into a better humour, I warrant you—Bellamy, Frankly, listen both of you—Such fortune—such a scheme—

Bel. Prythee, leave fooling. What, art drunk?

Frank. He is always so, I think.

Ran. And who gave you the privilege of thinking? Drunk! no; I am not drunk.—Tipsy, perhaps, with my good fortune—merry, and in spirits—though I have not fire enough to run my friend through the body. Not drunk, though Jack Meggot and I have boxed it about—Champaign was the word for two whole hours by Shrewsbury clock.

Bel. Jack Meggot!—Why, I left him at one, going to bed.

Ran. That may be, but I made shift to rouse him and his family by four this morning. Ounds, I pick'd up a wench, and carried her to his house.

Bel. Ha!

Ran. Such a variety of adventures—Nay, you shall hear—But before I begin, Bellamy, you shall promise me half a dozen kisses beforehand: for the devil fetch me if that little jade, Jacintha, would give me one, though I pressed hard.

Bel. Who, Jacintha? press to kiss Jacintha?

Ran. Kiss her! ay; why not? is she not a woman, and made to be kiss'd?

Bel. Kiss her—I shall run distracted!

Ran. How could I help it, when I had her alone, you rogue, in her bed-chamber at midnight! if I had been to be sacrificed, I should have done it.

Bel. Bed-chamber, at midnight! I can hold no longer—Draw.

Frank. Be easy, Bellamy.

[Interposing.]

Bel. He has been at some of his damn'd tricks with her.

Frank. Hear him out.

Ran. 'Sdeath, how could I know she was his mistress? But I tell this story most miserably. I should have told you first, I was in another lady's chamber. By the Lord, I got in at the window by a ladder of ropes.

Frank. Ha! another lady?

Ran. Another: and stole in upon her whilst she was undressing; beautiful as an angel, blooming and young—

Frank. What, in the same house?

Bel. What is this to Jacintha? Ease me of my pain.

Ran. Ay, ay, in the same house, on the same floor.
The sweetest little angel—But I design to have another touch with her.

Frank. 'Sdeath! but you shall have a touch with me first.

Bel. Stay, Frankly.

[*Interposing.*

Ran. Why, what strange madness has possess'd you both, that nobody must kiss a pretty wench but yourselves?

Bel. What became of Jacintha?

Ran. Ounds! what have you done, that you must monopolize kissing?

Frank. Pr'ythee, honest Ranger, ease me of the pain I am in. Was her name Clarinda?

Bel. Speak in plain words, where Jacintha is, where to be found. Dear boy, tell me.

Ran. Ay, now it is, honest Ranger; and, dear boy, tell me—and a minute ago, my throat was to be cut—I could find in my heart not to open my lips. But here comes Jack Meggot, who will let you into all the secret, though he design'd to keep it from you, in half the time that I can, though I had ever so great a mind to tell it you.

Enter JACK MEGGOT.

J. Meg. So, save ye, save ye, lads! we have been frighten'd out of our wits for you. Not hearing of Mr. Bellamy, poor Jacintha is ready to sink for fear of any accident.

Bel. Is she at your house?

J. Meg. Why, did not you know that? We dispatch'd master Ranger to you three hours ago.

Ran. Ay, plague! but I had business of my own, so I could not come—Harkye, Frankly, is your girl maid, wife, or widow?

Frank. A maid, I hope.

Ran. The odds are against you, Charles—But mine is married, you rogue, and her husband jealous—

The devil is in it if I do not reap some reward for my last night's service.

Bel. He has certainly been at Mrs. Strickland herself. But, Frankly, I dare not look on you.

Frank. This one embrace cancels all thoughts of enmity.

[*Embracing him.*]

Bel. Thou generous man!—But I must haste to ease Jacintha of her fears.

[*Exit.*]

Frank. And I to make up matters with Clarinda.

[*Exit.*]

Ran. And I to some kind wench or other, Jack. But where I shall find her, heaven knows. And so, my service to your monkey.

J. Meg. Adieu, rattlepate.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Hall of Mr. STRICTLAND's House.*

Enter MRS. STRICTLAND and CLARINDA.

Mrs. S. But why in such a hurry, my dear? stay till your servants can go along with you.

Cl. Oh, no matter; they'll follow with my things. It is but a little way off, and my chair will guard me. After my staying out so late last night, I am sure Mr. Strickland will think every minute an age whilst I am in his house.

Mrs. S. I am as much amaz'd at his suspecting your innocence as my own; and every time I think of it, I blush at my present behaviour to you.

Cl. No ceremony, dear child.

Mrs. S. No, Clarinda, I am too well acquainted with your good humour. But I fear, in the eye of a malicious world, it may look like a confirmation of his suspicion.

Cl. My dear, if the world will speak ill of me, for the little innocent gaiety which I think the peculiar happiness of my temper, I know no way to prevent it, and am only sorry the world is so ill-natured: but I shall not part with my mirth, I assure them, so long as I know it innocent. I wish, my dear, this may be the greatest uneasiness your husband's jealousy ever gives you.

Mrs. S. I hope he never again may have such occasion as he had last night.

Cla. You are so unfashionable a wife.—Why, last night's accident would have made half the wives in London easy for life. Has not his jealousy discover'd itself openly? And are not you innocent? There is nothing but your foolish temper that prevents his being absolutely in your power.

Mrs. S. Clarinda, this is too serious an affair to laugh at. Let me advise you; take care of Mr. Frankly, observe his temper well; and if he has the least taint of jealousy, cast him off, and never trust to keeping him in your power.

Cla. You will hear little more of Frankly, I believe. Here is Mr. Strictland.

Enter STRICTLAND and LUCETTA.

Strict. Lucetta says you want me, madam.

Cla. I trouble you, sir, only that I might return you thanks for the civilities I have receiv'd in your family, before I took my leave.

Strict. Keep them to yourself, dear madam. As it is at my request that you leave my house, your thanks upon that occasion are not very desirable.

Cla. Oh, sir, you need not fear. My thanks were only for your civilities. They will not overburden you. But I'll conform to your humour, sir, and part with as little ceremony——

Strict. As we met.

Cla. The brute! [*Aside*] My dear, good by, we may meet again.

[*To Mrs. Strictland.*]

Strict. If you dare trust me with your hand.

Cla. Lucetta, remember my instructions. Now, sir, have with you.

[*Strictland leads Clarinda out.*]

Mrs. S. Are her instructions cruel or kind, Lucetta? For I suppose they relate to Mr. Frankly.

Luc. Have you a mind to try if I can keep a secret as well as yourself, madam? But I will show you I am fit to be trusted by keeping this, though it signifies nothing.

Mrs. S. This answer is not so civil, I think.

Luc. I beg pardon, madam, I meant it not to offend.

Mrs. S. Pray let us have no more such. I neither desire nor want your assistance.

Re-enter STRICTLAND.

Strict. She is gone; I feel myself somewhat easier already. Since I have begun the day with gallantry, madam, shall I conduct you up?

Mrs. S. There is something, sir, which gives you secret uneasiness. I wish——

Strict. Perhaps so, madam; and perhaps it may soon be no secret at all.

[Leads her out.]

Luc. Would I were once well settled with my young lady; for at present this is but an odd sort of a queer family. Last night's affair puzzles me. A hat there was that belong'd to none of us, that's certain; madam was in a fright, that is as certain; and I brought all off. Jacintha escaped, no one of us knows how. The good man's jealousy was yesterday groundless; yet, to-day, in my mind, he is very much in the right. Mighty odd, all this!—Somebody knocks. If this should be Clariuda's spark, I have an odd message for him too.

[She opens the Door.]

Enter FRANKLY.

Frank. So, my pretty handmaid, meeting with you gives me some hopes. May I speak with Clarinda?

Luc. Whom do you want, sir?

Frank. Clarinda, child. The young lady I was admitted to yesterday.

Luc. Clarinda!—No such person lives here, I assure you.

Frank. Where then?

Luc. I don't know indeed, sir.

Frank. Will you inquire within?

Luc. Nobody knows in this house, sir, you will find.

Frank. What do you mean? She is a friend of Jacintha's, your lady. I will take my oath she was here last night; and you yourself spoke of her being here this morning—Not know!

Luc. No; none of us know. She went away of a sudden—no one of us can imagine whither.

Frank. Why faith, child, thou hast a tolerable face, and hast delivered this denial very handsomely; but let me tell you, your impertinence this morning had lik'd to have cost me my life; now therefore make me amends. I come from your young mistress; I come from Mr. Bellamy; I come with my purse full of gold, that persuasive rhetoric, to win you to let me see and speak to this Clarinda once again.

Luc. She is not here, sir.

Frank. Direct me to her.

Luc. No, I can't do that neither.

Re-enter STRICTLAND behind.

Strict. I heard a knocking at the door, and a man's voice—Ha! [*Aside.*

Frank. Deliver this letter to her.

Strict. By all my fears, a letter! [*Aside.*

Luc. I don't know but I may be tempted to do that.

Frank. Take it then—and with it this.

[*Kisses her and gives her Money.*

Strict. Um! there are two bribes in a breath! What jade she is! [*Aside.*

Luc. Ay, this gentleman understands reason. [*Aside.*

Frank. And be assured you oblige your mistress while you are serving me.

Strict. Her mistress!—Damn'd sex! and damn'd wife, thou art an epitome of that sex! [*Aside.*

Frank. And if you can procure me an answer your fee shall be enlarged. [*Exit.*

Luc. The next step is to get her to read this letter.

Strict. [*Snatches the Letter*] No noise—but stand silent there whilst I read this. *

[*Breaks it open and drops the Case.—Reads.*

Madam—The gaiety of a heart happy as mine was yesterday, may, I hope, easily excuse the unseasonable visit I made your house last night—Death and the devil! confusion! I shall run distracted. It is too much!—There was a man then to whom the hat belong'd;

and I was gull'd, abus'd, cheated, impos'd on by a chit, a child—Oh, woman, woman!—But I will be calm, search it to the bottom, and have a full revenge—

Luc. So, here's fine work! He'll make himself very ridiculous though. [Aside.]

Strict. [Reads] *I know my innocence will appear so manifestly, that I need only appeal to the lady who accompanied you at Bath—* Your very humble servant, good, innocent, fine madam Clarinda—*And I do not doubt but her good nature will not let you persist in injuring your obedient humble servant,*

CHARLES FRANKLY.

Now who can say my jealousy lack'd foundation, or my suspicion of fine madam's innocent gaiety was unjust?—Gaiety! why ay, 'twas gaiety brought him hither.—My wife may be false in gaiety. What a number of things become fashionable under the notion of gaiety—What, you received this epistle in gaiety too; and were to deliver it to my wife, I suppose, when the gay fit came next upon her?—Why, you impudent young strumpet, do you laugh at me?

Luc. I would, if I dar'd, laugh heartily.—Be pleas'd, sir, only to look at that piece of paper that lies there.

Strict. Ha!

Luc. I have not touched it, sir. It is the case that letter came in, and the direction will inform you whom I was to deliver it to.

Strict. This is directed to Clarinda!

Luc. Oh, is it so? Now read it over again, and all your foolish doubts will vanish.

Strict. I have no doubts at all. I am satisfied that you, Jacintha, Clarinda, my wife, all are—

Luc. Lud! lud! you will make a body mad.

Strict. Hold your impertinent tongue.

Luc. You'll find the thing to be just as I say, sir.

Strict. Be gone. [Exit *Lucetta*] They must be poor at the work, indeed, if they did not lend one another their names. 'Tis plain, 'tis evident, and I am miserable. But for my wife, she shall not stay one night longer in my house. Separation, shame, contempt, shall be her

portion. I am determined in the thing; and when once it is over, I may perhaps be easy. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *The Street.*

CLARINDA brought in a Chair, followed by RANGER.

Ran. Harkye, chairman! damn your confounded trot. Go slower.

Cla. Here, stop.

Ran. By heavens! the monsters bear reason and obey.

Cla. [Letting down the Window] What troublesome fellow was that?

1 Chair. Some rake, I warrant, that cannot carry himself home, and wants us to do it for him.

Cla. There—And pray do you take care I be not troubled with him. [Goes in.]

Ran. That's as much as to say now, pray follow me. Madam, you are a charming woman, and I will do it—

1 Chair. Stand off, sir.

Ran. Pr'ythee, honest fellow—what—what writing is that? [Endeavouring to get in.]

2 Chair. You come not here.

Ran. Lodgings to be let: a pretty convenient inscription, and the sign of a good modest family. There may be lodgings for gentlemen as well as ladies. Harkye, rogues, I'll lay you all the silver I have in my pocket, there it is, I get in there in spite of your teeth, yo pimps. [Throws down the Money, and goes in.]

Cla. [Within] Chair, chair, chair!

1 Chair. Who calls chair?—What have you let the gentleman in?

2 Chair. I'll tell you what, partner, be certainly slipp'd by whilst we were picking up the money. Come, take up. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. CLARINDA'S Lodgings.

Enter CLARINDA, followed by Maid.

Maid. Bless me, madam, you seem disorder'd; what's the matter?

Cla. Some impertinent fellow follow'd the chair, and I am afraid they let him in. [*A noise between Ranger and Landlady*] I should certainly know that voice. My madcap cousin Ranger, as I live. I am sure he does not know me.—If I could but hide my face now, what sport I should have! A mask! a mask! Run and see if you can find a mask.

Maid. I believe there is one above.

Cla. Run, run, and fetch it. [*Exit Maid*] Here he comes.

Enter RANGER and Landlady.

How unlucky this is!

[*Turning from them.*

Land. What's your business here, unmannerly sir?

Ran. Well, let's see these lodgings that are to be let. 'Gad, a very pretty neat tenement—But harkye, is it real and natural, all that, or only patch'd up and new painted this summer season, against the town fills?

Land. What does the saucy fellow mean with his double tenders here? Get you down—

Re-enter Maid, with a Mask.

Maid. Here is a very dirty one. [*Aside to Clarinda.*

Cla. No matter. [*Exit Maid*] Now we shall see a little what he would be at. [*Aside.*

Land. This is an honest house. For all your lac'd waistcoat, I'll have you thrown down neck and heels.

Ran. Pho! not in such a hurry, good old lady—A mask! nay, with all my heart. It saves a world of blushing. Have you ne'er a one for me. I am apt to be ashamed myself on these occasions.

Land. Get you down, I say—

Ran. Not if I guess right, old lady. Madam: [*To Clarinda, who makes signs to the Landlady to retire*] look ye there now! that a woman should live to your age, and know so little of the matter. Be gone. [*Exit Landlady*] By her forwardness this should be a whore of quality. My boy, Ranger, thou art in luck to-day. She wou't speak, I find—then I will. [*Aside*] Delicate lodgings truly, madam; and very neatly furnished—A very convenient room this, I must needs own, to enter-

tain a mix'd company. But, my dear charming creature, does not that door open to a more commodious apartment for the happiness of a private friend or so? The prettiest brass lock—Fast, um; that won't do. 'Sdeath, you are a beautiful woman, I am sure you are. Pr'ythee let me see your face. It is your interest, child—the longer you delay, the more I shall expect. Therefore, [*Takes her Hand*] my dear, soft, kind, new acquaintance, thus let me take your hand, and whilst you gently, with the other, let day-light in upon me, let me softly hold you to me, that with my longing lips I may receive the warmest, best impression. [*She unmasks*]—Clarinda!

Cla. Ha, ha! your servant, cousin Ranger.—Ha, ha, ha!

Ran. Oh, your humble servant, madam. You had like to have been beholden to your mask, cousin.—I must brazen it out. [*Aside.*

Cla. Ha, ha, ha! You were not so happy in your disguise, sir. The pretty stagger in your gait, that happy disposition of your wig, the genteel negligence of your whole person, and those pretty flowers of modish gallantry, made it impossible to mistake you, my sweet coz. Ha, ha!

Ran. Oh, I knew you too; but I fancied you had taken a particular liking to my person, and had a mind to sink the relation under that little piece of black velvet; and, 'egad, you never find me behind-hand in a frolic. But since it is otherwise, my merry, good-humoured cousin, I am as heartily glad to see you in town, as I should be to meet any of my old bottle acquaintance.

Cla. And on my side I am as happy in meeting your worship, as I should be in a rencounter with e'er a petticoat in Christendom.

Ran. And if you have any occasion for a dangling gallant to Vauxhall, Ranelagh, or even the poor neglected Park, you are so unlike the rest of your virtuous sisters of the petticoat, that I will venture myself with you.

Cla. Take care what you promise; for who knows

but this face, you were pleased to say so many pretty things of before you saw it, may raise so many rivals among your kept mistresses and reps of quality——

Ran. Hold, hold! a truce with your satire, sweet coz; or if scandal must be the topic of every virtuous woman's conversation, call for your tea-water, and let it be in its proper element. Come, your tea, your tea.

Cla. With all my heart——Who's there?

Re-enter Maid.

Get tea—[*Exit Maid*] upon condition that you stay till it comes.

Ran. That is according as you behave, madam.

Cla. Oh, sir, I am very sensible of the favour.

Ran. Nay, you may, I assure you; for there is but one woman of virtue besides yourself, I would stay with ten minutes (and I have not known her above these twelve hours); the insipidity, or the rancour of their discourse, is insufferable—*Sdeath!* I had rather take the air with my grandmother.

Cla. Ha, ha, ha! the ladies are highly obliged to you, vow.

Ran. I tell you what; the lady I speak of was obliged to me, and the generous girl is ready to own it.

Cla. And pray when was it you did virtue this considerable service?

Ran. But this last night, the devil fetch me! A romantic whim of mine conveyed me into her chamber, where I found her, young and beautiful, alone, at midnight, dress'd like a soft Adonis; her lovely hair all loose about her shoulders——

Cla. In boy's clothes! this is worth attending to.

[*Aside.*

Ran. 'Gad, I no more suspected her being a woman, than I did your being my cater-cousin.

Cla. How did you discover it at last?

Ran. Why, faith, she very modestly dropp'd me a hint of it herself.

Cla. Herself! If this should be *Jacintha!* [*Aside.*

Ran. Ay, 'fore 'gad, did she; which I imagined a good

sign at midnight, ay, cousin! So I e'en invented a long story of a passion I had for her, though I had never seen her before—you know my old way—and said so many, such tender things——

Cla. As you said to me just now.

Ran. Pho! quite in another style, I assure you. It was midnight, and I was in a right cue.

Cla. Well, and what did she answer to all these protestations?

Ran. Why, instead of running into my arms at once, as I expected——

Cla. To be sure.

Ran. 'Gad, like a free-hearted, honest girl, she frankly told me she liked another better than she liked me; that I had something in my face that showed I was a gentleman, and she would e'en trust herself with me, if I would give her my word I would convey her to her spark.

Cla. Oh, brave! and how did you bear this?

Ran. Why, curse me, if I am ever angry with a woman for not having a passion for me.

Cla. No?

Ran. Never. I only hate your sex's vain pretence of having no passion at all. 'Gad, I lov'd the good-natured girl for it, took her at her word, stole her out of the window, and this morning made a very honest fellow happy in the possession of her.

Cla. And her name is Jacintha?

Ran. Ha!

Cla. Your amours are no secrets, sir. You see you might as well have told me all the whole of last night's adventure; for you find I know.

Ran. All! Why what do you know?

Cla. Nay, nothing. I only know that a gentleman's hat cannot be dropp'd in a lady's chamber——

Ran. The devil!

Cla. But a husband is such an odd, impertinent, awkward creature, that he will be stumbling over it.

Ran. Here hath been fine work. [*Aside*] But how, in the name of wonder, should you know all this?

Cla. By being in the same house.

Ran. In the same house?

Cla. Ay, in the same house, a witness of the confusion you have made.

Ran. Frankly's Clarinda, by all that's fortunate! It must be so! *[Aside.]*

Cla. And let me tell you, sir, that even the dull, low-spirited diversions you ridicule in us tame creatures, are preferable to the romantic exploits that only wine can raise you to.

Ran. Yes, cousin;—But I'll be even with you.

Cla. If you reflect, cousin, you will find a great deal of wit in shocking a lady's modesty, disturbing her quiet, tainting her reputation, and ruining the peace of a whole family. *[Aside.]*

Ran. To be sure.

Cla. These are the high-mettled pleasures of you men of spirit, that the insipidity of the virtuous can never arrive at. And can you in reality think your Burgundy and your Bacchus, your Venus and your loves, an excuse for all this? Fie, cousin, fie.

Ran. No, cousin.

Cla. What, dumb? I am glad you have modesty enough left not to go about to excuse yourself.

Ran. It is as you say; when we are sober, and reflect but ever so little on the follies we commit, we are ashamed and sorry; and yet the very next minute we run again into the same absurdities.

Cla. What! moralizing, cousin? ha, ha, ha!

Ran. What you know is not half, not a hundredth part of the mischief of my last night's frolic; and yet the very next petticoat I saw this morning, I must follow it, and be damn'd to me; though, for aught I know, poor Frankly's life may depend upon it.

Cla. Whose life, sir?

Ran. And here do I stand prating to you now.

Cla. Pray, good cousin, explain yourself.

Ran. Good cousin! She has it. *[Aside]* Why, whilst I was making off with the wench, Bellamy and he were

quarrelling about her; and though Jacintha and I made all the haste we could, we did not get to them before——

Cla. Before what? I'm frighten'd out of my wits!

Ran. Not that Frankly cared three-halfpence for the girl.

Cla. But there was no mischief done, I hope?

Ran. Pho! a slight scratch; nothing at all, as the surgeon said: though he was but a queer-looking son of a bitch of a surgeon neither.

Cla. Good God! why, he should have the best that can be found in London.

Ran. Ay, indeed, so he should; that was what I was going for when I saw you. [*Sits down*] They are all at Jack Meggot's, hard by, and you will keep me here.

Cla. I keep you here! For heaven's sake be gone.

Ran. Your tea is a damn'd while a coming.

Cla. You shall have no tea now, I assure you.

Ran. Nay, one dish!

Cla. No, positively you shall not stay.

Ran. Your commands are absolute, madam. [*Going.*]

Cla. Then Frankly is true, and I only am to blame.

Ran. [*Returns*] But I beg ten thousand pardons, cousin, that I should forget——

Cla. Forget what?

Ran. Forget to salute you.

Cla. Pshaw! how can you trifle at such a time as this?

Ran. A trifle! wrong not your beauty.

Cla. Lord, how teasing you are! There.

Ran. [*Kisses her*] Poor thing, how uneasy she is! [*Aside*] Nay, no ceremony; you shall not stir a step with me. [*Exit.*]

Cla. I do not intend it. This is downright provoking. [*Exit.*]

ACT THE FIFTH.



SCENE I. A Room in MR. STRICTLAND'S House.

MR. and MRS. STRICTLAND discovered; she weeping,
and he writing.

Mrs. S. Heigh ho!

Strict. What can possibly be the occasion of that sigh, madam? you have yourself agreed to a maintenance, and a maintenance no duchess need be ashamed of.

Mrs. S. But the extremities of provocation that drove me to that agreement——

Strict. Were the effect of your own follies. Why do you disturb me? [Writes.]

Mrs. S. I would not willingly give you a moment's uneasiness; I but desire a fair and equal hearing; and if I satisfy you not in every point, then abandon me, discard me to the world and its malicious tongues.

Strict. What was it you said? Damn this pen.

Mrs. S. I say, Mr. Strictland, I would only——

Strict. You would only——you would only repeat what you have been saying this hour, I am innocent;

and when I showed you the letter I had taken from your maid, what was then your poor evasion, but that it was to Clarinda, and you were innocent.

Mrs. S. Heaven knows I am innocent.

Strict. But I know your Clarinda, your woman of honour, is your blind, your cover, your—But why do I distract myself about a woman I have no longer any concerns with? Here, madam, is your fate—a letter to your brother in the country.

Mrs. S. Sir—

Strict. I have told him what a sister he is to receive, and how to bid her welcome.

Mrs. S. Then my ruin is complete. My brother!

Strict. I must vindicate my own honour, else what will the world say?

Mrs. S. That brother was my only hope, my only ground of patience. In his retirement I hoped my name might have been safe, and slept, till by some happy means you might at length have known me innocent, and pitied me.

Strict. Retirement! pretty soul! no, no, that face was never made for retirement; it is another sort of retiring you are fittest for. Ha! hark! What's that? [*A Knocking at the Door*] Two gentle taps—and why but two? was that the signal, madam? Stir not, on your life!

Mrs. S. Give me resolution, heaven, to bear this usage, and keep it secret from the world. [*Aside.*]

Strict. I will have no signs, no items, no hem to tell him I am here. [*A Knock*] Ha! another tap. The gentleman is in haste, I find. [*Opens the Door.*]

Enter TESTER.

Tester! Why did you not come in, rascal? [*Beats him*] All vexations meet to cross me.

Tes. Lard, sir! what do you strike me for? my mistress ordered me never to come in where she was, without first knocking at the door.

Strict. Oh, cunning devil! Tester is too honest to be trusted.

Mrs. S. Unhappy man! will nothing undeceive him?

[*Aside.*]

Tes. Sir, here is a letter.

Strict. To my wife?

Tes. No, sir, to you. The servant waits below.

Strict. Art sure it is a servant?

Tes. Sir! it is Mr. Buckle, sir.

[*Starts.*]

Strict. I am mad; I know not what to say, or do, or think. But let's read.

[*Reads to himself.*]

Sir—We cannot bear to reflect that Mrs. Strickland may possibly be ruined in your esteem, and in the voice of the world, only by the confusion which our affairs have made in your family, without offering all within our power to clear the misunderstanding between you. If you will give yourself the trouble but to step to Mr. Meggot's, where all parties will be, we doubt not but we can entirely satisfy your most flagrant suspicions, to the honour of Mrs. Strickland, and the quiet of your lives.

JACINTHA.

JOHN BELLAMY.

Hey! here is the whole gang witnessing for one another. They think I am an ass, and will be led by the nose to believe every thing. [*Aside*] Call me a chair.

[*Exit Tester*] Yes, I will go to this rendezvous of enemies—I will—and find out all her plots, her artifices, and contrivances: it will clear my conduct to her brother and all her friends.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Mrs. S. Gone so abruptly! What can that letter be about? no matter; there is no way left to make us easy but by my disgrace, and I must learn to suffer; time and innocence will teach me to bear it patiently.

Enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Mrs. Bellamy, madam (for my young lady is married), begs you would follow Mr. Strickland to Mr. Meggot's. She makes no doubt but she shall be able to make you and my master easy.

Mrs. S. But how came she to know any thing of the matter?

Luc. I have been with them, madam; I could not bear to see so good a lady so ill treated.

Mrs. S. I am indeed, Luceita, ill treated; but I hope this day will be the last of it.

Luc. Madam Clarinda and Mr. Frankly will be there: and the young gentleman, madam, who was with you in this room last night.

Mrs. S. Ha! if he is there, there may be hopes; and it is worth the trying.

Luc. Dear lady, let me call a chair.

Mrs. S. I'll go with you. I cannot be more wretched than I am. *[Exit.*

SCENE II. A Room in JACK MEGGOT'S House.

Enter FRANKLY, RANGER, BELLAMY, JACINTHA, and JACK MEGGOT.

Frank. Oh, Ranger, this is news indeed! your cousin, and a lady of such fortune!

Ran. I have done the business for you; I tell you she's your own. She loves you.

Frank. You make my heart dance with joy. Words are too faint to tell the joy I feel.

Ran. I have put that heart of hers into such a flutter, that I'll lay a hundred guineas, with the assistance which this lady has promised me, I fix her yours directly.

Jac. Ay, ay, Mr. Frankly, we have a design upon her which cannot fail. But you must obey orders.

Frank. Most willingly; but remember, dear lady, I have more than life at stake.

Jac. Away then into the next room; for she is this instant coming hither.

Frank. Hither! you surprise me more and more.

Jac. Here is a message from her, by which she desires leave to wait on me this afternoon.

Ran. Only for the chance of seeing you here, I assure ye.

Frank. Let me hug thee, though I know not how to believe it.

Ran. Pshaw! pr'ythee don't stifle me! It is a busy day, a very busy day.

J. Meg. Thou art the most unaccountable creature in life.

Ran. But the most lucky one, Jack, if I succeed for Frankly as I have for Bellamy, and my heart whispers me I shall. Come in, most noble Mr. Buckle: and what have you to propose?

Enter BUCKLE.

Buck. A lady, madam, in a chair, says her name is Clarinda.

Jac. Desire her to walk up.

Bel. How could you let her wait? [*Exit Buckle*] You must excuse him, madam; Buckle is a true bachelor's servant, and knows no manners.

Jac. Away, away, Mr. Frankly, and stay till I call you. A rap with my fan shall be the signal. [*Exit Frankly*] We make very free with your house, Mr. Meggot.

J. Meg. Oh, you could not oblige me more.

Enter CLARINDA.

Cla. Dear Mrs. Bellamy, pity my confusion. I am to wish you joy and ask you pardon all in a breath. I know not what to say; I am quite ashamed of my last night's behaviour.

Jac. Come, come, Clarinda, it is all well; all is over and forgot. Mr. Bellamy—

Cla. I wish you joy, sir, with all my heart; and should have been very sorry if any folly of mine had prevented it.

Bel. Madam, I am oblig'd to you.

Cla. I see nothing of Mr. Frankly! my mind misgives me.

Ran. And so, you came hither purely out of friendship, good nature, and humility.

Cla. Purely.

Ran. To confess your offences, to beg pardon, and to make reparation.

Cla. Purely. Is this any thing so extraordinary?

J. Meg. The most so of any thing in life, I think.

Ran. A very whimsical business for so fine a lady, and an errand you seldom went on before, I fancy, my dear cousin.

Jac. Never, I dare swear, if I may judge by the awkward concern she shows in delivering it.

Cla. Concern! Lard, well I protest you are all exceeding pretty company! Being settled for life, Jacintha, gives an ease to the mind that brightens conversation strangely.

Jac. I am sorry, with all my heart, you are not in the same condition; for as you are, my dear, you are horribly chagrined.

Ran. But with a little of our help, madam, the lady may recover, and be very good company.

Cla. Hum! what does he mean, Mr. Bellamy?

Bel. Ask him, madam.

Cla. Indeed I shall not give myself the trouble.

Jac. Then you know what he means.

Cla. Something impertinent, I suppose, not worth explaining.

Jac. It is something you won't let him explain, I find.

Re-enter BUCKLE, and whispers JACK MEGGOT.

J. Meg. Very well. Desire him to walk into the parlour. Madam, the gentleman is below.

Jac. Then every one to your posts. You know your cues.

Ran. I warrant ye. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

Cla. All gone! I am glad of it, for I want to speak to you.

Jac. And I, my dear Clarinda, have something which I do not know how to tell you: but it must be known sooner or later.

Cla. What's the matter?

Jac. Poor Mr. Frankly—

Cla. You fright me out of my senses!

Jac. Has no wounds but what you can cure. Ha, ha, ha!

Cla. Pshaw! I am angry.

Jac. Pshaw! You are pleased; and will be more so, when I tell you this man, whom fortune has thrown in your way, is in rank and temper the man in the world who suits you best for a husband.

Cla. Husband! I say, husband, indeed! Where will this end? *[Aside.]*

Jac. His very soul is yours, and he only waits an opportunity of telling you so. He is in the next room. Shall I call him in?

Cla. My dear girl, hold!

Jac. How foolish is this coyness now, Clarinda! If the men were here indeed, something might be said—
And so, Mr. Frankly—

Cla. How can you be so teasing?

Jac. Nay, I am in downright earnest; and to show how particular I have been in my inquiries, though I know you have a spirit above regarding the modish, paltry way of a Smithfield bargain—His fortune—

Cla. I don't care what his fortune is.

Jac. Don't you so; then you are further gone than I thought you were.

Cla. No, pshaw! pr'ythee, I don't mean so neither.

Jac. I don't care what you mean; but you won't like him the worse, I hope, for having a fortune superior to your own. Now shall I call him in?

Cla. Pho, dear girl—Some other time.

Jac. *[Raps with her Fan]* That's the signal, and here he is. You shall not stir: I positively will leave you together. *[Exit.]*

Cla. I tremble all over.

Enter FRANKLY.

Frank. Pardon this freedom, madam: but I hope our having so luckily met with a common friend in Mrs. Bellamy—

Cla. Sir!

Frank. Makes any further apology for my behaviour last night absolutely unnecessary.

Cla. So far, Mr. Frankly, that I think the apology

should be rather on my side, for the impertinent bustle I made about her.

Frank. This behaviour gives me hopes, madam : pardon the construction—but from the little bustle you made about the lady, may I not hope you was not quite indifferent about the gentleman?

Cla. Have a care of being too sanguine in your hopes: might not a love of power, or the satisfaction of showing that power, or the dear pleasure of abusing that power; might not these have been foundation enough for more than what I did?

Frank. Charming woman! With most of your sex, I grant, they might, but not with you. Whatever power your beauty gives, your good nature will allow you no other use of it than to oblige.

Cla. This is the height of compliment, Mr. Frankly.

Frank. Not in my opinion, I assure you, madam; and I am now going to put it to the trial.

Cla. What is he going to say now?

[*Aside.*

Frank. What is it that ails me, that I cannot speak? Pshaw! he here!

Enter RANGER.

Interrupted! impertinent!

[*Aside.*

Ran. There is no sight so ridiculous as a pair of your true lovers. Here are you two now, bowing and cringing, and keeping a passion secret from one another, that is no secret to all the house beside; and if you don't make the matter up immediately, it will be all over the town within these two hours.

Cla. What do you mean?

Frank. Ranger—

Ran. Do you be quiet, can't ye? [*Apart to Frankly*] But it is over, I suppose, cousin, and you have given him your consent?

Cla. Sir, the liberties you are pleas'd to take with me—

Ran. Oh! in your airs still, are you? Why then, Mr. Frankly, there is a certain letter of yours, sir, to this lady—

Cla. A letter to me?

Ran. Ay! to you, madam.

Frank. Ha! what of that letter?

Ran. It is only fallen into Mr. Strickland's hands, that is all; and he has read it.

Frank. Read it!

Ran. Ay, read it to all his family at home, and to all the company below; and if some stop be not put to it, it will be read in all the coffee-houses in town.

Frank. A stop! this sword shall put a stop to it, or I will perish in the attempt.

Ran. But will that sword put a stop to the talk of the town?—Only make it talk the faster, take my word for it.

Cla. This is all a trick.

Ran. A trick! is it so? you shall soon see that, my fine cousin. [Exit.]

Frank. It is but too true, I fear. There is such a letter, which I gave Lucetta. Can you forgive me? Was I much to blame, when I could neither see nor hear of you?

Cla. [Tenderly] You give yourself, Mr. Frankly, thousand more uneasinesses than you need about me.

Frank. If this uneasiness but convinces you how much I love you—Interrupted again!

Cla. This is downright malice. [Aside.]

Re-enter RANGER, followed by JACINTHA, STRICTLAND, BELLAMY, and JACK MEGGOT.

Ran. Enter, enter, gentlemen and lady. Now you shall see whether this is a trick or no.

Cla. Mr. Strickland here! What is all this?

Jac. Do not be uneasy, my dear; we will explain it to you.

Frank. I cannot bear this trifling, Ranger, when my heart is on the rack.

Ran. Come this way then, and learn.

[Jacintha, Clarinda, Frankly, and Ranger retire.]

Strickland, Bellamy, and Meggot advance.

Strict. Why, I know not well what to say. This has face. This letter may as well agree with Clarinda as

with my wife, as you have told the story; and Lucetta explain'd it so; but she, for a sixpenny-piece, would have constru'd it the other way.

J. Meg. But, sir, if we produce this Mr. Frankly to you, and he owns himself the author of this letter—

Bel. And if Clarinda likewise be brought before your face to encourage his addresses, there can be no further room for doubt.

Strict. No. Let that appear, and I shall, I think I shall, be satisfied—But yet it cannot be—

Bel. Why not? Hear me, sir.

[*They talk. Jacintha, Clarinda, Frankly, and Ranger advance.*]

Jac. In short, Clarinda, unless the affair is made up directly, a separation, with all the obloquy on her side, must be the consequence.

Cla. Poor Mrs. Stricland! I pity her: but for him, he deserves all he feels, were it ten times what it is.

Jac. It is for her sake only, that we beg of you both to bear his impertinence.

Cla. With all my heart. You will do what you please with me.

Frank. Generous creature!

Strict. Ha, here she is, and with her the very man I saw deliver the letter to Lucetta. I do begin to fear I have made myself a fool. Now for the proof. [*Aside*] Here is a letter, sir, which has given me great disturbance, and these gentlemen assure me it was wrote by you.

Frank. That letter, sir, upon my honour, I left this morning with Lucetta, for this lady.

Strict. For that lady? and Frankly, the name at the bottom, is not feign'd, but your real name?

Frank. Frankly is my name.

Strict. I see, I feel myself ridiculous. [*Aside*]

Jac. Now, Mr. Stricland, I hope—

J. Meg. Ay, ay; a clear case.

Strict. I am satisfied, and will go this instant to Mrs. Stricland.

Ran. Why then the devil fetch me, if this would satisfy me.

Strict. What's that?

Ran. Nay, nothing; it is no affair of mine.

Bcl. What do you mean, Ranger?

Strict. Ay, what do you mean? I will know before I stir.

Ran. With all my heart, sir. Cannot you see that all this may be a concerted matter between them?

Frank. Ranger, you know I can resent.

Strict. Go on; I will defend you, let who will resent it.

Ran. Why then, sir, I declare myself your friend; and were I as you, nothing but their immediate marriage should convince me.

Strict. Sir, you're right, and are my friend indeed. Give me your hand.

Ran. Nay, were I to hear her say—I, Clarinda, take thee, Charles, I would not believe them till I saw them abed together. Now resent it as you will.

Strict. Ay, sir, as you will; but nothing less shall convince me; and so, my fine lady, if you are in earnest—

Cla. Sure, Mr. Strictland—

Strict. Nay, no flouncing; you cannot escape.

Ran. Why, Frankly, has't no soul?

Frank. I pity her confusion.

Ran. Pity her confusion!—the man's a fool—Here, take her hand.

Frank. Thus, on my knees, then let me ravish, with your hand, your heart.

Cla. Ravish it you cannot; for it is with all my heart give it you.

Strict. I am satisfied.

Cla. And so am I, now it is once over.

Ran. And so am I, my dainty cousin; and I wish you joy of a man your whole sex would go to cuffs for, if they knew him but half so well as I do—Ha! she here; this is more than I bargain'd for. [Aside.]

Enter JACINTHA, leading in MRS. STRICTLAND.

Strict. [Embracing Mrs. Strictland] Madam, reproach

me not with my folly, and you shall never hear of it again.

Mrs. S. Reproach you! no! if ever you bear the least reflection pass my lips, forsake me in that instant; or, what would yet be worse, suspect again.

Strict. It is enough. I am ashamed to talk to thee. This letter, which I wrote to your brother, thus I tear in pieces, and with it part for ever with my jealousy.

Mrs. S. This is a joy, indeed! as great as unexpected. Yet there is one thing wanting to make it lasting.

Ran. What the devil is coming now? [*Aside.*]

Mrs. S. Be assur'd, every other suspicion of me was as unjust as your last: though perhaps you had more foundation for your fears.

Ran. She won't tell, sure, for her own sake. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. S. All must be clear'd before my heart will be at ease.

Ran. It looks plaguy like it, though! [*Aside.*]

Strict. What mean you? I am all attention.

Mrs. S. There was a man, as you suspected, in my chamber last night.

Strict. Ha! take care, I shall relapse.

Mrs. S. That gentleman was he——

Ran. Here is a devil for you! [*Aside.*]

Mrs. S. Let him explain the rest.

Ran. A frolic, a mere frolic, on my life.

Strict. A frolic! Zounds! [*They interpose.*]

Ran. Nay don't let us quarrel the very moment you declar'd yourself my friend. There was no harm done, I promise you. Nay, never frown. After I have told my story, any satisfaction you are pleas'd to ask, I shall be ready to give.

Strict. Be quick then, and ease me of my pain.

Ran. Why then, as I was strolling about last night, upon the look out, I must confess, chance, and chance only, convey'd me to your house; where I espied a ladder of ropes most invitingly fastened to the window.

Jac. Which ladder I had fasten'd for my escape.

Strict. Proceed.

Ran. Up mounted I, and up I should have gone, if

it had been in the garret; it's all one to Ranger. I open'd one door, and then another, and to my great surprise the whole house was silent; at last, I stole into a room where this lady was undressing.

Strict. 'Sdeath and the devil! you did not dare sure——

Ran. I don't know whether I had dared, or no, if I had not heard the maid say something of her master's being jealous. Oh, damn me, thought I, then the work is half done to my hands.

Jac. Do you mind that, Mr. Strickland?

Strict. I do——I do, most feelingly.

Ran. The maid grew saucy, and most conveniently to my wishes was turn'd out of the room; and if you had not the best wife in the world——

Strict. Ounds, sir, but what right have you——

Ran. What right, sir? if you will be jealous of your wife without a cause; if you will be out at that time of night, when you might have been so much better employ'd at home; we young fellows think we have a right——

Strict. No joking, I beseech you; you know not what I feel.

Ran. Then seriously, I was mad, or drunk enough, call it which you will, to be very rude to this lady, for which I ask both her pardon and yours. I am an odd sort of a fellow, perhaps; but I am above telling you or any man a lie, damn me, if I am not.

Strict. I must, I cannot but believe you; and for the future, madam, you shall find a heart ready to love and trust you. No tears, I beg; I cannot bear them.

Mrs. S. I cannot speak, and yet there is a favour, sir——

Strict. I understand you; and, as a proof of the sincerity with which I speak, I beg it as a favour, of this lady in particular, [*To Clarinda*] and of all the company in general, to return to my house immediately, where every thing, Mr. Bellamy, shall be settled to your entire satisfaction. No thanks, I have not deserv'd them.

Ran. Why, this is honest; continue but in this humour, and faith, sir, you may trust me to run about your house like a spaniel. I cannot sufficiently admire the whimsicalness of my good fortune, in being so instrumental to this general happiness. Bellamy, Frankly, I wish you joy with all my heart, though I had rather you should be married than I, for all that. Never did matrimony appear to me with a smile upon her face till this instant.

Sure joys for ever wait each happy pair,
When sense the man, and virtue crowns the fair,
And kind compliance proves their mutual care.
[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

THOUGH the young smarts I see begin to sneer,
And the old sinner cast a wicked leer,
Be not alarm'd, ye fair—You've nought to fear. }
No wanton hint, no loose ambiguous sense,
Shall flatter vicious taste at your expense.
Leaving, for once, these shameless arts in vogue,
We give a fable for the epilogue.

An ass there was, our author bade me say,
Who needs must write—He did—and wrote a play.
The parts were cast to various beasts and fowl;
Their stage a barn;—the manager an owl.
The house was cramm'd at six, with friends and foes;
Rakes, wits, and critics, citizens, and beaux.
These characters appear'd in different shapes
Of tigers, foxes, horses, bulls, and apes;
With others too, of lower rank and station:
A perfect abstract of the brute creation.
Each, as he felt, mark'd out the author's faults,
And thus the connoisseurs express'd their thoughts.
The critic-curs first snarl'd—the rules are broke,
Time, place, and action sacrific'd to joke.
The goats cry'd out, 'twas formal, dull, and chaste—
Not writ for beasts of gallantry and taste.
The horned cattle were in piteous taking,
At fornication, rapes, and cuckold-making.
The tigers swore he wanted fire and passion;
The apes condemn'd—because it was the fashion.
The generous steeds allow'd him proper merit:
Here mark'd his faults, and there approv'd his spirit.
While brother bards bray'd forth with usual spleen,
And as they heard, explod'd every scene.

When Reynard's thoughts were ask'd, the shrugging
sage,

Fam'd for hypocrisy, and worn with age,
Condemn'd the shameless licence of the stage.
At which the monkey skipp'd from box to box,
And whisper'd round the judgment of the fox;
Abus'd the moderns; talk'd of Rome and Greece;
Bilk'd ev'ry box-keeper; and damn'd the piece.

Now ev'ry fable has a moral to it——

Be churchman, statesman, any thing—but poet.
In law, or physic, quack in what you will,
Cant and grimace conceal the want of skill;
Secure in these, his gravity may pass——
But here no artifice can hide the ass.

THE
SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

A Tragedy.

BY JOHN HUGHES, ESQ.

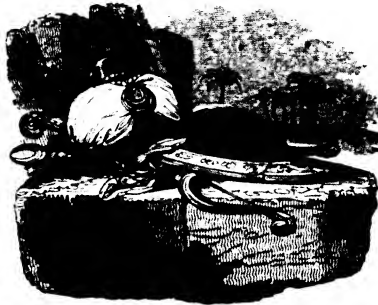
CORRECTLY GIVEN, FROM COPIES USED IN THE THEATRES,

BY

THOMAS DIBDIN,

OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Author of several Dramatic Pieces, &c.



Printed at the Chiswick Press,

BY C. WHITTINGHAM;

FOR WHITTINGHAM AND ARLISS, PATERNOSTER
ROW, LONDON.

1815.

THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS

Was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, February 17, 1719; on which evening the author, who had a long time been struggling with a decayed constitution, departed this life. • If the success of the play could have lengthened his existence, and charmed the inexorable tyfant from his pillow, he might long have enjoyed the congratulations of his friends; but it was otherwise decreed; and it is even supposed that anxiety for the fate of his tragedy contributed to hasten his own last scene.

PROLOGUE.

OFt has the muse here try'd her magic arts,
To raise your fancies, and engage your hearts.
When o'er this little spot she shakes her wand,
Towns, cities, nations, rise at her command ;
And armies march obedient to her call,
New states are form'd, and ancient empires fall.
To vary your instruction and delight,
Past ages roll renew'd before your sight.

His awful form the Greek and Roman wears,
Wak'd from his slumber of two thousand years :
And man's whole race, restor'd to joy and pain,
Act all their little greatness o'er again.

No common woes to-night we set to view ;
Important in the time, the story new.

Our op'ning scenes shall to your sight disclose
How spiritual dragooning first arose ;
Claims drawn from heav'n by a barbarian lord,
And faith first propagated by the sword.

In rocky Araby this post began,
And swiftly o'er the neighboring country ran :
By faction weaken'd, and disunion broke,
Degen'rate provinces admit the yoke,
Nor stopp'd their progress till, resistless grown,
Th' enthusiasts made all Asia's world their own.

Britons, be warn'd ; let e'en your pleasures here
Convey some moral to th' attentive ear :

Beware lest blessings long possess'd displease ;
Nor grow supine with liberty and ease.

Your country's glory be your constant aim ;
Her safety all is yours ; think yours her fame.

Unite at home—forego intestine jars ;

Then scorn the rumours of religious wars ;
Speak loud in thunder from your guarded shores,

And tell the continent, the sea is yours.

Speak on, and say, by war, you'll peace maintain,

Till brightest years, reserv'd for George's reign,

Advance, and shine in their appointed round :

Arts then shall flourish, plenteous joys abound ;

And cheer'd by him, each loyal muse shall sing,

The happiest island, and the greatest king.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

As originally acted. Covent Garden, 1812.

CHRISTIANS.

<i>Eumenes</i>	Mr. Wilks.	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Herbis</i>	Mr. Williams.	Mr. Creswell.
<i>Phocyas</i>	Mr. Booth.	Mr. Betty.
<i>Artamon</i>	Mr. W. Mills.	Mr. Jefferies.
<i>Sergius</i>		Mr. Durusel.
<i>Eudocia</i>	Mrs. Porter.	Miss Marriott.

Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, and Attendants.

SARACENS.

<i>Caled</i>	Mr. Mills.	Mr. Barrymore.
<i>Abudah</i>	Mr. Thurmond.	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Daran</i>	Mr. Walker.	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Serjabil</i>		Mr. Howell.
<i>Raphan</i>		Mr. Trueman.

Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—The City of DAMASCUS, in SYRIA, and the
Saracen Camp before it; and, in the last Act, a Valley
adjacent.

ACT THE FIRST.



SCENE I. *The City.*

Enter EUMENES, followed by a Crowd of People.

Eum. I'LL hear no more. Be gone!
Or stop your clam'rous mouths, that still are open
To bawl sedition and consume our corn.
If you will follow me, send home your women,
And follow to the walls; there earn your safety.
As brave men should.—Pity your wives and children!
Yes, I do pity them, heav'n knows I do,
E'en more than you; nor will I yield them up,
Though at your own request, a prey to ruffians.—
Herbis, what news?

Enter HERBIS.

Her. News!—we're betray'd, deserted;
The works are but half mann'd; the Saracens
Perceive it, and pour on such crowds, they blunt
Our weapons, and have drain'd our stores of death.
What will you next?

Eum. I've sent a fresh recruit.
The valiant Phocyas leads them on—whose deeds,
In early youth, assert his noble race;
A more than common ardour seems to warm
His breast, as if he lov'd and courted danger.

Her. I fear 'twill be too late.

Eum. I fear it too:
And though I brav'd it to the trembling crowd,
I've caught th' infection, and I dread th' event.
Would I had treated!—but 'tis now too late.— [*Aside.*
Come, Herbis. [*Exeunt.*

A great Shout. Re-enter HERBIS.

Her. So—the tide turns; Phocyas has driv'n it back.
The gate once more is ours.

Flourish. Re-enter EUMENES, with PHOCYAS, ARTAMON, &c.

Eum. Brave Phocyas, thanks! mine and the people's thanks.

Yet, that we may not lose this breathing space,
Hang out the flag of truce. You, Artamon,
Haste with a trumpet to th' Arabian chiefs,
And let them know, that, hostages exchange'd,
I'd meet them now upon the eastern plain.

[*Exit Artamon.*

Pho. What means Eumenes?

Eum. Phocyas, I would try,
By friendly treaty, if on terms of peace
They'll yet withdraw their pow'rs.

Pho. On terms of peace!

What peace can you expect from bands of robbers?
What terms from slaves but slavery?—You know
These wretches fight not at the call of honour,
That sets the princes of the world in arms.
Base-born, and starv'd, amidst their stony deserts,
Long have they view'd from far, with wishing eyes,
Our fruitful vales, and all the verdant wealth
That crowns fair Lebanon's aspiring brows.
Here have the locusts pitch'd, nor will they leave

These tasted sweets, these blooming fields of plenty,
For barren sands and native poverty,
Till driv'n away by force.

Eum. What can we do?

Our people in despair; our soldiers harrass'd
With daily toil and constant nightly watch;
Our hopes of succour from the emperor
Uncertain; Eutyches not yet return'd,
That went to ask them; one brave army beaten;
Th' Arabians num'rous, cruel, slash'd with conquest.

Her. Besides, you know what frenzy fires their minds,
Of their new faith, and drives them on to danger.

Eum. True:—they pretend the gates of Paradise
Stand ever open to receive the souls
Of all that die in fighting for their cause.

Pho. Then would I send their souls to Paradise,
And give their bodies to our Syrian eagles.

Our ebb of fortune is not yet so low,
To leave us desperate. Aids may soon arrive;
Mean time, in spite of their late bold attack,
The city still is ours; their force repell'd,
And therefore weaker: proud of this success,
Our soldiers too have gain'd redoubled courage,
And long to meet them on the open plain.
What hinders then but we repay this outrage,
And sally on their camp?

Eum. No—let us first

Believe th' occasion fair, by this advantage,
To purchase their retreat on easy terms:
That failing, we the better stand acquitted
To our own citizens. However, brave Phocyas,
Cherish this ardour in the soldiery,
And in our absence form what force thou canst;
Then if these hungry bloodhounds of the war
Should still be deaf to peace, at our return
Our widen'd gates shall pour a sudden flood
Of vengeance on them, and chastize their scorn.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Plain before the City. A Prospect of
Tents at a distance.*

Enter CALED, ABUDAH, and DARAN.

Daran. To treat, my chiefs!—What! are we merchants then,

That only come to traffic with those Syrians,
And poorly cheapen conquest on conditions?
No: we were sent to fight the caliph's battles,
Till every iron neck bend to obedience.

Another storm makes this proud city ours;
What need we treat?—I am for war and plunder.

Caled. Why, so am I; and but to save the lives
Of mussulmen, not Christians, I would treat.
I hate these Christian dogs; and 'tis our task,
As thou observ'st, to fight; our law enjoins it:
Heaven, too, is promis'd only to the valiant.
Oft has our prophet said, the happy plains
Above lie stretch'd beneath the blaze of swords.

Abu. Yet Daran's loath to trust that heaven for pay;
This earth, it seems, has gifts that please him more.

Caled. Check not his zeal, Abudah.

Abu. No; I praise it.

Yet I could wish that zeal had better motives.
Has victory no fruits but blood and plunder?
That we were sent to fight, 'tis true; but wherefore?
For conquest, not destruction. That obtain'd,
The more we spare, the caliph has more subjects,
And heaven is better serv'd.—But see, they come!

[*Trumpets.*]

Enter EUMENES, HERBIS, and ARTAMON.

Caled. Well, Christians, we are met—and war awhile,
At your request, has still'd his angry voice,
To hear what you will purpose.

Eum. We come to know,
After so many troops you've lost in vain,
If you'll draw off in peace, and save the rest?

Her. Or rather to know first—for yet we know not—
Why on your heads you call our pointed arrows,

In our own just defence? What means this visit?
And why see we so many thousand tents
Rise in the air, and whiten all our fields?

Caled. Is that a question now? you had our summons,
When first we march'd against you, to surrender.
Two moons have wasted since, and now the third
Is in its wane. 'Tis true, drawn off awhile,
At Aizadine we met and fought the powers
Sent by your emperor to raise our siege.
Vainly you thought us gone; we gain'd a conquest.
You see we are return'd; our hearts, our cause,
Our swords the same.

Her. But why those swords were drawn,
And what's the cause, inform us?

Eum. Speak your wrongs,
If wrongs you have receiv'd, and by what means
They may be now repair'd.

Abu. Then, Christians, bear,
And heaven inspire you to embrace its truth!
Not wrongs I' avenge, but to establish right,
Our swords were drawn: for such is heaven's command
Immutable. By us great Mahomet,
And his successor, holy Abubeker,
Invite you to the faith.

Eum. Now, in the name of heaven, what faith is this,
That stalks gigantic forth thus arm'd with terrors,
As if it meant to ruin, not to save;
That leads embattled legions to the field,
And marks its progress out with blood and slaughter?

Her. Bold, frontless men! that impudently dare
To blend religion with the worst of crimes!
And sacrilegiously usurp that name,
To cover fraud, and justify oppression!

Eum. Where are your priests? What doctors of your
law

Have you e'er sent to instruct us in its precepts,
To solve our doubts, and satisfy our reason,
And kindly lead us through the wilds of error,
To these new tracts of truth?—This would be friendship,
And well might claim our thanks.

Caled. Friendship like this
With scorn had been receiv'd: your numerous vices,
Your clashing sects, your mutual rage and strife,
Have driven religion, and her angel guards,
Like outcasts from among you. In her stead,
Usurping superstition bears the sway,
And reigns in mimic state, midst idol shows,
And pageantry of power. Who does not mark
Your lives, rebellious to your own great prophet,
Who mildly taught you?—Therefore Mahomet
Has brought the sword, to govern you by force.

Eum. O, solemn truths! though from an impious
tongue! *Aside.*

That we're unworthy of our holy faith,
To heaven, with grief and conscious shame, we own.
But what are you that thus arraign our vices,
And consecrate your own?
Are you not sons of rapine, foes to peace,
Base robbers, murderers?

Caled. Christians, no.

Eum. Then say,
Why have you ravag'd all our peaceful borders?
Plunder'd our towns? and by what claim, e'en now,
You tread this ground?

Her. What claim, but that of hunger?
The claim of ravenous wolves, that leave their dens
To prowl at midnight round some sleeping village,
Or watch the shepherd's folded flock for prey?

Caled. Blasphemer, know, your fields and towns are
ours;

Our prophet has bestow'd them on the faithful,
And heaven itself has ratified the grant.

Eum. Oh! now indeed you boast a noble title!
What could your prophet grant? a hireling slave!
Not e'en the mules and camels which he drove,
Were his to give; and yet the bold impostor
Has canton'd out the kingdoms of the earth,
In frantic fits of visionary power,
To sooth his pride, and bribe his fellow madmen!

Caled. Was it for this you sent to ask a parley,

T' affront our faith, and to traduce our prophet?
Well might we answer you with quick revenge
For such indignities—Yet hear, once more,
Hear this, our last demand; and, this accepted,
We yet withdraw our war. Be Christians still;
But swear to live with us in firm alliance,
To yield us aid, and pay us annual tribute.

Eum. No: should we grant you aid, we must be rebels;
And tribute is the slavish badge of conquest.
Yet since, on just and honourable terms,
We ask but for our own—Ten silken vests,
Weighty with pearls and gems, we'll send your caliph;
Two, Caled, shall be thine; two thine, Abudah.
To each inferior captain we decree
A turban spun from our Damascus flax,
White as the snows of heaven; to every soldier
A scymitar. This, and of solid gold
Ten ingots, be the price to buy your absence.

Caled. This, and much more, even all your shining
wealth,
Will soon be ours. Behold our march
O'er half your land, like flame through fields of harvest;
And, last, view Aiznadin, that vale of blood!
There seek the souls of forty thousand Greeks,
That, fresh from life, yet hover o'er their bodies.
Then think, and then resolve.

Her. Presumptuous men!
What though you yet can boast successful guilt,
Is conquest only yours? Or dare you hope
That you shall still pour on the swelling tide,
Like some proud river that has left its banks,
Nor ever know repulse?

Eum. Have you forgot!
Not twice seven years are past, since e'en your prophet,
Bold as he was, and boasting aid divine,
Was by the tribe of Corish forc'd to fly,
Poorly to fly, to save his wretched life,
From Mecca to Medina?

Abu. No—forgot!
We well remember how Medina screen'd

That holy head, preserve'd for better days,
And ripening years of glory.

Daran. Why, my chiefs,
Will you waste time, in offering terms despis'd,
To these idolaters?—Words are but air,
Blows would plead better.

Caled. *Daran*, thou say'st true.
Christians, here end our truce. Behold, once more
The sword of heaven is drawn! nor shall be sheath'd,
But in the bowels of Damascus.

Fum. That,
Or speedy vengeance and destruction, due
To the proud menacers, as heaven sees fit! [Exit.

SCENE III. A Garden.

Enter EUDOCIA.

Eud. All's hush'd around!—No more the shout of
soldiers,
And clash of arms, tumultuous, fill the air.
Methinks this interval of terror seems
Like that, when the loud thunder just has roll'd
O'er our affrighted heads, and, in the heavens,
A momentary silence but prepares
A second and a louder clap to follow.

Enter PHOBYAS.

O no—my hero comes with better omens,
And every gloomy thought is now no more.

Pho. Where is the treasure of my soul?—*Eudocia*,
Behold me here impatient, like the miser,
That often steals in secret to his gold,
And counts, with trembling joy and jealous transport,
The shining heaps which he still fears to lose.

Eud. Welcome, thou brave, thou best deserving lover!
How do I doubly share the common safety,
Since 'tis a debt to thee!—But tell me, *Phoebias*,
Dost thou bring peace?—Thou dost, and I am happy!

Pho. Not yet, *Eudocia*; 'tis decreed by heaven,
I must do more to merit thy esteem.

Peace, like a frightened dove, has wing'd her flight
To distant hills, beyond these hostile tents;
And through them we must thither force our way,
If we would call the lovely wanderer back
To her forsaken home.

Eud. False, flattering hope!

Vanish'd so soon!—alas, my faithful fears
Return and tell me we must still be wretched!

Pho. Not so, my fair; if thou but gently smile,
Inspiring valour, and presaging conquest,
These barbarous foes to peace and love shall soon
Be chas'd, like fiends, before the morning light,
And all be calm again.

Eud. Is the truce ended?

Must war, alas! renew its bloody rage,
And Phocyas ever be expos'd to danger?

Pho. Think for whose sake danger itself has charms.

Dismiss thy fears: the lucky hour comes on,
Full fraught with joys, when my big soul no more
Shall labour with this secret of my passion,
To hide it from thy jealous father's eyes.

Just now, by signals from the plain, I've learn'd
That the proud foe refuse us terms of honour;
A sally is resolv'd; the citizens

And soldiers, kindled into sudden fury,
Press all in crowds, and beg I'll lead them on.

O, my Eudocia! if I now succeed—

Did I say, if—I must, I will; the cause

Is love, 'tis liberty, it is Eudocia!—

What then shall hinder,

But I may boldly ask thee of Eumenes,

Nor fear a rival's more prevailing claim?

Eud. May blessings still attend thy arms!—Methinks

I've caught the flame of thy heroic ardour;

And now I see thee crown'd with palm and olive;

The soldiers bring thee back, with songs of triumph,

And loud applauding shouts; thy resour'd country

Resounds thy praise; our emperor, Heraclius,

Decees thee honours for a city sav'd;

And pillars rise of monumental brass,
Inscrib'd—"To Phocyas, the deliverer."

Pho. The honours and rewards, which thou hast
nam'd,

Are bribes too little for my vast ambition.
My soul is full of thee!—Thou art my all,
Of fame, of triumph, and of future fortune.
'Twas love of thee first sent me forth in arms;
My service is all thine, to thee devoted;
And thou alone canst make e'en conquest pleasing.

Eud. O, do not wrong thy merit, nor restrain it
To narrow bounds; but know, I best am pleas'd
To share thee with thy country. Oh, my Phocyas!
With conscious blushes oft I've heard thy vows,
And strove to hide, yet more reveal'd my heart;
But 'tis thy virtue justifies my choice,
And what at first was weakness, now is glory.

Pho. Forgive me, thou fair pattern of all goodness,
If, in the transport of unbounded passion,
I still am lost to every thought but thee.
Yet sure to love thee thus is every virtue;
Nor need I more perfection.—Hark! I'm call'd.

Eud. Then go—and heaven with all its angels guard
thee. *{Trumpet sounds.*

Pho. Farewell!—for thee once more I draw the sword.
Now to the field, to gain the glorious prize;
'Tis victory—the word—Eudocia's eyes! *[Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.



SCENE I. *The Governor's Palace.*

Enter EUMENES and HERBIS.

Her. Still I must say 'twas wrong, 'twas wrong,
Eumenes;

And mark th' event!

Eum. What could I less? You saw
'Twas vain t' oppose it, whilst his eager valour,
Impatient of restraint——

Her. His eager valour!

His rashness, his hot youth, his valour's fever!
Must we, whose business 'tis to keep our walls,
And manage warily our little strength;
Must we at once lavish away our blood,
Because his pulse beats high, and his mad courage
Wants to be breath'd in some new enterprize?—
You should not have consented.

Eum. You forget.

'Twas not my voice alone you saw the people
(And sure such sudden instincts are from heaven!)

Rose all at once to follow him, as if
One soul inspir'd them, and that soul was Phocyas'.

Her. I had indeed forgot, and ask your pardon.
I took you for Eumenes, and I thought
That, in Damascus, you had chief command.

Eum. What dost thou mean?

Her. Nay, who's forgetful now?

You say, the people—Yes, that very people,
That coward tribe that press'd you to surrender!
Well may they spurn at lost authority;
Whom they like better, better they'll obey.

Eum. O I could curse the giddy changeful slaves,
But that the thought of this hour's great event
Possesses all my soul.—If we are beaten!—

Her. The poison works; 'tis well—I'll give him more.

[*Aside.*]

True, if were beaten, who shall answer that?
Shall you, or I?—Are you the governor?
Or say we conquer, whose is then the praise?

Eum. I know thy friendly fears; that thou and I
Must stoop beneath a beardless, rising hero!
And in Heraclius' court it shall be said,
Damascus, nay, perhaps the empire too,
Ow'd its deliverance to a boy.—Why be it,
So that he now return with victory;
'Tis honour greatly won, and let him wear it.
Yet I could wish I needed less his service.
Were Eutyches returned—

Her. That, that's my torture.

[*Aside.*]

I sent my son to the emperor's court, in hopes
His merit at this time might raise his fortunes;
But Phocyas—curse upon his froward virtues!—
Is reaping all this field of fame alone,
Or leaves him scarce the gleanings of a harvest.

Eum. See Artamon, with hasty strides returning.
He comes alone! Oh! friend, thy fears were just.
What are we now, and what is lost Damascus?

Enter ARTAMON.

Art. Joy to Eumenes!

Eum. Joy!—is't possible?

Dost thou bring news of victory?

Art. The sun

Is set in blood, and from the western skies
Has seen three thousand slaughter'd Arabs fall.

Her. Is Phocyas safe?

Art. He is, and crown'd with triumph.

Her. My fears indeed were just.

[*Aside.* Shout, Flourish.

Eum. What noise is that?

Her. The people worshipping their new divinity :
Shortly they'll build him temples.

Eum. Tell us, soldier,

Since thou hast shar'd the glory of this action,
Tell us how it began.

Art. At first the foe

Seem'd much surpris'd ; but taking soon the alarm,
Gather'd some hasty troops, and march'd to meet us.

The captain of these bands look'd wild and fierce,
His head unarm'd, as if in scorn of danger,

And naked to the waist ; as he drew near,
He rais'd his arm, and shook a pond'rous lance :

When all at once, as at a signal given,

We heard the tecbir, so these Arabs call

Their shouts of onset, when with loud appeal

They challenge heaven, as if demanding conquest.

The battle join'd, and through the barbarous host

" Fight, fight, and paradise," was all the cry.

At last our leaders met ; and gallant Phocyas—

But what are words, to tell the mighty wonders

We saw him then perform ?—Their chief unhors'd,

The Saracens soon broke their ranks, and fled ;

And had not a thick evening fog arose,

The slaughter had been double. But, behold,

The hero comes !

Enter PHOCYAS, EUMENES meeting him.

Eum. Joy to brave Phocyas !

Eumenes gives him back the joy he sent.

The welcome news has reach'd this place before thee.
How shall thy country pay the debt she owes thee?

Pho. By taking this as earnest of a debt
Which I owe her, and fain would better pay.

Her. In spite of envy I must praise him too. [*Aside.*
Phocyas, thou hast done bravely, and 'tis fit
Successful virtue take a time to rest.

Fortune is fickle, and may change: besides,
What shall we gain, if from a mighty ocean
By sluices we draw off some little streams?
If thousands fall, ten thousands more remain.
Nor ought we hazard worth so great as thine,
Against such odds. Suffice what's done already:
And let us now, in hopes of better days,
Keep wary watch, and wait th' expected succours.

Pho. What!—to be coop'd whole months within
our walls?

To rust at home, and sicken with inaction?
The courage of our men will droop and die,
If not kept up by daily exercise.
Again the beaten foe may force our gates;
And victory, if slighted thus, take wing,
And fly where she may find a better welcome.

Eum. Urge him no more:—

I'll think of thy late warning;

And thou shalt see I'll yet be governor. [*Aside to Her.*

Enter a Messenger, with a Letter.

Pho. [*Looking on it*] 'Tis to Eumenes.

Eum. Ha! from Eutyches.

[*Reads*] The emperor, awaken'd with the danger
That threatens his dominions, and the loss
At Atznadin, has drain'd his garrisons
To raise a second army. In a few hours
We will begin our march. *Sergius* brings this,
And will inform you further.—

Her. Heaven, I thank thee!

'Twas even beyond my hopes.

[*Aside.*

Eum. But where is *Sergius*?

Mes. The letter, fastened to an arrow's head,
Was shot into the town.

Eum. I fear he's taken.——

O Phocyas, Herbis, Artamon! my friends!
You all are sharers in this news; the storm
Is blowing o'er that hung like night upon us,
And threaten'd deadly ruin.——Haste, proclaim
The welcome tidings loud through all the city.
Let sparkling lights be seen from every turret,
To tell your joy, and spread their blaze to heaven.
Prepare for feasts; danger shall wait at distance,
And fear be now no more. The jolly soldier
And citizen shall meet o'er their full bowls,
Forget their toils, and laugh their cares away,
And mirth and triumphs close this happy day.

[*Exeunt Herbis and Artamon.*]

Pho. And may succeeding days prove yet more happy!
Well dost thou bid the voice of triumph sound
Through all our streets; our city calls thee father:
And say, Eumenes, dost thou not perceive
A father's transport rise within thy breast,
Whilst in this act thou art the hand of heaven,
To deal forth blessings, and distribute joy?

Eum. The blessings heaven bestows are freely sent,
And should be freely shar'd.

Pho. True——Generous minds
Redoubled feel the pleasure they impart.
For me, if I've deserv'd by arms or counsels,
By hazards, gladly sought and greatly prosper'd,
Whate'er I've added to the public stock,
With joy I see it in Eumenes' hands,
And wish but to receive my share from thee.

Eum. I cannot, if I would, withhold thy share.
What thou hast done is thine, the fame thy own:
And virtuous actions will reward themselves.

Pho. Fame—What is that, if courted for herself?
Less than a vision; a mere sound, an echo,
That calls, with mimic voice, through woods and laby-
riths,
Her cheated lovers: lost and heard by fits,

But never fix'd: a seeming nymph, yet nothing.
Virtue indeed is a substantial good,
A real beauty; yet with weary steps,
Through rugged ways, by long, laborious service,
When we have trac'd, and wou'd, and won the dame,
May we not then expect the dower she brings?

Eum. Well—ask that dowry; say, can Damascus
pay it?

Her riches shall be tax'd; name but the sum,
Her merchants with some costly gems shall grace
thee;

Nor can Heraclius fail to grant thee honours,
Proportion'd to thy birth and thy desert.

Pho. And can Eumenes think I would be brib'd
By trash, by sordid gold, to venal virtue?

What! serve my country for the same mean hire,
That can corrupt each villain to betray her?

Why is she sav'd from these Arabian spoilers,
If to be stripp'd by her own sons?—Forgive me

If the thought glows on my cheeks! I know
'Twas mention'd but to prove how much I scorn it.

Yes, Eumenes,

I have ambition—yet the vast reward

That swells my hopes, and equals all my wishes,

Is in thy gift alone—It is Eudocia.

Eum. Eudocia! Phocyas, I am yet thy friend,

And therefore will not hold thee long in doubt.

Thou must not think of her.

Pho. Not think of her!

Impossible.—She's ever present to me!

My life, my soul! She animates my being,

And kindles up my thoughts to worthy actions.

And why, Eumenes, why not think of her?

Is not my rank—

Eum. Forbear—What need a herald,

To tell me who thou art?—Yet once again—

Since thou wilt force me to a repetition,

I say, thou must not think of her.

My choice has destin'd her to Eutyches!

Pho. And has she then consented to that choice!

SCENE 1. OF DAMASCUS.

23

Eum. Has she consented?—What is her consent?
Is she not mine?

Pho. She is—and in that title,
Ev'n kings with envy may behold thy wealth,
And think their kingdoms poor!—And yet, Eumenes,
Shall she, by being thine, be barr'd a privilege
Which ev'n the meanest of her sex may claim?
Thou wilt not force her?

Eum. Who has told thee so?
I'd force her to be happy.

Pho. That thou canst not.
What happiness subsists in loss of freedom?

Eum. 'Tis well, young man—Why then I'll learn
from thee

To be a very tame, obedient father.
Thou hast already taught my child her duty.
I find the source of all her disobedience,
Her hate of me, her scorn of Eutyches,
Was this the spring of thy romantic bravery,
Thy boastful merit, thy officious service?

Pho. It was—with pride I own it—'twas Eudocia.
I have serv'd thee in serving her; thou know'st it.
Why wilt thou force me thus to be a braggart,
And tell thee that which thou shouldst tell thyself?
It grates my soul—I am not wont to talk thus.
But I recall my words—I have done nothing,
And would disclaim all merit, but my love.

Eum. Oh, no—say on, that thou hast sav'd Damascus;
Is it not so?—Look o'er her battlements,
See if the flying foe have left their camp!
Why are our gates yet clos'd, if thou hast freed us?
'Tis true thou'st fought a skirmish—What of that?
Had Eutyches been present—

Pho. Eutyches!
Why wilt thou urge my temper with that trifle?
Oh, let him come! that in yon spacious plain
We may together charge the thickest ranks,
Rush on to battle, wounds, and glorious death,
And prove who 'twas that best deserv'd Eudocia.

Eum. That will be seen ere long.—But since I find

Thou arrogantly wouldst usurp dominion,
Believ'st thyself the guardian genius here,
And that our fortunes hang upon thy sword;
Be that first try'd—for know, that from this moment,
Thou here hast no command. Farewell!—So stay,
Or hence and join the foe; thou hast thy choice.

[Exit.]

Pho. Spurn'd and degraded!—Proud, ungrateful
man!

Am I a bubble then, blown up by thee,
And toss'd into the air, to make thee sport?
Hence to the foe! 'Tis well——Eudocia,
Oh, I will see thee, thou wrong'd excellence!
But how to speak thy wrongs, or my disgrace—
Impossible! Oh, rather let me walk,
Like a dumb ghost, and burst my heart in silence.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. The Garden.

Enter EUDOCIA.

Eud. Why must we meet by stealth, like guilty
lovers?

But 'twill not long be so. What joy 'twill be
To own my hero in his ripen'd honours,
And hear applauding crowds pronounce me blest'd!
Sure he'll be here. See the fair rising moon,
Ere day's remaining twilight scarce is spent,
Hangs up her ready lamp, and with mild lustre
Drives back the hov'ring shade! Come, Phocyas, come;
This gentle season is a friend to love;
And now methinks I could with equal passion,
Meet thine, and tell thee all my secret soul.

Enter PHOCYAS.

He hears me. Oh, my Phocyas!—What, not answer?
Art thou not he? or art some shadow?—Speak.

Pho. I am indeed a shadow—I am nothing.

Eud. What dost thou mean? For now I know thee,

Phocyas.

Pho. And never can be thine!

It will have vent—Oh, barb'rous, curs'd—but hold—
I had forgot—it was Eudocia's father!

Oh, could I too forget how he has us'd me!

Eud. I fear to ask thee.

Pho. Dost thou fear?—Alas,

Then thou wilt pity me. Oh, gen'rous maid!

Thou hast charm'd down the rage that swell'd my heart,

And chok'd my voice; now I can speak to thee.

And yet 'tis worse than death what I have suffer'd;

It is the death of honour!—Yet that's little;

'Tis more, Eudocia, 'tis the loss of thee!

Eud. Hast thou not conquer'd? What are all these
shouts,

This voice of gen'ral joy, heard far around?

What are these fires, that cast their glimm'ring light

Against the sky? Are not all these thy triumphs?

Pho. O name not triumph! Talk no more of con-
quest!

It is indeed a night of gen'ral joy;

But not to me! Eudocia, I am come

To take a last farewell of thee for ever.

Eud. A last farewell!

Pho. Yes.—How wilt thou hereafter

Look on a wretch despis'd, revil'd, cashier'd,

Stripp'd of command, like a base, beaten coward?

Thy cruel father—I have told too much;

I should not but for this have felt the wounds

I got in fight for him—now, now they bleed!

But I have done—and now thou hast my story,

Is there a creature so accur'd as Phocyas?

Eud. And can it be? Is this then thy reward?

O Phocyas! never wouldst thou tell me yet

That thou hadst wounds; now I must feel them too.

For is it not for me thou hast borne this?

What else could be thy crime? Wert thou a traitor,

Hadst thou betray'd us, sold us to the foe—

Pho. Would I be yet a traitor, I have leave;

Nay, I am dar'd to it, with mocking scorn.

My crime indeed was asking thee; that only

Has cancell'd all, if I had any merit!

The city now is safe, my service alighted,
 And I discarded like an useless thing;
 Nay, bid be gone—and if I like that better,
 Seek out new friends, and join yon barb'rous host!
Eud. Hold—let me think awhile. [*Walks aside.*]

Though my heart bleed,
 I would not have him see these dropping tears.
 And wilt thou go then, Phocyas?

Pho. To my grave.
 Where can I bury else this foul disgrace?

Eud. Art thou sure
 Thou hast been us'd thus? art thou quite undone?

Pho. Yes, very sure. What dost thou mean?

Eud. That then it is a time for me—O, heav'n! that I
 Alone am grateful to this wondrous man!
 To own thee, Phocyas, thus—[*Gives her Hand*] nay,
 glory in thee,

And show, without a blush, how much I love.
 We must not part!

Pho. Then I am rich again! [*Embraces her.*]
 O no, we will not part! Confirm it, heav'n!
 Now thou shalt see how I will bend my spirit,
 With what soft patience I will bear my wrongs,
 Till I have weary'd out thy father's scorn:

Yet I have worse to tell thee—*Eutycles*—
Eud. Why wilt thou name him?

Pho. Now, ev'n now he's coming!
 Just hov'ring o'er thee, like a bird of prey:
 Thy father vows—for I must tell thee all—
 'Twas this that wrung my heart, and rack'd my brain,
 Ev'n to distraction!—vows thee to his bed;
 Nay, threaten'd force, if thou refuse obedience.

Eud. Force! threaten'd force!—my father—where
 is nature?

Is that too banish'd from his heart?—O then
 I have no father—How have I deserv'd this? [*Weeps.*]
 No home, but am henceforth an outcast orphan;
 For I will wander to earth's utmost bounds,
 Ere give my hand to that detested contract.
 O save me, Phocyas! thou hast sav'd my father.

Must I yet call him so, this cruel father.

How wilt thou now deliver poor Eudocia?

Pho. See how we're join'd in exile! How our fate
Conspires to warn us both to leave this city!
Thou know'st the emperor is now at Antioch;
I have an uncle there, who when the Persian,
As now the Saracen, had nigh o'errun
The ravag'd empire, did him signal service,
And nobly was rewarded. There, Eudocia,
Thou might'st be safe, and I may meet with justice.

Eud. There—any where, so we may fly this place.
See, Phocyas, what thy wrongs and mine have wrought
In a weak woman's frame! for I have courage
To share thy exile now through ev'ry danger.
Danger is only here, and dwells with guilt,
With base ingratitude, and hard oppression.

Pho. Then let us lose no time, but hence this night.
The gates I can command, and will provide
The means of our escape. Some five hours hence,
'Twill then be turn'd of midnight, we may meet
In the piazza of Honoria's convent.

Eud. I know it well; the place is most secure,
And near adjoining to this garden wall.

There thou shalt find me.—Oh, protect us, heav'n!

Pho. Fear not; thy innocence will be our guard;
Some pitying angel will attend thy steps,
Guide thee unseen, and charm the sleeping foe,
Till thou art safe! Oh, I have suffer'd nothing,
Thus gaining thee, and this great gen'rous proof,
How bless'd I am in my Eudocia's love!
My only joy, farewell!

Eud. Farewell, my Phocyas!

I have no friend but thee—yet thee I'll call

Friend, father, lover, guardian!—Thou art all!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE THIRD.



SCENE I. CALED'S Tent.

Enter CALED and Attendants. SERGIUS held by Two Guards, bound with Cords.

Ser. Oh, mercy, mercy!

Caled. Mercy! what's that?—Look yonder on the field

Of our late fight! Go, talk of mercy there.

Will the dead hear thy voice?

Ser. Oh, spare me yet.

Caled. Thou wretch!—Spare thee? to what? To live in torture?

Are not thy limbs all bruised, thy bones disjointed,

To force thee to confess? And wouldst thou drag,

Like a crush'd serpent, a vile, mangled being?

My eyes abhor a coward—Hence, and die!

Ser. Oh! I have told thee all—When first pursu'd,

I fix'd my letters on an arrow's point,

And shot them o'er the walls.

Caled. Hast thou told all?

Well, then thou shalt have mercy to requite thee :

Behold I'll send thee forward on thy errand.
Strike off his head; then cast it o'er the gates!
There let thy tongue tell o'er its tale again!

Ser. Oh, bloody Saracens!

[*Exit Sergius, dragged away by the Guards.*]

Enter ABUDAH.

Caled. Abudah, welcome!

Abu. Oh, Caled, what an evening was the last!

Caled. Name it no more; remembrance sickens with it,

And therefore sleep is banish'd from this night;
Nor shall to-morrow's sun open his eye
Upon our shame, ere doubly we've redeem'd it.
Have all the captains notice?

Abu. I have walk'd

The rounds to-night, ere the last hour of pray'r,
From tent to tent, and warn'd them to be ready.
What must be done?

Caled. Thou know'st th' important news
Which we have intercepted by this slave,
Of a new army's march. The time now calls,
While these soft Syrians are dissolv'd in riot,
Fool'd with success, and not suspecting danger,
To form a new attack ere break of day;
So, like the wounded leopard, shall we rush
From out our covers on these drowsy hunters,
And seize them, unprepar'd to 'scape our vengeance.

Abu. Great captain of the armies of the faithful!
I know thy mighty and unconquer'd spirit;
Yet hear me, Caled, hear and weigh my doubts,
Our angry prophet frowns upon our vices,
And visits us in blood. Why else did terror,
Unknown before, seize all our stoutest bands?
The angel of destruction was abroad;
The archers of the tribe of 'Thoal fled,
So long renown'd, or spent their shafts in vain;
The feather'd flights err'd through the boundless air,
Or the death turn'd on him that drew the bow!
What can this bode?—Let me speak plainer yet;

Is it to propagate th' unspotted law
 We fight? 'Tis well; it is a noble cause.
 But much I fear infection is among us;
 A boundless lust of rapine guides our troops.
 We learn the Christian vices we chastise,
 And, tempted with the pleasures of the soil,
 More than with distant hopes of paradise,
 I fear may soon—but oh, avert it, heav'n!
 Fall ev'n a prey to our own spoils and conquests.

Caled. No—thou mistak'st; thy pious zeal deceives thee.

Our prophet only chides our sluggard valour.
 Thou saw'st how in the vale of Honan once
 The troops, as now defeated, fled confus'd
 Ev'n to the gates of Mecca's holy city?
 Till Mahomet himself there stopp'd their entrance.
 A jav'lin in his hand, and turn'd them back
 Upon the foe; they fought again and conquer'd.
 Behold how we may best appease his wrath!
 His own example points us out the way.

Abu. Well—be it then resolv'd. Th' indulgent hour

Of better fortune is, I hope, at hand.
 And yet, since Phocyas has appear'd its champion,
 How has this city rais'd its drooping head!
 As if some charm prevail'd where'er he fought;
 Our strength seems wither'd, and our feeble weapons
 Forget their wonted triumph—were he absent—

Caled. I would have sought him out in the last action,
 To single fight, and put that charm to proof,
 Had not a foul and sudden mist arose
 Ere I arriv'd, to have restor'd the combat.
 But let it be—'tis past. We yet may meet,
 And 'twill be known whose arm is then the stronger.

Enter DARAN.

Daran. Health to the race of Ismael! and days
 More prosperous than the last—a Christian captive
 Is fall'n within my watch, and waits his doom. [death!]

Caled. Bring forth the slave.—O thou keen vulture,

Do we then feed thee only thus by morsels!
Whole armies never can suffice thy anger.

[Exit Daran.]

Re-enter DARAN, with PHOCYAS.

Whence, and what art thou?—Of Damascus?—Daran,
Where didst thou find this dumb and sullen thing,
That seems to lower defiance on our anger?

Daran. Marching in circuit, with the horse thou
gav'st me,

T' observe the city gates, I saw from far
Two persons issue forth; the one advanc'd,
And ere he could retreat, my horsemen seiz'd him;
The other was a woman, and had fled,
Upon a signal giv'n at our approach,
And got within the gates. Wouldst thou know more,
Himself, if he will speak, can best inform thee.

Caled. Have I not seen thy face?

Abu. He hears thee not;

His eyes are fix'd on earth; some deep distress
Is at his heart. This is no common captive.

[Apart to Caled.]

Caled. A lion in the toils! We soon shall tame him.
Still art thou dumb?—Nay, 'tis in vain to cast
Thy gloomy looks so oft around this place,
Or frown upon thy bonds—thou canst not 'scape.

Pho. Then be it so—the worst is past already,
And life is now not worth a moment's pause.
Do you not know me yet? Think of the man
You have most cause to curse, and I am he.

Caled. Ha! Phocyas?

Abu. Phocyas!—Mahomet, we thank thee!
Now dost thou smile again.

Caled. This is indeed a prize! [Aside.
Is't because thou know'st what slaughter'd heaps
There yet unbury'd lie without the camp,
Whose ghosts have all this night, passing the Zorat,
Call'd from the bridge of death to thee to follow,
That now thou'rt here to answer to their cry?
Howe'er it be, thou know'st thy welcome.

Pho. Yes,
Thou proud, blood-thirsty Arab!—Well I know
What to expect from thee: I know ye all.
How should the author of distress and ruin
Be mov'd to pity? That's a human passion.
No—in your hungry eyes, that look revenge,
I read my doom. Where are your racks, your tortures?
I'm ready—lead me to them; I can bear
The worst of ills from you. You're not my friends,
My countrymen.—Yet were you men, I could
Unfold a story—But no more—Eumenes,
'Thou hast thy wish, and I am now—a worm!
Abu. Leader of armies, hear him! for my mind
Presses good accruing to our cause
By this event. [*Apart to Caled.*

Caled. I tell thee then thou wrong'st us,
To think our hearts thus steel'd, or our ears deaf
To all that thou may'st utter. Speak, disclose
The secret woes that throb within thy breast.
Now, by the silent hours of night, we'll hear thee,
And mute attention shall await thy words.

Pho. This is not then the palace in Damascus!
If you will hear, then I indeed have wrong'd you.
How can this be?—When he, for whom I've fought,
Fought against you, has yet refus'd to hear me!
You seem surpris'd.—It was ingratitude
That drove me out, an exile, not a foe.

Abu. Is it possible?
Are these thy Christian friends?

Caled. 'Tis well—we thank them:
They help us to subdue themselves—But who
Was the companion of thy flight?—A woman,
So Daran said—

Pho. 'Tis there I am most wretched—
Oh, I am torn from all my soul held dear,
And my life's blood flows out upon the wound!
That woman—'twas for her—How shall I speak it?
Eudocia, oh, farewell!—I'll tell you then,
As fast as these heart-rending sighs will let me:
I lov'd the daughter of the proud Eumenes,

And long in secret woo'd her; not unwelcome
To her my visits; but I fear'd her father;
Who oft had press'd her to detested nuptials,
And therefore durst not, till this night of joy,
Avow to him my courtship. Now I thought her
Mine, by a double claim, of mutual vows,
And service yielded at his greatest need:
When, as I mov'd my suit, with sour disdain,
He mock'd my service and forbade my love,
Degraded me from the command I bore,
And with defiance bade me seek the foe.
How has his curse prevail'd!--The gen'rous maid
Was won by my distress to leave the city;
And cruel fortune made me thus your prey.

Abu. My soul is mov'd--Thou wert a man, Oh, prophet!

Forgive, if 'tis a crime, a human sorrow
For injur'd worth, though in an enemy! *[Aside.*

Pho. Now--since you've heard my story, set me free,
That I may save her yet, dearer than life,
From a tyrannic father's threaten'd force;
Gold, gems, and purple vests, shall pay my ransom;
Nor shall my peaceful sword henceforth be drawn
In fight, nor break its truce with you for ever.

Caled. No--there's one way, a better, and but one,
To save thyself, and make some reparation
For all the numbers thy bold hand has slain.

Pho. O, name it quickly, and my soul will bless thee!

Caled. Embrace our faith, and share with us our fortunes.

Pho. Then I am lost again!

Caled. What! when we offer,
Not freedom only, but to raise thee high,
To greatness, conquest, glory, heav'nly bliss?

Pho. To sink me down to infamy, perdition,
Here and hereafter! Make my name a curse
To present times, to ev'ry future age
A proverb and a scorn!--take back thy mercy,
And know I now disdain it.

Caled. As thou wilt.

The time's too precious to be wasted longer
In words with thee. Thou know'st thy doom—farewell.

Abu. Hear me, Caled: grant him some short space;
Perhaps he will at length accept thy bounty.
Try him, at least. [*Apart to Caled.*]

Caled. Well—be it so then. *Daran,*
Guard well thy charge—Thou hast an hour to live:
If thou art wise, thou may'st prolong that term;
If not—why—Fare thee well, and think of death.

[*Exit Caled and Abudah. Daran waits at a distance.*]

Pho. "Farewell, and think of death!" Was it not so?
Do murderers then preach morality?—
But how to think of what the living know not,
And the dead cannot, or else may not tell!—
What art thou, oh, thou great mysterious terror!
The way to thee we know! disease, famine,
Sword, fire, and all thy ever open gates,
That day and night stand ready to receive us.
But what's beyond them?—Who will draw that veil?
Yet death's not there—No, 'tis a point of time,
The verge 'twixt mortal and immortal beings.
It mocks our thoughts! On this side all is life;
And when we have reach'd it, in that very instant,
'Tis past the thinking of! Oh! if it be
The pangs, the throes, the agonizing struggles
When soul and body part, sure I have felt it,
And there's no more to fear.

Daran. Suppose I now
Dispatch him?—Right—What need to stay for orders?
I wish I durst!—Yet what I dare, I'll do. [*Aside.*]
Your jewels, Christian—You'll not need these trifles.

[*Searches him.*]

Pho. I pray thee, slave, stand off—My soul's too busy
To lose a thought on thee.

Re-enter ABUDAH.

Abu. What's this?—Forbear!
Who gave thee leave to use this violence?
[*Takes the Jewels from Daran, and lays them on a Table.*]

Daran. Deny'd my booty! curses on his head!
Was not the founder of our law a robber?
Why, 'twas for that I left my country's gods,
Menaph and Uzza. Better still be Pagan,
Than starve with a new faith. [Aside.

Abu. What dost thou mutter?

Daran, withdraw, and better learn thy duty.

[Exit *Daran*.

Phocyas, perhaps thou know'st me not?

Pho. I know

Thy name, Abudah, and thy office here,
The second in command. What more thou art,
Indeed I cannot tell.

Abu. True; for thou yet
Know'st not I am thy friend.

Pho. Is't possible?—

Thou speak'st me fair.

Abu. What dost thou think of life? •

Pho. I think not of it; death was in my thoughts.
On hard condition, life were but a load,
And I will lay it down.

Abu. Art thou resolv'd?

Pho. I am, unless thou bring'st me better terms
Than those I have rejected.

Abu. Think again.

Caled by me once more renews that offer.

Pho. Thou say'st thou art my friend: why dost thou
try

To shake the settled temper of my breast?
My soul has just discharg'd her cumb'rous train
Of hopes and fears, prepar'd to take her voyage
To other seats, where she may rest in peace;
And now thou call'st me back, to beat again
The painful road of life—Tempt me no more
To be a wretch, for I despise the offer.

Abu. The gen'ral knows thee brave, and 'tis for that
He seeks alliance with thy noble virtues.

Pho. He knows me brave!—Why does he then thus
treat me?

No, he believes I am so poor of soul,

That, barely for the privilege to live,
I would be bought his slave. But go, tell him
The little space of life, his scorn bequeath'd me,
Was lent in vain, and he may take the forfeit.

Abu. Why wilt thou wed thyself to misery?
When our faith courts thee to eternal blessings?
When truth itself is, like a seraph, come
To loose thy bands?—The light divine, whose beams
Pierc'd through the gloom of Hera's sacred cave,
And there illumin'd the great Mahomet,
Arabia's morning star, now shines on thee.
Arise, salute with joy the guest from heav'n,
Follow her steps, and be no more a captive.

Pho. But whither must I follow?—Answer that.
Is she a guest from heav'n? What marks divine,
What signs, what wonders, vouch her boasted mission?

Abu. What wonders?—Turn thy eye to Mecca! mark
How far from Caaba first, that hallow'd temple,
Her glory dawn'd!—then look how swift its course,
As when the sun-beams, shooting through a cloud,
Drive o'er the meadow's face the flying shades!
Have not the nations bent before our swords,
Like ripen'd corn before the reaper's steel?
Why is all this? Why does success still wait
Upon our laws, if not to show that heav'n
First sent it forth, and owns it still by conquest?

Pho. Dost thou ask why is this?—Oh, why indred?
Where is the man can read heav'n's secret counsels?—
Why did I conquer in another cause,
Yet now am here?

Abu. I'll tell thee: thy good angel
Has seiz'd thy hand unseen, and snatch'd thee out
From swift destruction: know, ere day shall dawn,
Damascus will in blood lament its fall!
We've heard what army is design'd to march
Too late to save her. Now, e'en now, our force
Is just preparing for a fresh assault.
Now too thou might'st revenge thy wrongs—so Calcd
Charg'd me to say, and more—that he invites thee;
Thou know'st the terms—to share with him the conquest.

Pho. Conquest! Revenge!—Hold, let me think——

Oh, horror!

Revenge! Oh, what revenge? Bleed on, my wounds,
For thus to be reveng'd, were it not worse
Than all that I can suffer?—But, Eudocia—
Where will she then?—Shield her, ye pitying pow'rs,
And let me die in peace!

Abu. Hear me once more,
'Tis all I have to offer; mark me now!
Caled has sworn Eudocia shall be safe.

Pho. Ha! safe—but how? A wretched captive too?

Abu. He swears she shall be free, she shall be thine.

Pho. Then I am lost indeed.

Abu. The time draws near, and I must quickly leave
thee;

But first reflect, that in this fatal night
Slaughter and rapine may be loos'd abroad;
And while they roam with unextinguish'd rage,
Should she thou lov'st—(well may'st thou start)—be
made,

Perhaps unknown, some barb'rous soldier's prey;
Should she then fall a sacrifice to lust,
Or brutal fury——

Pho. Oh! this pulls my heart-strings! [*Falls.*
Earth open—save me, save me from that thought.

Abu. Nay, do not plunge thyself in black despair;
Look up, poor wretch, thou art not shipwreck'd yet;
Behold an anchor; am not I thy friend?

Pho. [*Rises*] Ha! Who, what art thou? [*Raves.*
My friend? that's well; but hold—are all friends honest?
What's to be done?—Hush, hark! what voice is that?

Abu. There is no voice; 'tis yet the dead of night;
The guards without keep silent watch around us.

Pho. Again it calls—'tis she—O, lead me to her!

Abu. Thy passion mocks thee with imagin'd sounds.

Pho. Sore 'twas Eudocia's voice cry'd out, Forbear!
What shall I do?—Oh, heav'n!

Abu. Heav'n shows thee what.

Nay, now it is too late; see Caled comes,

With anger on his brow. Quickly withdraw
To the next tent, and there—

Pho. [*Rises*] What do I see?

Damascus! conquest! ruin! rapes and murder!
Villains!—Is there no more?—Oh, save her, save her!
[*Exeunt Phocas and Abudah.*]

Re-enter CALED and DARAN.

Daran. Behold, on thy approach, they shift their
ground.

Caled. 'Tis as thou say'st; he trifles with my mercy.

Daran. Speak, shall I fetch his head?

Caled. No, stay you here,
I cannot spare thee yet. *Raphan*, go thou.

[*To an Officer.*]
But hold—I've thought again—he shall not die.
Go, tell him he shall live till he has seen
Damascus sink 'in flames, till he behold
That slave, that woman idol he adores,
Or give 'n a prize to some brave Mussulman,
Or slain before his face; then if he sue
For death, as for a boon, perhaps we'll grant it.
[*Exit Raphan.*]

Daran. The captains wait thy orders.

Caled. Are the troops
Ready to march?

Daran. They are.

Caled. Mourn, thou haughty city!
The bow is bent, nor canst thou scape thy doom.
Who turns his back henceforth, our prophet curse him!
Daran. But who commands the trusty bands of
Mecca?

Thou know'st their leader fell in the last fight.

Caled. 'Tis true; thou, *Daran*, well deserv'st that
charge;

I've mark'd what a keen hatred, like my own,
Dwells in thy breast against these Christian dogs.

Daran. Thou dost me right.

Caled. And therefore I'll reward it.

Be that command now thine. And here, this sabre, *
 Bless'd in the field by Mahomet himself,
 At Caabar's prosperous fight, shall aid thy arm.

Daran. Thanks, my good chief; with this I'll better
 thank thee. [*Takes the Scimitar.*]

Caled. Myself will lead the troops of the black standard.

And at the eastern gate begin the storm.

Daran. But why do we not move? 'twill soon be day.
 Methinks I'm cold, and would grow warm with action.

Caled. Then haste and tell Abudah—O, thou'rt
 welcome!

Re-enter ABUDAH.

Thy charge awaits thee. Where's the stubborn captive?

Abu. Indeed he's brave. I left him for a moment
 In the next tent. He's scarcely yet himself.

Caled. But is he ours?

Abu. The threats of death are nothing;
 Though thy last message shook his soul, as winds
 On the bleak hills bend down some lofty pine;
 Yet still he held his root, till I found means,
 Abating somewhat of thy first demand,
 If not to make him wholly ours, at least
 To gain sufficient to our end.

Caled. Say how?

Abu. Oft he inclin'd, oft started back; at last,
 When just consenting, for awhile he paus'd,
 Stood fix'd in thought, and lift his eyes to heaven;
 Then, as with fresh recover'd force, cry'd out,
 "Renounce my faith! Never."—I answer'd, "No,
 That now he should not do it."

Caled. How?

Abu. Yet hear;
 For since I saw him now so lost in passion,
 That must be left to his more temperate thoughts.
 Mean time I urg'd, conjur'd, at last constrain'd him,
 By all he held most dear, nay, by the voice
 Of Providence, that call'd him now to save,
 With her he lov'd, perhaps the lives of thousands,

No longer to resist his better fate,
But join his arms in present action with us,
And swear he would be faithful.

Caled. What, no more?
Then he's a Christian still!

Abu. Have patience yet;
For if by him we can surprise the city——

Caled. Say'st thou?

Abu. Hear what's agreed; but on the terms
That ev'ry unresisting life be spar'd.
I shall command some chosen, faithful bands;
Phoevas will guide us to the gate, from whence
He late escap'd; nor do we doubt but there
With ease to gain admittance.

Caled. This is something.

And yet I do not like this half ally.
Is he not still a Christian?—But no matter——
Mean time I will attack the eastern gate:
Who first succeeds gives entrance to the rest.
Hear all!—Prepare ye now for boldest deeds,
And know, the prophet will reward your valour.
Think that we all to certain triumph move;
Who falls in fight yet meets the prize above.
There, in the gardens of eternal spring,
While birds of Paradise around you sing,
Each, with his blooming beauty by his side,
Shall drink rich wines, that in full rivers glide;
Breathe fragrant gales o'er fields of spice that blow,
And gather fruits immortal as they grow;
Ecstatic bliss shall your whole pow'rs employ,
And ev'ry sense be lost in ev'ry joy. [Exeunt.

ACT THE FOURTH.



SCENE I. *A great Square in the City before the Governor's Palace.*

Enter ABUDAH, Saracen Captains and Soldiers; with EUMENES, HERBIS, and other Christians, unarmed.

Eum. It must be so—farewell, devoted walls!
To be surprised thus!—Hell, and all ye fiends,
How did ye watch this minute for destruction!

Her. We've been betray'd by riot and debauch.
Curse on the traitor guard.

Eum. The guard above,
Did that sleep too?

Abu. Christians, complain no more,
What you have ask'd is granted. Are ye men,
And dare ye question thus, with bold impatience,
Eternal justice?—Know, the doom from heaven
Falls on your towers, resistless as the bolt
That fires the cedars on your mountain tops.
Be meek, and learn with humble awe to bear
The mitigated ruin. Worse had follow'd,
Had ye oppos'd our numbers. Now you're safe;

Quarter and liberty are giv'n to all;
 And little do ye think how much ye owe
 To one brave enemy, whom yet ye know not.

Enter ARTAMON, hastily.

Art. All's lost!—*Ha!*—Who are these?

Eum. All's lost indeed.

Yield up thy sword, if thou wouldst share our safety.
 Thou com'st too late to bring us news.

A. Oh!—no.

The news I bring is from the eastern guard.
 Caled has forc'd the gate, and—but he's here.

[A Cry without, Fly, fly, they follow—Quarter, mercy, quarter!]

Caled. *[Without]* No quarter! Kill, I say. Are they
 not Christians!
 More blood! our prophet asks it.

Enter CALED and DARAN.

What, Abudah!

Well met!—But wherefore are the looks of peace?

Why sleeps thy sword?

Abu. Caled, our task is over.

Behold the chiefs! they have resign'd the palace.

Caled. And sworn t'obey our law?

Abu. No.

Caled. Then fall on.

Abu. Hold yet, and hear me—Heaven by me has
 spar'd

The sword its cruel task. On easy terms
 We've gain'd a bloodless conquest.

Caled. I renounce it.

Curse on those terms! The city's mine by storm.

Fall on, I say.

Abu. Nay, then I swear ye shall not.

Caled. *Ha!*—Who am I?

Abu. The general—and I know

What reverence is your due.

[Caled gives Signs to his Men to fall on.
 Nay, he who stirs,

First makes his way through me. My honour's pledg'd:
Rob me of that who dares. [*They stop*] I know thee.

Caled,

Chief in command; bold, valiant, wise, and faithful;
But yet remember I'm a Mussulman;
Nay more, thou know'st, companion of the prophet;
And what we row is sacred.

Caled. Thou'rt a Christian,
I swear thou art, and hast betray'd the faith.
Curse on thy new allies!

Abu. No more—this strife
But ill befits the servants of the caliph,
And casts reproach—Christians, withdraw awhile:
I pledge my life to answer the conditions—

[*Exeunt Eumenes, Herbis, &c.*]

Why, *Caled*, do we thus expose ourselves
A scorn to nations that despise our law?
Thou call'st me Christian—What! Is it because
I prize my plighted faith, that I'm a Christian?
Come, 'tis not well, and if—

Caled. What terms are yielded?

Abu. Leave to depart to all that will; an oath
First given no more to aid the war against us,
An unmolested march. Each citizen
To take his goods, not more than a mule's burden;
The chiefs six mules, and ten the governor;
Besides some few slight arms for their defence
Against the mountain robbers.

Caled. Now, by Mahomet,
Thou hast equip'd an army!

Abu. Canst thou doubt
The greatest part by far will choose to stay,
Receive our law, or pay th' accustomed tribute?
What fear we then from a few wretched bands
Of scatter'd fugitives?—Besides, thou know'st
What towns of strength remain yet unsubdu'd.
Let us appear this once like generous victors,
So future conquests shall repay this bounty,
And willing provinces ev'n court subjection.

Caled. Well—be it on thy head, if worse befall!

This once I yield—but see it thus proclaim'd
Through all Damascus, that who will depart,
Must leave the place this instant—Pass, move on.
[Exit.

SCENE II. *The Outside of a Nunnery.*

Enter EUDOCIA.

Eud. Darkness is fled; and yet the morning light
Gives me more fears than did night's deadly gloom.
Within, without, all, all are foes—Oh, Phocyas,
Thou art perhaps at rest! would I were too!
[After a Pause.
This place has holy charms; rapine and murder
Dare not approach it, but are aw'd to distance.
I've heard that even these infidels have spar'd
Walls sacred to devotion—World, farewell!
Here will I hide me, till the friendly grave
Opens its arms, and shelters me for ever! [Exit.

Enter PHOCYAS.

Pho. Did not I hear the murmurs of a voice
This way?—A woman's too!—and seem'd com-
plaining!

Hark!—No—O torture! Whither shall I turn me?
'Twas here last night we met. Dear, dear Eudocia?
Might I once more— [Going out, he meets her.

Eud. Who calls the lost Eudocia?

Sure 'tis a friendly voice!

Pho. 'Tis she—O rapture!

Eud. Is't possible—my Phocyas!

Pho. My Eudocia!

Do I yet call thee mine?

Eud. Do I yet see thee?

Yet hear thee speak? O how hast thou escap'd
From barbarous swords, and men that know not mercy?

Pho. I've borne a thousand deaths since our last
parting.

But wherefore do I talk of death?—for now,
Methinks I'm rais'd to life immortal.

And feel I'm blest beyond the power of change;
For thee have triumph'd o'er the fiercest foes,
And turn'd them friends.

Eud. Amazement! Friends!

O all ye guardian powers!—Say on—O lead me,
Lead me through this dark maze of providence,
Which thou hast trod, that I may trace thy steps
With silent awe, and worship as I pass.

Pho. Inquire no more—thou shalt know all—here—
after—

Let me conduct thee hence.

Eud. O whither next?

To what far distant home?—But 'tis enough
That, favour'd thus of heaven, thou art my guide.
And as we journey on the painful way,
Say, wilt thou then beguile the passing hours,
And open all the wonders of the story?
Where is my father?

Pho. Thou heavenly maid!

Know, I've once more, wrong'd as I am, even sav'd
Thy father's threaten'd life: nay, sav'd Damascus
From blood and slaughter, and from total ruin.
O didst thou know to what deadly gulfs
Of horror and despair I have been driven
This night, ere my perplex'd, bewilder'd soul
Could find its way!—thou saidst that thou wouldst
chide?

I fear thou wilt: indeed I have done that,
I could have wish'd t'avoid—but for a cause
So lovely, so belov'd—

Eud. What dost thou mean?

I'll not indulge a thought that thou couldst do
One act unworthy of thyself, thy honour,
And that firm zeal against these foes of heaven:
Thou couldst not save thy life by means inglorious.

Pho. Alas thou know'st me not—I'm man, frail man,
To error born; and who, that's man, is perfect?
To save my life! O no, well was it risk'd
For thee! had it been lost, 'twere not too much,

And thou art safe:—O what wouldst thou have said,
If I had risk'd my soul to save Rodocia?

Eud. Ha, speak—Oh no, be dumb—it cannot be!
And yet thy looks are chang'd, thy lips grow pale.
Why dost thou shake?—Alas! I tremble too!
Thou couldst not, hast not sworn to Mahomet?

Pho. No—I should first have dy'd—nay, given up thee.

Eud. O Phocyas! was it well to try me thus?

And yet another deadly fear succeeds!

How came these wretches hither? Who reviv'd

Their fainting arms to unexpected triumph?

For while thou fought'st, and fought'st the Christian
cause,

These batter'd walls were rocks impregnable,

Their towers of adamant. But, oh, I fear

Some act of thine—

Pho. No more—I'll tell thee all;

I found the wakeful foe in midnight council,

Resolv'd ere day to make a fresh attack,

Keen for revenge, and hungry after slaughter—

Could my rack'd soul bear that, and think of thee?

Nay, think of thee expos'd a helpless prey

To some fierce ruffian's violating arms?

O, had the world been mine, in that extreme,

I should have given whole provinces away;

Nay, all—and thought it little for my ransom!

Eud. For this then—Oh, thou hast betray'd the city!

Distrustful of the righteous powers above,

That still protect the chaste and innocent:

And to avert a feign'd, uncertain danger,

Thou hast brought certain ruin on thy country!

Pho. No, the sword,

Which threaten'd to have fill'd the streets with blood,

I sheath'd in peace; thy father, thou, and all

The citizens are safe, uncaptiv'd, free.

Eud. Safe! free! O no—life, freedom, every good,

Turns to a curse, if sought by wicked means!

Yet sure it cannot be! are these the terms

On which we meet?—No, we can never meet

On terms like these; the hand of death itself
 Could not have torn us from each other's arms,
 Like this dire act!

But, alas!

'Tis thou hast blasted all my joys for ever,
 And cut down hope, like a poor, short-liv'd flower,
 Never to grow again!

Pho. Cruel Eudocia!

If in my heart's dear anguish I've been forc'd
 Awhile from what I was—dost thou reject me?

Think of the cause—

Eud. The cause! there is no cause—

Not universal nature could afford

A cause for this. What were dominion, pomp,
 The wealth of nations, nay of all the world,
 If weigh'd with faith unspotted, heavenly truth,
 Thoughts free from guilt, the empire of the mind,
 And all the triumph of a godlike breast,
 Firm and unmov'd in the great cause of virtue?

Pho. No more—Thou waken'st in my tortur'd heart
 The cruel, conscious worm, that stings to madness!
 Oh, I'm undone! I know it, and can bear
 To be undone for thee, but not to lose thee.

Eud. Poor wretch!—I pity thee!—but art thou
Phocyas,

The man I lov'd?—I could have dy'd with thee
 Ere thou didst this: then we had gone together,
 A glorious pair, and soar'd above the stars:
 But never, never

Will I be made the curs'd reward of treason,
 To seal thy doom, to bind a hellish league,
 And to ensure thy everlasting woe.

Pho. What league?—'tis ended—I renounce it—
 thus—

I bend to heaven and thee—O thou divine,
 Thou matchless image of all perfect goodness!
 Do thou but pity yet the wretched *Phocyas*,
 Heaven will relent, and all may yet be well.

Eud. No—we must part.
 Then do not think

[*Knells.*]

Thy loss in me is worth one drooping tear :
But if thou wouldst be reconcil'd to heaven,
First sacrifice to heaven that fatal passion
Which caus'd thy fall ; forget the lost Eudocia.
Canst thou forget her ?—Oh ! the killing torture,
To think 'twas love, excess of love, divorc'd us !
Farewell for—still I cannot speak that word,
These tears speak for me—O farewell— [Exit.

Pho. [Raving] For ever !
Return, return and speak it ; say, for ever !
She's gone—and now she joins the fugitives.
O hear, all gracious heaven ! wilt thou at once
Forgive ; and, oh, inspire me to some act
This day, that may in part redeem what's past !
Prosper this day, or let it be my last. [Exit.

ACT THE FIFTH.



SCENE I. *An open Place in the City.*

Enter CALED and DARAN, meeting.

Caled. Soldier, what news? thou look'st as thou wert angry.

Daran. And, durst I say it so, my chief, I am; I've spoke——If it offends, my head is thine; Take it, and I am silent.

Caled. No, say on.

I know thee honest, and perhaps I guess
What knits thy brows in frowns——

Daran. Is this, my leader,
A conquer'd city?—View yon vale of palms:
Behold the vanquish'd Christian triumph still,
Rich in his flight, and mocks thy barren war.

Caled. The vale of palms?

Daran. Beyond those hills, the place
Where they agreed this day to meet and bunt,
To gather all their forces; there disguis'd,
Just now I've view'd their camp—O, I could curse
My eyes for what they've seen.

Caled. What hast thou seen?

Daran. Why, all Damascus:—All its souls, its life,
Its heart blood, all its treasure, piles of plate,
Crosses enrich'd with gems, arras and silks,
And vests of gold, unfolded to the sun,
That rival all his lustre!

Caled. How?

Daran. 'Tis true.

The bees are wisely bearing off their honey,
And soon the empty hive will be our own.

Caled. So forward too! curse on this foolish treaty!

Daran. Forward—it looks as if they had been fore-
warn'd.

By Mahomet, the land wears not the face
Of war, but trade! and thou wouldst swear its merchants
Were sending forth their loaded caravans
To all the neighb'ring countries.

Caled. Dogs! infidels! 'tis more than was allow'd!

Daran. And shall we not pursue them—Robbers!
thieves!

That steal away themselves, and all they're worth,
And wrong the valiant soldier of his due?

Caled. The caliph shall know this—he shall, Abudah,
This is thy coward bargain—I renounce it. [*Aside.*
Daran. We'll stop their march, and search.

Daran. And strip—

Caled. And kill.

Daran. That's well. And yet I fear
Abudah's Christian friend.

Caled. If possible,

He should not know of this. No, nor Abudah:
By the seven heavens, his soul's a Christian too!
And 'tis by kindred instinct he thus saves
Their cursed lives, and taints our cause with mercy.

Daran. I knew my general would not suffer this,
Therefore I've troops prepar'd without the gate;
Just mounted for pursuit. Our Arab horse
Will in few minutes reach the place; yet still
I must repeat my doubts—that devil, Phocyas,
Will know it soon—I met him near the gate:

SCENE 2. OF DAMASCUS.

My nature sickens at him, and forebodes
I know not what of ill.

Caled. No more; away
With thy cold fears—we'll march this very instant,
And quickly make this thriftless conquest good:
The sword too has been wrong'd, and thirsts for blood.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*A Valley full of Tents; Baggage and Harness lying up
and down amongst them. The Prospect terminating
with Palm Trees and Hills at a Distance.*

Enter EUMENES, with Officers and Attendants.

Eum. [*Entering*] Sleep on—and angels be thy guard!
—soft slumber

Has gently stole her from her griefs awhile;
Let none approach the tent—Are out-guards plac'd
On yonder hills? [*To an Officer.*]

Offi. They are.

Eum. [*Striking his Breast*] Damascus, O—
Still art thou here!—Let me entréat you, friends,
To keep strict order; I have no command,
And can but now advise you.

Offi. You are still
Our head and leader.
We're all prepar'd to follow you.

Eum. I thank you.
The sun will soon go down upon our sorrows,
And, till to-morrow's dawn, this is our home:
Meanwhile, each, as he can, forget his loss,
And bear the present lot.

3 Offi. Sir, I have mark'd
The camp's extent: 'tis stretch'd quite through the
valley.

I think that more than half the city's here.
Eum. The prospect gives me much relief. I'm pleas'd,
My honest countrymen, t' observe your numbers:
And yet it fills my eyes with tears—'Tis said,
The mighty Persian wept, when he survey'd

His numerous army, but to think them mortal;
Yet he then flourish'd in prosperity.
Alas! what's that?—Prosperity!—a harlot,
That smiles but to betray!
Hear me, all gracious heaven,
Let me wear out my small remains of life,
Obscure, content with humble poverty,
Or, in affliction's hard but wholesome school,
If it must be—I'll learn to know myself,
And that's more worth than empire. But, O heaven,
Curse me no more with proud prosperity!
It has undone me!—

Enter HERBIS.

Herbis! where, my friend,
Hast thou been this long hour?

Her. On yonder summit,
To take a farewell prospect of Damascus.

Eum. And is it worth a look?

Her. No—I've forgot it.

All our possessions are a grasp of air:
We're cheated, whilst we think we hold them fast:
And when they're gone, we know that they were nothing:
But I've a deeper wound.

Eum. Poor, good old man!
'Tis true—thy son—there thou'rt indeed unhappy.

Enter ARTAMON.

What, Artamon! art thou here, too?

Art. Yes, sir.

I never boasted much,
Yet I've some honour, and a soldier's pride;
I like not these new lords.

Eum. Thou'rt brave and honest.
Nay, we'll not yet despair. A time may come,
When from these brute barbarians we may wrest
Once more our pleasant seats.—Alas! how soon
The flatterer, hope, is ready with his song,
To charm us to forgetfulness!—No more—
Let that be left to heaven.—See, Herbis, see,

Methinks we've here a goodly city yet.
Was it not thus our great forefathers liv'd,
In better times—in humble fields and tents,
With all their flocks and herds, their moving wealth?
See, too, where our own Pharphar winds his stream
Through the long vale, as if to follow us;
And kindly offers his cool wholesome draughts,
To ease us in our march!—Why, this is plenty.

Enter EUDOCIA.

My daughter!—wherefore hast thou left thy tent?
What breaks so soon thy rest?

Eud. Rest is not there,
Or I have sought in vain, and cannot find it.
Oh, no!—we're wanderers, it is our doom;
There is no rest for us.

Eum. Thou art not well.

Eud. I would, if possible, avoid myself.
I'm better now, near you.

Eum. Near me! alas,
The tender vine so wreathes its folded arms
Around some falling elm—It wounds my heart
To think thou follow'st but to share my ruin.
I have lost all but thee.

Eud. O, say not so!
You have lost nothing; no—you have preserv'd
Immortal wealth, your faith inviolate
To heaven and to your country.
Ruin is yonder, in Damascus, now
The seat abhorr'd of cursed infidels.
Infernal error, like a plague, has spread
Contagion through its guilty palaces,
And we are fled from death.

Eum. Heroic maid!
Thy words are balsam to my griefs. Eudocia,
I never knew thee till this day; I knew not
How many virtues I had wrong'd in thee!

Eud. If you talk thus, you have not yet forgiven me.

Eum. Forgiven thee!—Why, for thee it is, thee only,
I think, heaven yet may look with pity on us;

Yes, we must all forgive each other now.
Poor Herbis, too—we both have been to blame.
O, Phocyas!—but it cannot be recall'd.
Yet, were he here, we'd ask him pardon too.
My child!—I meant not to provoke thy tears.

Eud. O, why is he not here? Why do I see
Thousands of happy wretches, that but seem
Undone, yet still are bless'd in innocence,
And why was he not one?

[*Aside.*

Enter an Officer.

Offi. Where is Eumenes?

Eum. What means thy breathless haste?

Offi. I fear there's danger:

For, as I kept my watch, I spy'd afar
Thick clouds of dust, and, on a nearer view,
Perceiv'd a body of Arabian horse
Moving this way. I saw them wind the hill,
And then lost sight of them.

Her. I saw them too,
Where the roads meet on t'other side these hills,
But took them for some band of Christian Arabs,
Crossing the country.—This way did they move?

Offi. With utmost speed.

Eum. If they are Christian Arabs,
They come as friends; if other, we're secure
By the late terms. Retire awhile, Eudocia,
Till I return. [Exit Eudocia.
I'll to the guard myself.
Soldier, lead on the way.

Enter another Officer.

2 Offi. Arm! arm! we're ruin'd!
The foe is in the camp.

Eum. So soon?

2 Offi. They've quitted
Their horses, and with sword in hand have forc'd
Our guard; they say they come for plunder.

Eum. Villains!
Sure Caled knows not of this treachery!

SCENE 2. OF DAMASCUS.

55

Come on—we can fight still. We'll make them know
What 'tis to urge the wretched to despair. [Exit.

Enter DARAN.

Daran. Let the fools fight at distance—Here's the
harvest.

Reap, reap, my countrymen!—Ay, there—first clear
Those further tents— [Looking between the Tents.
What's here? a woman!—fair
She seems, and well attir'd!—It shall be so.
She's my first prize, and then— [Exit.

Re-enter DARAN, with EUDOCIA.

Eud. [Struggling] Mercy! O, spare me! spare me!
Heaven, hear my cries!

Daran. Woman, thy cries are vain:
No help is near.

Enter PHOCYAS.

Pho. Villain, thou liest! take that
To loose thy hold—

[Pushing at Daran with his Spear, who falls.
Eudocia!

Eud. Phocyas! O, astonishment!
Then is it thus that heaven has heard my prayers?
I tremble still—and scarce have power to ask thee
How thou art here, or whence this sudden outrage?

Pho. Sure every angel watches o'er thy safety!
Thou seest 'tis death I' approach thee without awe,
And barbarism itself cannot profane thee.

Eud. Whence are these alarms?

Pho. Some stores remov'd, and not allow'd by treaty,
Have drawn the Saracens to make a search.
Perhaps 'twill quickly be agreed—But, oh!
Thou know'st, Eudocia, I'm a banish'd man,
And 'tis a crime I'm here once more before thee;
Else, might I speak, 'twere better for the present,
If thou wouldst leave this place.

Eud. No—I have a father,
(And shall I leave him?) whom we both have wrong'd:

And yet, alas!

For this last act how would I thank thee, Phocys!—
I've nothing now but prayers and tears to give,
Cold, fruitless thanks!—But 'tis some comfort yet,
That fate allows this short reprieve, that thus
We may behold each other, and once more
May mourn our woes, ere yet again we part—

Pho. For ever!

'Tis then resolv'd—It was thy cruel sentence,
And I am here to execute that doom.

Eud. What dost thou mean?

Pho. [*Kneeling*] Thus at thy feet!

Eud. O, rise!

Pho. Never—No, here I'll lay my burden down;
I've tried its weight, nor can support it longer.

Take thy last look; if yet thy eyes can bear

To look upon a wretch accus'd, cast off

By heaven and thee—

Eud. Forbear,

O cruel man! Why wilt thou rack me thus?

Didst thou not mark—thou didst, when last we parted,

The pangs, the strugglings of my suff'ring soul;

That nothing but the hand of heaven itself

Could ever drive me from thee!—Dost thou now

Reproach me thus? or canst thou have a thought

That I can e'er forget thee?

Pho. [*Rises*] Have a care!

I'll not be tortur'd more with thy false pity!

No, I renounce it. See, I am prepar'd.

[*Shows a Dagger.*]

Thy cruelty is mercy now.—Farewell!

And death is now but a release from torment!

Eud. Hold—stay thee yet!—O, madness of despair!

And wouldst thou die? Think, ere thou leap'st the gulf,

When thou hast trod that dark, that unknown way,

Canst thou return? What if the change prove worse?

O think, if then—

Pho. No—thought's my deadliest foe;

And therefore to the grave I'd fly to shun it!

Eud. O, fatal error!—Like a restless ghost,

It will pursue and haunt thee still; even there,
 Perhaps, in forms more frightful.
 How wilt thou curse thy rashness then! How start,
 And shudder, and shrink back! yet how avoid
 To put on thy new being?

Pho. I thank thee!

For now I'm quite undone—I gave up all
 For thee before; but this, this bosom friend,
 My last reserve—There—

[Throws away the Dagger.

Tell me now, Eudæcia,
 Cut off from hope, deny'd the food of life,
 And yet forbid to die, what am I now?
 Or what will fate do with me?

Eud. Oh!

[Turns away, weeping.

Pho. Thou weep'st!

Canst thou shed tears, and yet not melt to mercy?
 O say, ere yet returning madness seize me,
 Is there in all futurity no prospect,
 No distant comfort?

[Here they both continue silent for some Time.

Still thou art silent!

Hear then this last,

This only pray'r!—Heav'n will consent to this.

Let me but follow thee, where'er thou go'st,

But see thee, hear thy voice; be thou my angel,

To guide and govern my returning steps,

Till long contrition, and unwear'd duty,

Shall expiate my guilt.

Eud. No more—This shakes

My firmest thoughts, and if—

[A Cry is heard.

What shrieks of death!

I fear a treach'rous foe have now

Begun a fatal harvest!—Haste,

Prevent—O, wouldst thou see me more with comfort,

Fly, save them, save the threaten'd lives of Christians,

My father and his friends!—I dare not stay—

Heav'n be my guide, to shun this gath'ring ruin!

[Exit.

Enter CALED.

Caled. So, slaughter, do thy work! These hands look well.

[Looks on his Hands.]

Phocyas! Thou'rt met—But whether thou art here

[Comes forward.]

A friend or foe, I know not; if a friend,
Which is Eumenes' tent?

Pho. Hold, pass no further.

Caled. Say'st thou, not pass?

Pho. No—on thy life no further.

Caled. What, dost thou frown too?—Sure, thou know'st me not!

Pho. Not know thee?—Yes, too well I know thee now,

O murd'rous fiend! Why all this waste of blood?
Didst thou not promise—

Caled. Promise!—Insolence!

'Tis well, 'tis well; for now I know thee too.
Perfidious, mongrel slave! Thou double traitor!
False to thy first and to thy latter vows!
Villain!

Pho. That's well—go on—I swear I thank thee.
Speak it again, and strike it through my ear!
A villain! Yes, thou mad'st me so, thou devil!
And mind'st me now what to demand from thee.
Give, give me back my former self, my honour,
My country's fair esteem, my friends, my all—
Thou canst not—O thou robber!—Give me then
Revenge or death! The last I well deserve—
That yielded up my soul's best wealth to thee,
For which accurs'd be thou, and curs'd thy prophet!

Caled. Hear'st thou this, Mahomet!—Blaspheming mouth!

For this thou soon shalt chew the bitter fruit
Of Zacon's tree, the food of fiends below.

Go—speed thee thither—

[Pushes at him with his Lance, which Phocyas puts by, and kills him.]

Pho. Go thou first thyself.

Caled. *[Falls]* O dog! thou gnaw'st my heart!—

False Mahomet!

Is this then my reward?—O!— [Dies.

Pho. Thanks to the gods, I have reveng'd my country! [Exit.

Several Parties of Christians and Saracens pass over the further End of the Stage, fighting. The former are beaten. At last EUMENES rallies them, and makes a stand; then enter ABUDAH, attended.

Abu. Forbear, forbear, and sheathe the bloody sword.

Eum. Abudah! 'tis this well?

Abu. No—I must own

You're cause.—O Mussulmen, look here! Behold
Where, like a broken spear, your arm of war
Is thrown to earth!

Eum. Ha! Caled?

Abu. Dumb and breathless.

Then thus has heaven chastis'd us in thy fall,
And thee for violated faith! Farewell,
Thou great, but cruel man!

Eum. This thirst of blood
In his own blood is quench'd.

Abu. Bear hence his clay

Back to Damascus. Cast a mantle first
O'er this sad sight: so should we hide his faults.—
Now hear, ye servants of the prophet, hear!
A greater death than this demands your tears,
For know your lord, the caliph, is no more!
Good Abubeker has breath'd out his spirit
To him that gave it. Yet your caliph lives,
Lives now in Omar. See, behold his signet,
Appointing me, such is his will, to lead
His faithful armies warring here in Syria.
Alas!—foreknowledge sure of this event
Guided his choice! Obey me then, your chief.
For you, O Christians! know, with speed I came,
On the first notice of this foul design,
Or to prevent it, or repair your wrongs.
Your goods shall be untouch'd, your persons safe,

Nor shall our troops henceforth, on pain of death,
Molest your march.—If more you ask, 'tis granted.

Eum. Still just and brave! thy virtues would adorn
A purer faith! Thou, better than thy sect,
That dar'st decline from that to acts of mercy!
Pardon, Abudah, if thy honest heart
Makes us ev'n wish thee ours.

Abu. O Power Supreme!
That mad'st my heart, and know'st its inmost frame,
If yet I err, O lead me into truth,
Or pardon unknown error!—Now, Eumenes,
Friends, as we may be, let us part in peace.

[Exeunt severally.]

Re-enter ARTAMON and EUDOCIA.

Eud. Alas! but is my father safe?

Art. Heaven knows.

I left him just preparing to engage:
When, doubtful of th' event, he bade me haste
To warn his dearest daughter of the danger,
And aid your speedy flight.

Eud. My flight! but whither?
O no—if he is lost—

Art. I hope not so.
The noise is ceas'd. Perhaps they're beaten off.
We soon shall know;—here's one that can inform us.

Re-enter first Officer.

Soldier, thy looks speak well:—what says thy tongue?

1 Off. The foe's withdrawn. Abudah has been here,
And has renew'd the terms. Caled is kill'd—

Art. Hold—first thank heaven for that!

Eud. Where is Eumenes?

1 Off. I left him well; by his command I came
To search you out: and let you know this news.
I've more; but that—

Art. Is bad, perhaps, so says
This sudden pause. Well, be it so; let's know it;
'Tis but life's checker'd lot.

1 *Off.* Eumenes mourns

A friend's unhappy fall—Herbis is slain—
A settled gloom seem'd to hang heavy on him;
Th' effect of grief, 'tis thought, for his lost son.
When on the first attack, like one that sought
The welcome means of death, with desperate valour
He press'd the foe, and met the fate he wish'd.

Art. See where Eumenes comes! What's this? He
seems

To lead some wounded friend—Alas! 'tis—
[*They withdraw to one side of the Stage.*]

*Re-enter EUMENES, leading in PHOCYAS, with an
Arrow in his Breast.*

Eum. Give me thy wound! O, I could bear it for
thee!

This goodness melts my heart. What, in a moment
Forgetting all thy wrongs, in kind embraces
Th' exchange forgiveness thus!

Pho. Moments are few,
And must not now be wasted. O Eumenes,
Lend me thy helping hand a little further;
O where, where is she? [*They advance.*]

Eum. Look, look here, Endocia!

Behold a sight that calls for all our tears!

Eud. Phocyas, and wounded!—Oh, what cruel
hand—

Pho. No, 'twas a kind one.—Spare thy tears, Endocia!
For mine are tears of joy.—

Eud. Is't possible?

Pho. 'Tis done—the powers supreme have heard my
prayer,

And prosper'd me with some fair deed this day:
I've fought once more, and for my friends, my country.
By me the treach'rous chiefs are slain; awhile
I stopp'd the foe, till, warn'd by me before,
Of this their sudden march, Abudah came.
But first this random shaft had reach'd my breast.
Life's mingled scene is o'er—'tis thus that heaven
At once chastises, and, I hope, accepts me.

Eud. What shall I say to thee, to give thee comfort?

Pho. Say only thou forgiv'st me—O, Rudocia!

No longer now my dazzled eyes behold thee
Through passion's mists; my soul now gazes on thee,
And sees thee lovelier in unfading charms!
Bright as the shining angel host that stood—
Whilst I—but there it snarls.

Eud. Look down, look down,

Ye pitying powers! and help his pious sorrow!

Eum. 'Tis not too late, we hope, to give thee help.

See! yonder is my tent: we'll lead thee thither;
Come, enter there, and let thy wound be dress'd;
Perhaps it is not mortal.

Pho. No! not mortal?

No flattery now. By all my hopes hereafter,
For the world's empire I'd not lose this death.
Alas! I but keep in my fleeting breath
A few short moments, till I have conjur'd you,
That to the world you witness my remorse
For my past errors, and defend my fame.
For know, soon as this pointed steel's drawn out,
Life follows through the wound.

Eud. What dost thou say?

O, touch not yet the broken springs of life!
A thousand tender thoughts rise in my soul:
How shall I give them words? Oh, till this hour
I scarce have tasted woe!—this is indeed
To part—but, oh!—

Pho. No more—death is now painful!

But say, my friends, whilst I have breath to ask
(For still methinks all your concerns are mine),
Whither have you design'd to bend your journey?

Eum. Constantinople is my last retreat,

If heaven indulge my wish; there I've resolv'd
To wear out the dark winter of my life,
An old man's stock of days—I hope not many.

Eud. There will I dedicate myself to heaven.

O, Phocyas, for thy sake, no rival else
Shall e'er possess my heart. My father too
Consents to this my vow. My vital flame

There, like a taper on the holy altar,
Shall waste away; till heav'n, relenting, hears
Incessant prayers for thee and for myself,
And wing my soul to meet with thine in bliss.
For in that thought I find a sudden hope,
As if inspir'd, springs in my breast, and tells me
That thy repenting frailty is forgiv'n,
And we shall meet again to part no more.

Pho. [*Plucks out the Arrow*] Then all is done—'twas
the last pang—at length—
I've given up thee, and the world now is—nothing

[*Dies.*]

Eum. O Phocyas! Phocyas!
Alas! he hears not now, nor sees my sorrows!
Yet will I mourn for thee, thou gallant youth!
As for a son—so let me call thee now.
A much-wrong'd friend, and an unhappy hero!
A fruitless zeal, yet all I now can show;
Tears vainly flow for errors learn'd too late,
When timely caution should prevent our fate.

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

WELL, sirs, you've seen, his passion to approve,
A desperate lover give up all for love ;
All but his faith.—Methinks now I can spy,
Among you airy sparks, some who would cry,
“ Pho, pox—for that what need of such a pothor?
For one faith left, he would have got another.”
True; 'twas your very case. Just what you say,
Our rebel fools were ripe for t'other day ;
Though disappointed now, they're wiser grown,
And with much grief—are forc'd to keep their own.
These gen'rous madmen gratis sought their ruin,
And set no price, not they, on their undoing.
For gain indeed we've others would not dally,
Or with stale principles stand shilly-shally—
You'll find all their religion in Change-alley.
There all pursue, by better means or worse,
Iago's rule—“ Put money in thy purse.”
For though you differ still in speculation—
For why?—each head is wiser than the nation ;
Though points of faith for ever will divide you,
And bravely you declare—none e'er shall ride you.
In practice all agree, and every man
Devoutly strives to get what wealth he can :
All parties at this golden altar bow ;
Gain, powerful gain's the new religion now.
But leave we this—since in this circle smile
So many shining beauties of our isle,
Who to more gen'rous ends direct their aim,
And show us virtue in its fairest frame ;
To these, with pride, the author bid me say,
'Twas for your sex he chiefly wrote this play ;
And if in one bright character you find
Superior honour, and a noble mind,
Know from the life Eudocia's charms he drew,
And hopes the piece shall live that copies you.
Sure of success, he cannot miss his end,
If every British heroine proves his friend.

THE
APPRENTICE.

A Farce.

BY ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

CORRECTLY GIVEN, FROM COPIES USED IN THE THEATRES,

BY

THOMAS DIBDIN,
OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Author of several Dramatic Pieces, &c.



Printed at the Chiswick Press,
BY C. WHITTINGHAM;
FOR WHITTINGHAM AND ARLISS, PATERNOSTER
ROW, LONDON.

1815.

THE APPRENTICE,

FIRST acted at Drury Lane in 1756, was very properly levelled at the prevalent, and it may be said, dangerous passion which then existed, and, in spite of the moral of this well-written farce, does still exist, amongst young people possessing stronger inclination than ability to attempt the stage as a profession. The concluding line of the epilogue

“ A shop with virtue is the height of bliss,”

most truly and forcibly, winds up the author's praiseworthy intention; and many a stage-struck youth and heroine have had serious cause to lament their not having accepted it in its literal signification. This farce was and is greatly applauded on every representation. The great abilities of Mr. Bannister have assisted its latter exhibition; and the prologue (contrary to established custom) has, in consequence of that gentleman's admirable delivery of it, been called for on every evening on which THE APPRENTICE has been acted.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODWARD.

PROLOGUES precede the piece—in mournful verse,
 As undertakers walk before a hearse;
 Whose doleful march may strike the harden'd mind,
 And wake its feelings—for the dead—behind.
 To-night no smuggled scenes from France we show,
 'Tis English—English, sirs!—from top to toe.
 Though coarse the colours, and the hand unskill'd,
 From real life our little cloth is fill'd.
 The hero is a youth—by fate design'd
 For culling simples—but whose stage-struck mind,
 Nor fate could rule, nor his indentures bind,
 A place there is where such young Quixotes meet;
 'Tis call'd the SPOUTING CLUB!—a glorious treat!
 Where 'prentic'd kings—alagn the gaping street!
 There Brutus starts and stares by midnight taper;
 Who all the day enacts—a woollen-draper.
 There Hamlet's ghost stalks forth with doubled fist,
 Cries out with hollow voice—"List, list, O list!"
 And frightens Denmark's prince—a young tobacco-
 nist.
 The spirit too, clear'd from his deadly white,
 Rises—a haberdasher to the sight!
 Not young attorneys—have this rage withstood,
 But change their pens for truncheons, ink for blood;
 And (strange reverse!)—die for their country's good.
 To check these heroes, and their laurels crop,
 To bring them back to reason—and their shop,
 Our author wrote;—O you, Tom, Dick, Jack, Will!
 Who hold the balance, or who gild the pill;
 Who wield the yard, and simp'ring pay your court,
 And at each flourish snip an inch too short!
 Quit not your shops; there thrift and profit call,
 Whilst here young gentlemen are apt to fall! [*Bell rings.*
 But soft!—the prompter calls!—brief let me be—
 Here groans you'll hear, and flying apples see,
 Be damn'd perhaps.—Farewell!—remember me.

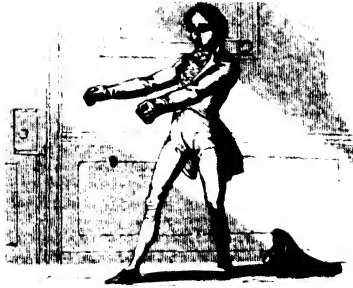
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

As originally acted at Drury Lane, in 1756. Drury Lane, 1815.

<i>Wingate</i>	Mr. Yates,	Mr. Gattie.
<i>Dick</i>	Mr. Woodward.	Mr. Bannister.
<i>Gargle</i>	Mr. Burton.	Mr. Pennon.
<i>Simon</i>	Mr. H. Vaughan.	Mr. Oxberry.
<i>Scotchman</i>	Mr. Blakes.	Mr. Carr.
<i>Irishman</i>	Mr. Jefferson.	Mr. Fisher.
<i>Catchpole</i>	Mr. Vaughan.	Mr. Maddocks.
<i>Charlotte</i>	Miss Minors.	Mrs. Orger.

Spouting Club, Watchmen, &c.

ACT THE FIRST.



SCENE I.

Enter WINGATE and SIMON.

Win. NAY, nay, but I tell you I am convinced—I know it is so; and so, friend, don't you think to trifle with me; I know you're in the plot, you scoundrel; and if you don't discover all, I'll—

Simon. Dear heart, sir, you won't give a body time.

Win. Zookers! a whole month missing, and no account of him far or near!—Sirrah, I say he could not be 'prentice to your master so long, and you live so long in one house with him, without knowing his haunts and all his ways—and then, varlet, what brings you here to my house so often?

Simon. My master Gargle and I, sir, are so uneasy about un, that I have been running all over the town since morning to inquire for un; and so in my way I thought I might as well call here.

Win. A villain, to give his father all this trouble. And so you have not heard any thing of him, friend?

Simon. Not a word, sir, as I hope for mercy; though,

as sure as you are there, I believe I can guess what's come on un. As sure as any thing, master, the gipsies have gotten hold on un; and we shall have un come home as thin as a rake, like the young girl in the city, with living upon nothing but crusts and water for six-and-twenty days.

Win. The gipsies have got hold of him, ye block-head! Get out of the room.—Here you, Simon!

Simon. Sir.

Win. Where are you going in such a hurry? Let me see; what must be done? A ridiculous numskull, with his damned Cassanders and Cloppatras, and trumpery; with his romances, and his Odyssey Popeas, and a parcel of rascals not worth a groat! Zookers! I'll not put myself in a passion. Simon, do you step back to your master, my friend Gargle, and tell him I want to speak with him—though I don't know what I should send for him for—*a sly, slow, hesitating blockhead!* he'll only plague me with his physical cant and his nonsense.—Why don't you go, you booby, when I bid you?

Simon. Yes, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Win. This fellow will be the death of me at last! I have been tormenting for him all the days of my life, and now the scoundrel's run away. Suppose I advertise the dog?—Ay, but if the villain should deceive me, and happen to be dead, why then he tricks me out of six shillings—my money's flung into the fire.—Zookers, I'll not put myself in a passion; let him follow his nose—'tis nothing at all to me—what care I?

Re-enter SIMON.

What do you come back for, friend?

Simon. As I was going out, sir, the post came to the door, and brought this letter.

Win. Let me see it. The gipsies have got hold of him, ha, ha! What a pretty fellow you are! ha, ha!—Why don't you step where I bid you, sirrah?

Simon. Yes, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Win. Well, well, I'm resolved, and it shall be so—I'll advertise him to-morrow morning, and promise, if

he comes home, all shall be forgiven; and when the blockhead comes, I may do as I please, ha ha! I may do as I please. Let me see—he had on—slidikins, what signifies what he had on? I'll read my letter, and think no more about him.—Hev! what a plague have we here? [*Mutters to himself*] Bristol—a—what's all this? [*Reads*].

Esteemed friend,—Last was twentieth ultimo, since none of thine, which will occasion brevity. The reason of my writing to thee at present, is to inform thee that thy son came to our place with a company of strollers, who were taken up by the magistrate, and committed as vagabonds to jail.—Zookers! I'm glad of it—a villain of a fellow! Let him lie there—I am sorry thy lad should follow such profane courses; but out of the esteem I bear unto thee, I have taken thy boy out of confinement, and sent him off for your city in the waggon, which left this four days ago. He is consigned to thy address, being the needful from thy friend and servant,

GREENFEZER BROADBRIM.

Wounds! what did he take the fellow out for? A scoundrel, rascal! turn'd stage-player—I'll never see the villain's face. Who comes there?

Re-enter SIMON.

Simon. I met my master over the way, sir. Our cares are over. Here is Mr. Gargle, sir.

Win. Let him come in—and do you go down stairs, you blockhead. [*Exit Simon.*]

Enter GARGLE.

So, friend Gargle, here's a fine piece of work—Dick's turn'd vagabond!

Gar. He must be put under a proper regimen directly, sir.—He arrived at my house within these ten minutes, but in such a trim. He's now below stairs; I judged it proper to leave him there till I had prepared you for his reception.

Win. Death and fire! what could put it into the villain's head to turn buffoon?

Gar. Nothing so easily accounted for: why, when

he ought to be reading the *Dispensatory*, there was he constantly reading over plays, and farces, and *Shakspeare*.

Win. Ay, that damned *Shakspeare*! I hear the fellow was nothing but a deer-stealer in Warwickshire. I never read *Shakspeare*. Wounds! I caught the rascal myself reading that nonsensical play of *Hamblet*, where the prince is keeping company with strollers and vagabonds. A fine example, Mr. Gargle.

Gar. His disorder is of the malignant kind, and my daughter has taken the infection from him. Bless my heart!—she was as innocent as water-gruel, till he spoiled her. I found her the other night in the very fact.

Win. Zookers! you don't say so? caught her in the fact?

Gar. Ay, in the very fact of reading a play-book in bed.

Win. Oh, is that the fact you mean? Is that all? though that's bad enough.

Gar. But I have done for my young madam; I have confined her to her room, and locked up all her books.

Win. Look ye, friend Gargle, I'll never see the villain's face. Let him follow his nose, and bite the bridle.

Gar. Sir, I have found out that he went three times a week to a spouting club.

Win. A spouting club, friend Gargle! What's a spouting club?

Gar. A meeting of 'prentices, and clerks, and giddy young men, intoxicated with plays; and so they meet in public-houses to act speeches; there they all neglect business, despise the advice of their friends, and think of nothing but to become actors.

Win. You don't say so! a spouting club! Wounds, I believe they are all mad.

Gar. Ay, mad indeed, sir: madness is occasioned in a very extraordinary manner; the spirits flowing in particular channels——

Win. 'Sdeath, you're as mad yourself as any of them.

Gar. And continuing to run in the same ducts——

Win. Ducks! damn your ducks! Who's below there? Tell that fellow to come up.

Gar. Dear sir, be a little cool—inflammatories may be dangerous.—Do pray, sir, moderate your passions.

Win. Pr'ythee be quiet, man; I'll try what I can do. Here he comes.

Enter Dick.

Dick. Now, my good father, what's the matter?

Win. So, friend, you have been upon your travels, have you? You have had your frolic? Lookye, young man, I'll not put myself in a passion. But, death and fire, you scoundrel, what right have you to plague me in this manner? Do you think I must fall in love with your face, because I am your father?

Dick. A little more than kin, and less than kind.

Win. Ha, ha! what a pretty figure you cut now! Ha, ha! why don't you speak, you blockhead? Have you nothing to say for yourself? *[Aside.]*

Dick. Nothing to say for yourself. What an old prig it is. *[Aside.]*

Win. Mind me, friend, I have found you out; I see you'll never come to good. Turn stage-player! wounds! you'll not have an eye in your head in a month, ha, ha! you'll have 'em knocked out of the sockets with withered apples—remember I tell you so.

Dick. A critic too! *[Whistles]* Well done, old Square-toes.

Win. Lookye, young man, take notice of what I say: I made my own fortune, and I could do the same again. Wounds! if I were placed at the bottom of Chancery-lane, with a brush and black-ball, I'd make my own fortune again. You read Shakspeare! Get Cocker's Arithmetic; you may buy it for a shilling on any stall—best book that ever was wrote.

Dick. Pretty well, that; ingenious, faith! 'Egad, the old fellow has a pretty notion of letters. *[Aside.]*

Win. Can you tell how much is five-eighths of three-sixteenths of a pound? Five-eighths of three-sixteenths of a pound. Ay, ay, I see you're a blockhead. Lookye,

young man, if you have a mind to thrive in this world, study figures, and make yourself useful—make yourself useful.

Dick. How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world! [*Aside.*]

Win. Mind the scoundrel now.

Gar. Do, Mr. Wingate, let me speak to him—softly, softly—I'll touch him gently.—Come, come, young man, lay aside this sulk humour, and speak as becomes a son.

Dick. O Jephtha, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Win. What does the fellow say?

Gar. He relents, sir. Come, come, young man, he'll forgive.

Dick. They fool me to the top of my bent. 'Gad, I'll hum 'em, to get rid of 'em—a truant disposition, good my lord. *Ro,* no, stay, that's not right—I have a better speech. [*Aside*] It is as you say—when we are sober, and reflect but ever so little on our follies, we are ashamed and sorry: and yet, the very next minute, we rush again into the very same absurdities.

Win. Well said, lad, well said—Mind me, friend; commanding our own passions, and artfully taking advantage of other people's, is the sure road to wealth.—Death and fire!—but I won't put myself in a passion. 'Tis my regard for you makes me speak; and if I tell you you're a scoundrel, 'tis for your good.

Dick. Without doubt, sir. [*Stifling a Laugh.*]

Win. If you want any thing you shall be provided. Have you any money in your pocket? Ha, ha! what a ridiculous numskull you are now! ha, ha! Come, here's some money for you. [*Pulls out his Money and looks at it*] I'll give it to you another time; an so you'll mind what I say to you, and make yourself useful for the future.

Dick. Else, wherefore breathe I in a Christian land.

Win. Zookers! you blockhead, you'd better stick to your business, than turn buffoon, and get truncheons broke upon your arm, and be tumbling upon carpets.

Dick. I shall in all my best obey you, daddy.

Win. Very well, friend—very well said—you may do very well if you please; and so I'll say no more to you, but make yourself useful; and so now go and clean yourself, and make ready to go home to your business—and mind me, young man, let me see no more play-books, and let me never find that you wear a laced waistcoat—you scoundrel, what right have you to wear a laced waistcoat?—I never wore a laced waistcoat!—never wore one till I was forty.—But I'll not put myself in a passion—go and change your dress, friend.

Dick. I shall sir—

I must be cruel, only to be kind:

Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind.

Cocker's Arithmetic, sir?

Win. Ay, Cocker's Arithmetic—study figures, and they'll carry you through the world.

Dick. Yes, sir. [*Stifling a Laugh*] *Cocker's Arithmetic!* [*Exit.*]

Win. Let him mind *me*, friend Gargle, and I'll make a man of him.

Gar. Ay, sir, you know the world.—The young man will do very well—I wish he were out of his time; he shall then have my daughter.

Win. Yes, but I'll touch the cash—he shan't finger it during my life.—I must keep a tight hand over him —[*Goes to the Door*—]—Do ye hear, friend?—Mind what I say, and go home to your business immediately.—Friend Gargle I'll make a man of him.

Re-enter DICK.

Dick. Who call'd on Achmet?—Did not Barbarossa require me here?

Win. What's the matter now?—Barossa!—Wounds!

—What's Barossa?—Does the fellow call me names?

—What makes the blockhead stand in such confusion?

Dick. That Barbarossa should suspect my truth!

Win. The fellow's stark staring mad—get out of the room, you villain, get out of the room.

[*Dick stands in a sullen Mood.*]

Gar. Come, come, young man, every thing is easy; don't spoil all again—go and change your dress, and come home to your business. Nay, nay, be ruled by me.

Win. I'm very peremptory, friend Gargle; if he vexes me once more, I'll have nothing to say to him. Well, but now I think of it I have Cocker's Arithmetic below stairs in the counting-house—I'll step and get it for him, and so he shall take it home with him.

—Friend Gargle, your servant.

Gar. Mr. Wingate, a good evening to you. You'll send him home to his business?

Win. He shall follow you home directly. Five-eighths of three-sixteenths of a pound!—multiply the numerator by the denominator! five times sixteen is ten times eight, ten times eight is eighty, and—a—a—carry one.

Re-enter DICK and SIMON.

Simon. Lord love ye, inaster—I'm so glad you're come back—come, we had as good e'en gang home to my master Gargle's.

Dick. No, no, Simon, stay a moment—this is but a scurvy coat I have on—and I know my father has always some jemmy thing lock'd up in his closet—I know his ways—He takes 'em in pawn; for he'll never part with a shilling without security.

Simon. Hush! he'll hear us—stay, I believe he's coming up stairs.

Dick. [*Goes to the Door, and listens*] No, no—no—he's going down, growling and grumbling—ay, say ye so?—"Scoundrel, rascal—let him bite the bridle.—Six times twelve is seventy-two."—All's safe, man; never fear him. Do you stand here—I shall dispatch this business in a crack.

Simon. Blessings on him! what is he about now?—Why the door is locked, master.

Dick. Ay, but I can easily force the lock—you shall see me do it as well as any sir John Brute of 'em all—this right leg—

Simon. Lord love you, master, that's not your right leg.

Dick. Pho! you fool, don't you know I'm drunk?—this right leg here is the best locksmith in England—so, so

[Forces the Door and goes in.]

Simon. He's at his plays again—Odds my heart, he's a rare hand—he'll go through with it, I'll warrant him—Old Cojer must not smoke that I have any concern—I must be main cautious—Lord bless his heart, he's to teach me to act Scrub.—He begun with me long ago, and I got as far as the jesuit before a went out of town:—Scrub—Coming, sir—Lord, ma'am, I've a whole packet full of n^ows—some say one thing, and some say another; but, for my part, ma'am—I believe he's a jesuit—that's main pleasant—I believe he's a jesuit.

Re-enter DICK.

Dick. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a noise?

Simon. No, master; we're all snugg.

Dick. This coat will do charmingly.—I have bilked the old fellow nicely.—In a dark corner of his cabinet, I found this paper; what it is the light will show.—[Reads] *I promise to pay—Ha!—I promise to pay to Mr. Moneytrap, or order, on demand—*'Tis his hand—a note of his—yet more—*The sum of seven pounds, fourteen shillings, and seven-pence, value received, by me—London, this 15th June, 1755.—*'Tis wanting what should follow—his name should follow—but 'tis torn off—because the note is paid.

Simon. O lud! dear sir, you'll spoil all. I wish we were well out of the house.—Our best way, master, is to make off directly.

Dick. I will, I will; but first help me on with this coat.—Simon, you shall be my dresser—you'll be me and happy behind the scenes.

Simon. O lud! it will be main pleasant—I have been behind the screens in the country.

Dick. Have you, where?

Simon. Why, when I liv'd with the man that show'd wild beastices.

Dick. Harkye, Simon—when I am playing some

deep tragedy, and cleave the general ear with horrid speech, you must take out your white pocket handkerchief and cry bitterly.

[Teaches him.

Simon. But I haven't got a white pocket handkerchief.

Dick. Then I'll lend you mine.

[Pulls out a ragged one.

Simon. Thank ye, sir.

Dick. And when I am playing comedy, you must be ready to laugh your guts out, [Teaches him] for I shall be very pleasant—Tol-de-roll. . . . [Dances.

Simon. Never doubt me, sir.

Dick. Very well; now run down and open the street door; I'll follow you in a crack.

Simon. I'm gone to serve you, master.

Dick. To serve thyself—for, lookye, Simon, when I am manager, claim thou of me the care o'the wardrobe, with all those moveables, whereof the property-man now stands possess'd.

Simon. O lud! this is charming—hush! I am gone.

[Going.

Dick. Well, but harkye, Simon, come hither—what money have you about you, master Matthew?

Simon. But a tester, sir.

Dick. A tester!—that's something of the least, master Matthew—let's see it.

Simon. You have had fifteen sixpences now.

Dick. never mind that—I'll pay you all at my benefit.

Simon. I don't doubt that, master—but mum.

[Exit.

Dick. Thus far we run before the wind.—An apothecary!—make an apothecary of me!—what, cramp my genius over a pestle and mortar, or mew me up in a shop with an alligator stuff, and a beggarly account of empty boxes!—to be culling simples, and constantly adding to the bills of mortality!—No, no! it will be much better to be pasted up in capitals—T! part of Romeo by a young gentleman who never appeared on any stage before!—My ambition fires at th

thought.—But hold—mayn't I run some chance of
 ifing in my attempt—hissed—pelted—laughed at—
 ot admitted into the Green-room.—That will never
 o—Down, busy devil, down, down.—Try it again.
 —Loved by the women, envied by the men, applauded
 y the pit, clapped by the gallery, admired by the
 oxes.—“Dear colonel, is not he a charming crea-
 re?”—“My lord, don't you like him of all things?”
 —“Makes love like an angel!”—“What an eye he
 as!”—“Fine legs!”—“I'll certainly go to his bene-
 t.”—Celestial sounds!—And then I'll get in with
 l the painters, and have myself put up in every print-
 op—in the character of Macbeth! This is a sorry
 ght. [*Stands in an Attitude*] In the character of
 ichard—Give me another horse; bind up my wounds.
 —This will do rarely—And then I have a chance
 f getting well married—O glorious thought!—By
 a'en I will enjoy it, though buayn fancy.—But
 hat's o'clock?—It must be almost nine. I'll away at
 ce: this is club-night.—Egad, I'll go to them for
 hile—The spouters are all met—little they think
 m in town—they'll be surprised to see me.—Off I
 o, and then for my assignation with my master
 argle's daughter—Poor Charlotte!—she's locked
 p, but I shall find means to settle matters for her
 cape—She's a pretty theatrical genius.—If she flies
 my arms like a hawk to its perch, it will be so rare
 a adventure, and so dramatic an incident—

Limbs do your office, and support me well;

Bear me but to her, then fail me if you can. [*Exit.*]

ACT THE SECOND.



SCENE I. *Discovers the Spouting Club.*

The President and Members seated.

Pres. Come, we'll fill a measure the table round.
Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on
both. Come, give us a speech.

Scotch. Come now, I'll gee you a touch of Moc-
beeth.

1 Mem. That will be rare. Come, let's have it.

Scotch. What dost lie at, mon?—I have had muckle
applause at Edinburgh, when I enacted in the Reegi-
ceede—and now I intend to do Mocbeeth—I seed the
degger yesterneet, and I thought I should ha' killed
every one that came in my way.

Irish. Stand out of the way, lads, and you'll see me
give a touch of Othollo, my dear. [*Takes the Cork,*
burns it, and blacks his Face] The devil burn the cork,
—it would not do it fast enough.

1 Mem. Here, here, I'll lend you a helping hand.

[*Blacks him. Knocking at the Door.*]

Pres. Open locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Dick.

Dick. How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags?—What is't ye do?—How fare the honest partners of my heart?—What bloody scene has Roscius now to act?—Arrah, my dear cousin Mackshane, won't you put a remembrance upon me?

Irish. Ow! but is it mocking you are? Look ye, my dear, if you'd be taking me off—don't you call it taking off?—by my shoul, I'd be making you take yourself off. What, if you're for being obstroporous, I would not matter you three skips of a flea.

Dick. Nay, pr'ythee, no offence—I hope we shall be brother-players.

Irish. Ow! then we'd be very good friends; for you know two of a trade can never agree, my dear.

Dick. What do you intend to appear in?

Irish. Othollo, my dear; let me alone; you'll see how I'll bodder 'em; though by my shoul, myself does not know but I'll be frightened when every thing is in a hub-bub, and nothing to be heard, but "Throw him over."—"Over with him"—"Off, off, off the stage."—"Music." Ow! but may be the dear craturs in the boxes will be lucking at my legs, ow! to be sure—the devil burn the luck they'll give 'em.

Dick. I shall certainly laugh in the fellow's face. *[Aside.*

Scotch. Stay till you hear me give a specimen of elocution.

Dick. What, with that impediment, sir?

Scotch. Impediment! what impediment? I do not leesp—do I? I do not squeent; I am well leem'd, am I not?

Irish. By my shoul, if you go to that, I am as well timber'd myself as any of them, and shall make a figure in genteel and top comedy.

Scotch. I'll give you a specimen of Mockbeeth.

Irish. Make haste then, and I'll begin Othollo.

Scotch. Is this a dagger that I see before me, &c.

Irish. [*Collaring him*] Willain, be sure you prove my love a whore, &c.

[*Another Member comes forward with his Face powdered, and a Pipe in his Hand.*]

Mem. I am thy father's spirit, Hamlet—

Irish. You my father's spirit? My mother was a better man than ever you was.

Dick. Pho! pr'ythee! you are not fat enough for a ghost.

Mem. I intend to make my first appearance in it for all that; only I'm puzzled about one thing, I want to know, when I come on first, whether I should make a bow to the audience?

Watch. [*Behind the Scen's*] Past five o'clock, cloudy morning.

Dick. Hey! past five o'clock—'sdeath, I shall miss my appointment with Charlotte; I have staid too long, and shall lose my proselyte. Come, let us adjourn. We'll scower the watch—confusion to morality—I wish the constable were married.—Huzza! huzza!

All. Huzza, huzza! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Street.

Enter DICK, with a Lantern and Ladder.

Dick. All's quiet here; the coast's clear—now for my adventure with Charlotte; this ladder will do rarely for the business, though it would be better if it were a ladder of ropes—but hold; have I not seen something like this on the stage? yes I have, in some of the entertainments. Ay, I remember an apothecary, and hereabout he dwells—this is my master Gargle's; being dark, the beggar's shop is shut; what, ho! apothecary! but soft—what light breaks through yonder window? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun; arise, fair sun, &c.

CHARLOTTE appears at a Window.

Char. Who's there? My Romeo?

Dick. The same, my love, if it not thee displease.

Char. Hush! not so loud; you'll waken my father.

Dick. Alas! there is more peril in thine eye—

Char. Nay, but pr'ythee now; I tell you you'll spoil all. What made you stay so long?

Dick. Chide not, my fair; but let the god of love laugh in thy eyes, and revel in thy heart.

Char. As I am a living soul, you'll ruin every thing; be but quiet, and I'll come down to you. [*Going.*]

Dick. No, no, not so fast; Charlotte, let us act the garden scene first—

Char. A fiddlestick for the garden scene.

Dick. Nay, then I'll act Ranger—up I go, neck or nothing.

Char. Dear heart, you're enough to frighten a body out of one's wits. Don't come up—I tell you there's no occasion for the ladder. I have settled every thing with Simon, and he's to let me through the shop, when he opens it.

Dick. Well, but I tell you I ~~would~~ not give a farthing for it without the ladder, and so up I go; if it was as high as the garret, up I go.

Enter SIMON, at the Door.

Simon. Sir, sir; madam, madam—

Dick. Pr'ythee be quiet, Simon, I am ascending the high top-gallant of my joy.

Simon. An't please you, master, my young mistress may come through the shop; I am going to sweep it out, and she may escape that way fast enow.

Char. That will do purely; and so do you stay where you are, and prepare to receive me [*Exit from above.*]

Simon. Master, leave that there, to save me from being respected.

Dick. With all my heart, Simon.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. O lud! I'm frightened out of my wits—feel with what a pit-a-pat action my heart beats.

Dick. 'Tis an alarm to love—quick let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms, &c.

Watch. [*Behind the Scenes*] Past six o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

Dick. Is that the raven's voice I hear?

Simon. No, master, it's the watchman's.

Char. Dear heart, don't let us stand fooling here—
as I live and breathe we shall both be taken—do, for
heaven's sake, let us make our escape.

Dick. Yes, my dear Charlotte, we will go together,
Together to the theatre we'll go,
There to their ravish'd eyes our skill we'll show,
And point new beauties—to the pit below. }

[*Exit with Charlotte.*]

Simon. And I to sweep my master's shop will go.
[*Exit into the House, and shuts the Door.*]

Enter a Watchman.

Watch. Past six o'clock, and a clondy morning—
Hey-day! what's here? A ladder at master Gargle's
window!—I must alarm the family—Ho! master Gargle!

[*Knocks at the Door.*]

Gar. [*Above*] What's the matter?—How comes this
window to be open?—Ha! a ladder!—Who's below
there?

Watch. I hope you an't robbed, master Gargle?—
As I was going my rounds, I found your window
open.

Gar. I fear this is some of that young dog's tricks—
Take away the ladder; I must inquire into all this. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter SIMON, like Scrub.

Simon. Thieves! murder! thieves! popery!—

Watch. What's the matter with the fellow?

Simon. Spare all I have, and take my life!

Watch. Any mischief in the house?

Simon. They broke in with fire and sword—they'll
be here this minute.

Watch. What, are there thieves in the house?

Simon. With sword and pistol, sir—

Watch. How many are there of them?

Simon. Five-and-forty.

Watch. Nay, then 'tis time for me to go. [*Exit.*]

Enter GARGLE.

Gar. Dear heart! dear heart! she's gone, she's gone!—my daughter! my daughter!—What's the fellow in such a fright for?

Simon. Down on your knees—down on your marrow-bones—down on your marrow-bones.

Gar. Get up, you fool, get up.—Dear heart, I'm all in a fermentation.

Enter WINGATE.

Win. So, friend Gargle, you're up early, I see—nothing like rising early—nothing to be got by lying in bed, like a lubberly fellow—What's the matter with you? ha, ha! you look frightened.

Gar. O, no wonder—my daughter, my daughter!

Win. Your daughter! What signifies a foolish girl?

Gar. Oh, dear heart! dear heart!—out of the window—

Win. Fallen out of the window? Well, she was a woman, and 'tis no matter—if she's dead, she's provided for. Here, I found the book—could not meet with it last night—here it is, friend Gargle; take it, and give it that scoundrel of a fellow.

Gar. Lord, sir, he's returned to his tricks.

Win. Returned to his tricks?—What, broke loose again?

Gar. Ay, and carried off my daughter with him.

Win. Carried off your daughter? How did the rascal contrive that?

Gar. Oh, dear sir, the watch alarmed us awhile ago, and I found a ladder at the window; so I suppose my young madam made her escape that way.

Win. I'll never see the fellow's face.

Simon. Secrets! secrets!

Win. What, are you in the secret, friend?

Simon. To be sure, there be secrets in all families; but, for my part, I'll not speak a word, pro or con, till there's a peace.

Win. You won't speak, sirrah? I'll make you speak. Do you know nothing of this numskull?

Simon. Who I, sir?—He came home last night from your house, and went out again directly.

Win. You saw him then?

Simon. Yes, sir—saw him, to be sure, sir—he made me open the shop-door for him—he stopp'd on the threshold and pointed at one of the clouds, and asked me if it was not like an ouzel?

Win. Like an ouzel!—Wounds! what's an ouzel?

Gar. And the young dog came back in the dead of night to steal away my daughter.

Enter a Porter.

Win. Who are you, pray? What do you want?

Por. Is one Mr. Gargle here?

Gar. Yes. Who wants him?

Por. Here's a letter for you.

Gar. Let me see it. O, dear heart! [*Reads*] To Mr. Gargle, at the Pestle and Mortar.—Slidikins, this is a letter from that unfortunate young fellow.

Win. Let me see it, Gargle. [*Reads.*

To Mr. Gargle, &c.

Most potent, grave, and reverend doctor, my very noble and approv'd good master—That I have ta'en away your daughter, it is most true; true I will marry her—'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true.—What in the name of common sense is all this?—I have done your shop some service, and you know it; no more of that: yet I could wish, that at this time I had not been this thing.—What can the fellow mean?—For time may have yet one fated hour to come, which, wing'd with liberty, may overtake occasion past.—Overtake occasion past!—no, no, time and tide waits for no man.—I expect redress from thy noble sorrows. Thine

and my poor country's ever,
R. WINGATE.
Mad as a March hare! I have done with him; let him stay till the shoe pinches, a crack-brained numskull!

Por. An't please ye, sir, I faucies the gentleman is a little beside himself; he took hold un me here by the collar, and called me villain, and bid me prove his wife

a whore. Lord help him, I never sec'd the gentleman's spouse in my born days before.

Gar. Is she with him now?

Por. I believe so; there's a likely young woman with him, all in tears.

Gar. My daughter, to be sure.

Por. I fancy, master, the gentleman's under troubles. I brought it from a spunging-house.

Win. From a spunging-house?

Por. Yes, sir, in Gray's-inn-lane.

Win. Let him lie there, let him lie there; I am glad of it.

Gar. Do, my dear sir, let us step to him.

Win. No, not I; let him stay there. This it is to have a genius, ha, ha!—a genius, ha, ha!—a genius is a fine thing indeed, ha, ha! [Exit.

Gar. Poor man! he has certainly a fever on his spirits. Do you step in with me, honest man, till I slip on my coat, and then I'll go after this unfortunate boy.

Por. Yes, sir; 'tis in Gray's-inn-lane. [Exeunt.

SCENE. II. A Spunging-house.

DICK and Bailiff discovered at a Table, and CHARLOTTE sitting in a disconsolate Manner by him.

Bail. Here's my service to you, young gentleman.—Don't be uneasy; the debt is not much. Why do you look so sad?

Dick. Because captivity has robb'd me of a just and dear diversion.

Bail. Never look sulky at me; I never use any body ill. Come, it has been many a good man's lot—here's my service to you—but we've no liquor—come, we'll have t'other bowl.

Dick. I've now not fifty ducats in the world, yet still I am in love, and pleased with ruin.

Bail. What do you say? You've fifty shillings, I hope?

Dick. Now, thank heaven, I'm not worth a groat.

Bail. Then there's no credit here, I can tell you that

you must get bail, or go to Newgate. Who do you think is to pay house-rent for you? Such poverty-struck devils as you shan't stay in my house. You shall go to quod, I can tell you that. [*A Knocking at the Door*] Coming, coming, I am coming. I shall lodge you in Newgate, I promise you, before night. Not worth a groat! You're a fine fellow to stay in a man's house. You shall go to quod. [*Exit.*]

Dick. Come, clear up, Charlotte, never mind this.—
Come now, let us act the prison scene in the Mourning Bride.

Char. How can you think of acting speeches when we're in such distress?

Dick. Nay but, my dear angel—

Enter WINGATE and GARGLE.

Come, now we'll practice an attitude. How many of 'em have you?

Char. Let me see: ~~one—two—three~~—and then in the fourth act, and then—O gemini, I have ten at least.

Dick. That will do swimmingly. I've a round dozen myself. Come, now begin; you fancy me dead, and I think the same of you. Now mind.

[*They stand in Attitudes.*]

Win. Only mind the villain. [*Apart to Gargle.*]

Dick. O thou soft fleeting form of Lindamira!

Char. Illusive shade of my beloved lord!

Dick. She lives, she speaks, and we shall still be happy.

Win. You lie, you villain, you shan't be happy.

[*Knocks him down.*]

Dick. [*On the Ground*] Perdition catch your arm, the chance is thine!

Gar. So, my young madam, I have found you again.

Dick. Capulet, forbear; Paris, let loose your hold. She is my wife; our hearts are twin'd together.

Win. Surrah! villain! I'll break every bone in your body.

[*Strikes him.*]

Dick. Parents have flinty hearts; no tears can move 'em: children must be wretched.

Win. Get off the ground, you villain, get off the ground.

Dick. 'Tis a pity there are no scene-drawers to life me.

Win. 'Tis mighty well, young man. Zookers, I made my own fortune; and I'll take a boy out of the Blue-coat Hospital, and give him all I have. Lookye here, friend Gargle, you know I'm not a hard-hearted man. The scoundrel, you know, has robbed me; so, d'ye see, I won't hang him; I'll only transport the fellow: and so, Mr. Catchpole, you may take him to Newgate.

Gar. Well but, dear sir, you know I always intended to marry my daughter into your family; and if you let the young man be ruined, my money must all go into another channel.

Win. How's that? Into another channel? Must not lose the handling of his money. [*Aside*] Why, I told you, friend Gargle, I'm not a hard-hearted man. If the blockhead would but get as many crabbed, physical words from Hyppocrites and Allen, as he has from his nonsensical trumpery, ha, ha! I don't know, between you and I, but he might pass for a very good physician.

Dick. And must I leave thee, Juliet?

Char. Nay, but prythee now have done with your speeches. You see we are brought to the last distress, and so you had better make it up. [*Apart to Dick.*]

Dick. Why, for your sake, my dear, I don't care if I do. [*Apart*] Sir, you shall find, for the future, that we'll both endeavour to give you all the satisfaction in our power.

Win. Very well, that's right.

Dick. And since we don't go on the stage, 'tis some comfort that the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.

Some play the upper, some the under parts,
And most assume what's foreign to their hearts;
Thus life is but a tragic-comic jest,
And all is farce and mummery at best. [*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. CLIVE.

Enters, reading the Play-bill.

~ A very pretty bill, as I'm alive!
 The part of—nobody—by Mrs. Clive!
 A paltry, scribbling fool—to leave me out—
 He'll say perhaps—he thought I could not sport.
 Malice and envy to the last degree!
 And why?—I wrote a farce as well as he.
 And fairly ventur'd it, without the aid
 Of prologue dress'd in black, and face in masquerade. }
 O pit—have pity—see how I'm dismay'd! }
 Poor goal!—this coming staff will never do,
 Unless, like Bayes, he brings his hangman too.
 But granting that from these same obsequies,
 Some pickings to our bard in black arise;
 Should your applause to joy convert his fear,
 As Pallas turns to feast—*Lordella's bier*;
 Yet 'twould have been a better scheme by half
 To have thrown his weeds aside, and learn'd with me to laugh.
 I could have shown him, had he been inclin'd,
 A sporting juno of the female kind.
 There dwells a milliner in yonder row,
 Well dress'd, full voic'd, and nobly built for show,
 Who, when in rage she scolds at *Sus* and *Sarah*,
Damon's, *damsel's* dissembler!—thinks she's more than *Zara*.
 She has a daughter too that deals in lace, }
 And sings—*O pander well!*—and *Cherry Chase*, }
 And fain would fill the fair *Ophelia's* place, }
 And in her cock'd up hat and gown of cremblet,
 Presumes on something—*touching the lord Hamlet*.
 A cousin too she has, with squinting eyes,
 With waddling gait, and voice like *London* cries;
 Who, for the stage too short by half a story,
 Acts lady *Townly*—thus—in all her glory.
 And, while she's traversing the scanty room,
 Cries "Lord, my lord, what can I do at home?"
 In short, there's girls enough for all the fellows, }
 The ranting, whining, stalling, and the jealous, }
 The *Flowers*, *Romeos*, *Hamlets*, and *Othellos*. }
 Who do those silly people know
 Of dreadful trials actors undergo.
Wass, who moans in harmony delight,
 Is toiling here from morning until night.
 Then take advice from me, ye piddly things,
 Ye royal milliners, ye apron'd kings;
 Young men beware, and shun our slipp'ry ways, }
 And ye arithmetic, and burn your plays. }
 And you, ye girls, let not our tinsel train
 Inchant your eyes and turn your madd'ning brains }
 Is timely wise, for, oh! be sure of this, }
 To shop with virtue is the height of bliss. }

C. Whittingham, Printer, Chiswick.